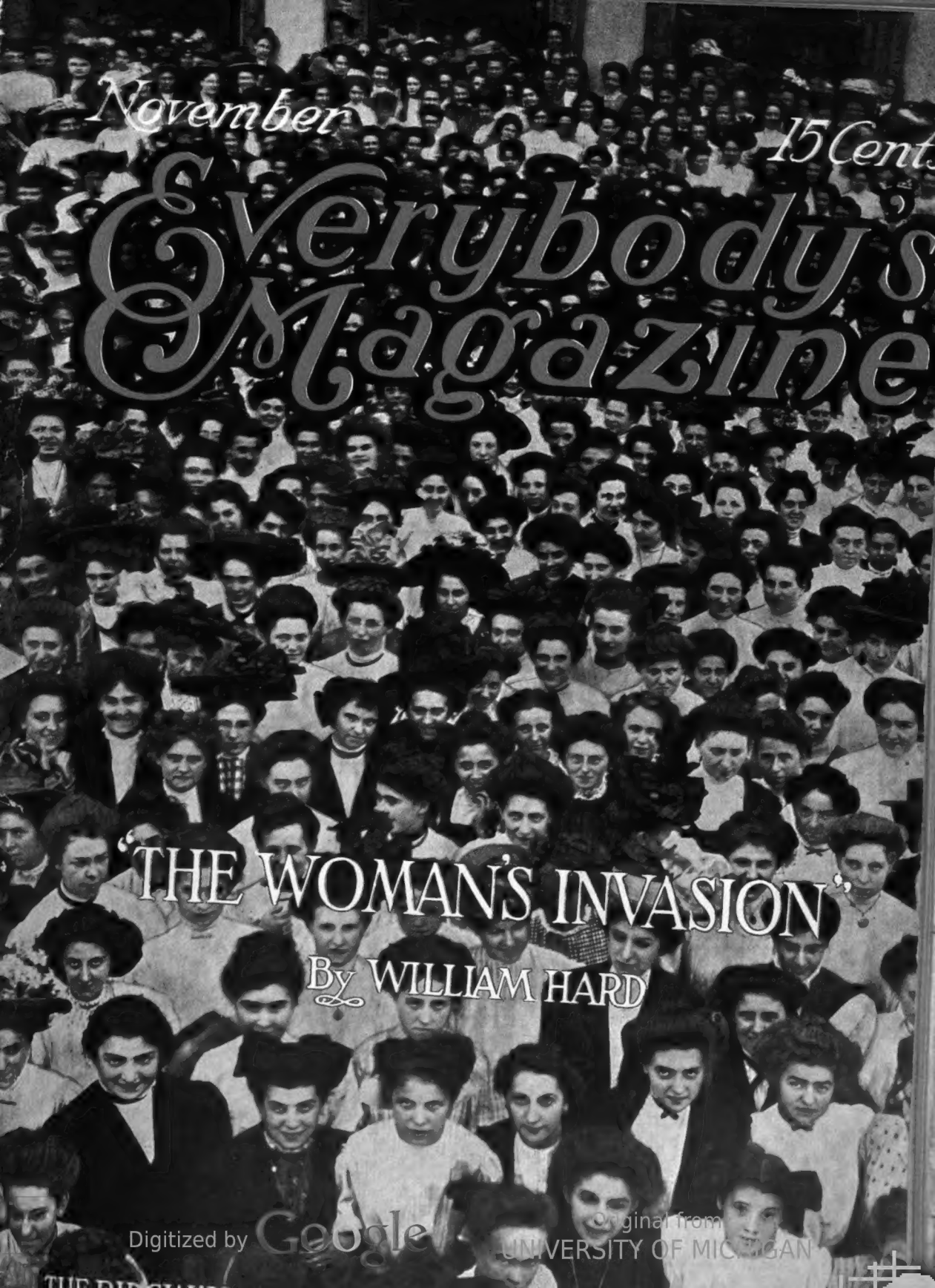

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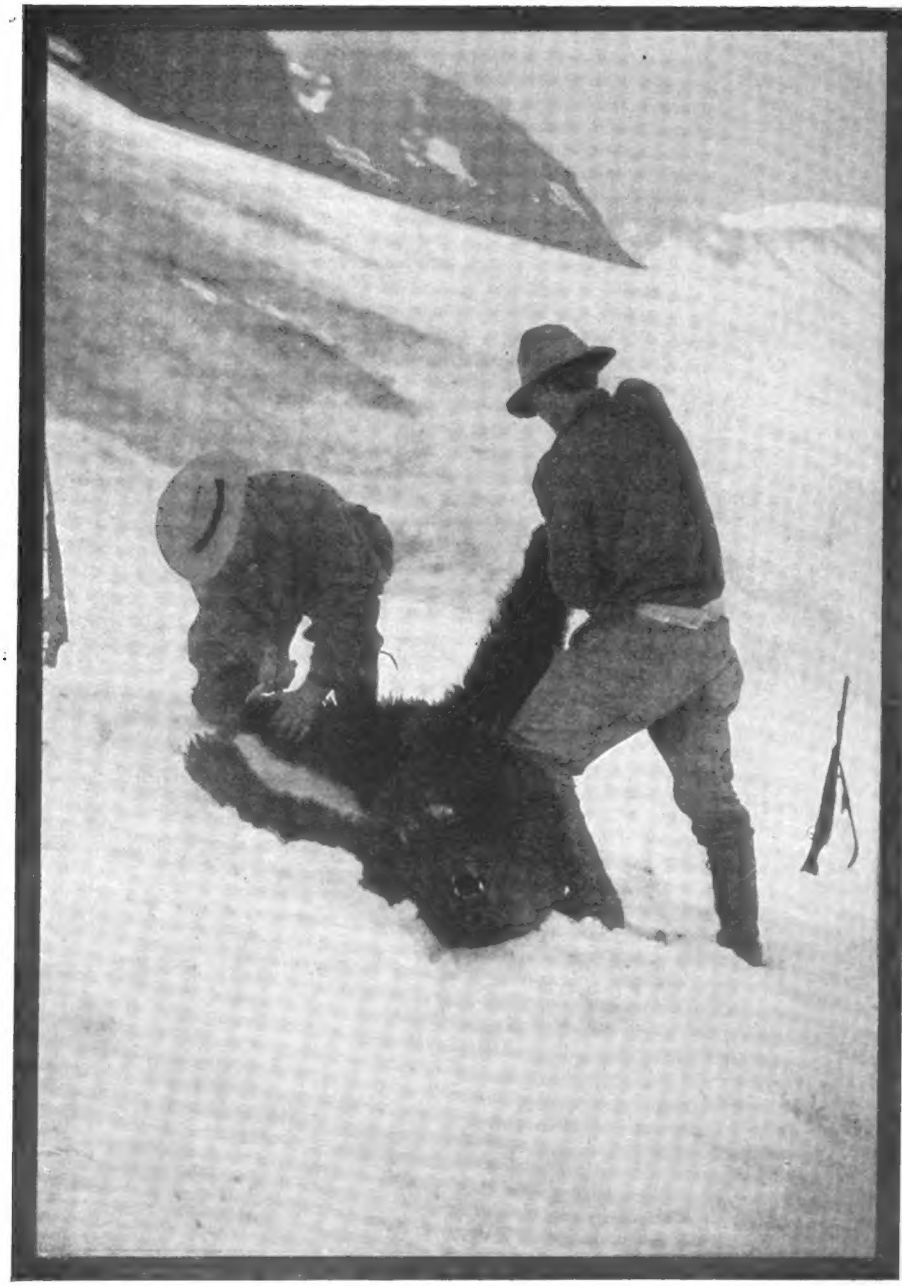

"A MAHOGANY-BROWN SKIN, SHADED TO ORANGE, FOR THE LIVING-ROOM."

—The Chronicles of a Chromatic Bear Hunt.—Page 600.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XIX. NOVEMBER, 1908. No. 5

THE SATURDAY AFTERNOON PROMENADE OF GIRL COTTON-MILL WORKERS AT FALL RIVER.

THE WOMAN'S INVASION

By WILLIAM HARD; RHETA CHILDE DORR, Collaborator

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We began two years ago to gather the facts for this series of articles on the woman at work. The original investigations were made by Mrs. Rheta Childe Dorr, who obtained employment in certain typical manufactories and department stores, and lived among the workingwomen in our great mill centers. Dr. Weyl, an able sociologist, who had been connected with the United States Census Bureau, was engaged for six months supplementing the facts collected by Mrs. Dorr. Finally, ten months ago all this material was turned over to William Hard, who again went over the ground, interviewing labor leaders, manufacturers, and working folk—gaining a first-hand knowledge of this great subject. The importance of the conditions revealed cannot be overestimated; and in presenting Mr. Hard's articles we desire our readers to realize how thorough has been the research on which they are founded.

I. Fall River, an Outpost on the Edge of the Future

IN the year 1880 the army of women workers in the United States numbered 2,353,988.

Twenty years later, if that army had grown only in proportion to the growth of total population in the United States, it would have numbered 3,757,689.

But there had been recruiting stations scattered along the way.

At some of these stations, marked *Destitution*, penniless women had been forcibly conscripted.

At others, marked *Higher Standard of Comfort*, women, not absolutely penniless, had reluctantly, but still without actual coercion, enlisted for the purpose of supplementing the family income, because, while their mothers were contented with bare

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floors and tin dishes, they themselves, with growing self-respect, demanded carpets and china.

Finally, at a third variety of recruiting station, there had been employed a full brass band which played a tune called *Economic Independence*, with endless variations; and a certain number of women, whose male relatives were bidding their highest to be permitted to support them, had been solemnly sworn in to support themselves.

From these sources came streams of fresh recruits to join the army of women workers on its march, so that in 1900, when the last private had filed past the reviewing stand in which Mr. William R. Merriam, director of the Census, was sitting, it was found that the total number of women in the industrial parade in the United States was not 3,757,689, as it should have been, but 4,833,630!

In the course of twenty years there had been more than 1,000,000 statistically unexpected additions to the ranks!

Was there, in that time, any other social change more fundamental?

THE WOMAN IN THE FOREGROUND HAS WORKED IN ONE MILL IN FALL RIVER FOR FORTY YEARS AND HAS NEVER WORKED ANYWHERE ELSE.

The Abstract of the Twelfth Census, when interviewed in its office at Washington, said:

"Fall River is the place for you to begin. Fall River is the greatest town in America for cotton; and cotton is the historic industry for American workingwomen. To-day in Fall River more white women are working, in proportion to population, than in any other place in the United States, except Lowell, Massachusetts, which is also a cotton town. *And in Fall River more white babies are dying, in proportion to population, than in any other place in the United States except Biddeford, Maine, which is also a cotton town.* If you want to see the climax of female factory industry in the United States, go to Fall River."

But is there any connection between women working and babies dying? In the older countries of the world, where these things have had longer to work out, they think there is. But we shall come back to that later.

In the United States, as a whole, to-day, twenty-one women out of every hundred are working. But in Fall River it is forty-five women out of every hundred. And if you restrict the count to women between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-five, it is sixty-seven out of every hundred. And if you consider only the women between the ages of sixteen and twenty, you will find that in Fall River seventy-eight out of every hundred are earning their living. Moreover, American women have worked in factories for approximately a century, and in Fall River the accumulated consequences of that century can be studied. Indeed, the first three persons to operate power-looms for weaving cloth in Fall River were women—

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WOMEN HAVE ALSO INVADED THE CIGAR-MAKING INDUSTRY.

A NEW YORK ELEVATED PLATFORM AT HOME-GOING TIME.

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Sallie Winters, Mary Healy, and Hannah Borden.

The best way to get a first sight of Fall River is to take the night boat from New York some winter evening, and to get up the next morning about five o'clock and ascend from the wharf into the town. You will then observe a transformation scene of a most thrilling sort, with a hillside for a stage, with the lamps of docking boats for footlights, and with a black sky for a proscenium arch. The stage is dark, and the ineffectual footlights on the boats make it seem darker by contrast.

But by half past five (they rise early in New England) little blurred lights in second-story windows, here and there along the winding, climbing streets of the town, begin to respond smudgily to the nodding, swaying lights on mast and gunwale down below.

By a quarter to six figures appear on the sidewalks. Male figures. Female figures. If you will go and stand near one of the big mills you will see these figures converging toward you down all the streets of the neighborhood.

The mill itself, at six o'clock, begins to open an eye or two. Not many. They are frugal in New England. Just one or two scattered gas-jets or electric-light bulbs, here and there, shining conservatively through crusted window-panes.

By five minutes past six the current of indistinct human forms setting toward the mill is a real current; not a trickle of drops any more; but a steady, united stream, which flows like a heavy liquid, silently, thickly, through the gate of the mill into the grounds, into the big door, up into the dimly lighted first-, second- third-, fourth-story levels.

For half an hour that current flows, deep, dull, dark. The only break in its color is that it is flecked reminiscently in spots with the cotton-fiber of yesterday, while every now and then a girl lifts above the surface of the stream a white face which shows inhumanly like a larger cotton-fleck.

By twenty-nine minutes past six almost everybody is in the mill. But the mill is still dark. It is full of people, but it is dark.

The moment has come, however, for light, for power, for work, for the down-to-a-second and down-to-a-cent precalculated frenzy of modern manufacturing. At six-thirty precisely, not a second sooner, not a second later, there is a blinding blaze of light from every window in the mill; there is a belching clamor of machinery through the open door.

Then the door swings shut and absolute silence is restored to the street. So is absolute loneliness. The sidewalks are deserted. The night is still black. Everything is exactly as it was when you first stepped ashore from your boat, except that the enormous bulk of the mill has changed from gray to gold. But that is enough. Fall River is itself again. In that first minute of its work-day, from six-thirty to six-thirty-one, it is making two miles of cotton cloth, just as it will make another two miles of cotton cloth during every other working-minute till supper-time.

A PORTUGUESE WOMAN OF FALL RIVER AND HER AMERICANIZED DAUGHTER

This is one of the scenes worth going to Fall River to see. The other takes place on Main Street on Saturday afternoon. It is very different. It shows the factory girl, not as an inhuman speck of matter in a whirlwind of ferocious efficiency, but as a real girl, whose attitude toward cloth, after all, is that while it may be something to make, it is still more emphatically something to wear.

The girls of the cotton-mills of Fall River perform a promenade on Main Street every Saturday afternoon. From half past one they walk, solid sidewalks of them, reaching half a mile to the north and half a mile to the south of the post-office, and plunging together in a kind of foam-crested storm-wave of hats just opposite the post-office itself.

It is for them that the store-windows along Main Street contain dramatically colored and

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melodramatically postured wax ladies, on whose persons are displayed innumerable sets of furs, the muff and the boa going together under the following literally transcribed names and at the following attractive prices:

THE SIX-O'CLOCK CROWD THAT THE NEW YORK SHOPS RELEASE.

Lynk Set	$15.98
Lipsic Blend Squirrel	20.00
Isabella Aposom	13.98
Im. Ermine	6.98
French Coney	4.98
Russian Fox	18.00
White Mufflown	13.98

All of these, and more, to the extent of several thousand "sets," can be seen any Saturday afternoon in winter, along the sidewalks of Main Street, on shoulders that carry them with the ease and composure of long practice.

There are as many social complexities on Main Street in Fall River as on Fifth Avenue in New York.

When the weave-room girl who has just bought a set of "Isabella Aposom" from a deferential clerk in a department store gets back into Main Street and falls in with the other members of the weekly walking-club, she immediately becomes an object of the most intense social admiration and hatred to Margarida Maria Rodrigues, who has just turned into Main Street from the big Portuguese settlement down Columbia Street.

For the Portuguese in Fall River are now supplanting the French-Canadians in the lower forms of mill-work, just as the French-Canadians undermined and elevated the Irish and English, and just as the English and Irish got in beneath the native New Englanders, took their jobs away from them, and drove them, defeated, upward, into the ranks of the middle class.

Six months ago, when Margarida Maria Rodrigues got here from Fayal in the Azores, her appearance consisted mostly of a vivid salmon-colored skirt and a comprehensive

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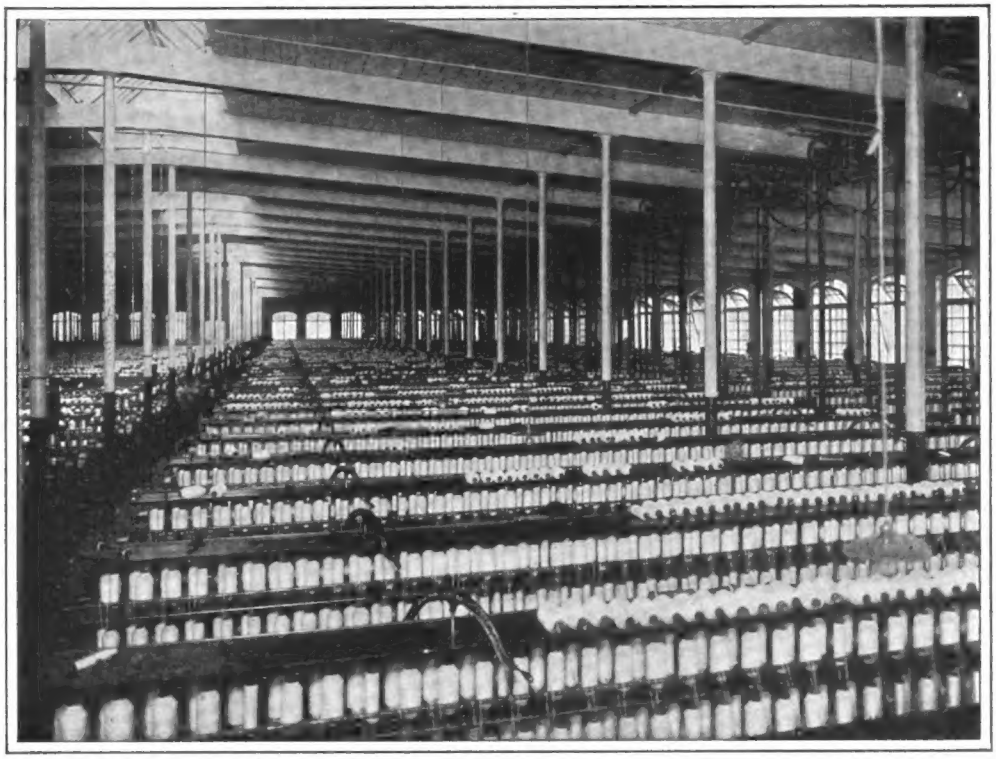

FIVE THOUSAND GIRLS ARE EMPLOYED IN THIS FALL RIVER COTTON-MILL. THE APPARENTLY EMPTY ROWS OF MACHINES ARE EXPLAINED BY THE LOWER PICTURE WHICH SHOWS HOW THE WORKERS ARE CONCEALED.

purple shawl. She is now engaged, painfully but persistently, in making the transition from Portuguese to American conceits of dress.

Margarida Maria Rodrigues now wears a street-dress of a delicate, indoor cashmere and a delicate, indoor pink. The skirt is elaborately long and multitudinously flounced. The girdle is made of satin, and it is very broad. The neck is cut low, with promiscuous ruching. Around her shoulders there is a short, bright-blue Eton jacket. On her head there towers and sways an enormous, shirred, pink silk hat, branching into sprays of pink roses.

As she comes out from the department store, the sophisticated eye of the weave-room girl runs quickly, coolly, from that hat all the way, omitting no detail, down to the broad, black shoes which, as they move forward, bring to light a pair of glad white stockings. And if you really want to know what pain is the most hideous that Margarida Maria Rodrigues endures in the course of the week, it is the look she gets from that weave-room girl who wouldn't think of touching a drawing-frame, but who knows how to run looms and gets twelve dollars a week for knowing.

The weave-room girl herself wears a neat brown tailored suit, plaited and pressed. And she wears equally neat patent-leather shoes, with brown spats and brown stockings above them. And her waist is brown. And her furs are brown. And she may even have a trim, brown fur turban on her head. She is brown all over, including her complexion, with the exception of those tidy, shiny little patent-leather shoes. And she came from

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Quebec as much as five years ago. And you will go far before you will find a sprightlier figure of a woman.

Marie Eugénie Alphonsine Lacoursière and Margarida Maria Rodrigues are the industrial successors of Sallie Winters and Mary Healy and Hannah Borden. Are they better off or worse off?

Well, let us take the case of Hannah Borden and look at it, and then form some conclusions.

Hannah's father was quite a man, financially, in Fall River. He owned a lot of stock in the old "Yellow Mill," which was then introducing power-looms. Through his influence with the manager of the mill, Hannah got a chance to operate one of the new machines.

This brings us to the first change which has happened to the American factory woman. It is a social change. Physical toil, except in games of sport, is no longer regarded as appropriate for the daughters of prominent citizens in New England mill towns. Mill girls no longer number in their ranks daughters of clergymen, doctors, lawyers, and well-to-do farmers. And the change has been racial as well as social. The mills have ceased to attract not only the daughters of prominent citizens but the daughters of native New Englanders of all kinds.

Out of the 10,274 *women cotton-workers in Fall River in* 1900, *there were only* 345 *who could say that both of their parents had been born in the United States.* All the others were immigrants, or children of immigrants.

What this means in the way of increased distance between employers and employees, and in the way of increased bitterness, can easily be understood. Hannah Borden could meet the stockholders of her mill at supper. The modern factory girl can't.

Nevertheless (perhaps in consequence, through an antagonism which is unmitigated by social intercourse), the modern working-force demands, and gets, better treatment.

Hannah rose at four. She put up a package of food and walked to the mill. She began work, breakfastless, at five. She ran her loom from five to seven. She ate breakfast out of her package, from seven to half past seven. She ran her loom from half past seven to twelve. She rested, and ate dinner from twelve to half past twelve. She ran her loom from half past twelve all the afternoon and on into the evening. She quit work at half past seven. She reached home at eight. Next morning she got up again at four.

She had a thirteen-and-a-half-hour work-day.

The present race of mill-workers begin on Monday morning at half past six. They have an hour off in the middle of the day for dinner. They quit work in the evening at six. They have a ten-and-a-half-hour work-day on Monday, also on Tuesday, and on the succeeding days of the week till Saturday. But on Saturday they quit at twelve, noon. On Saturday they have a five-and-a-half-hour work-day. The total for the week is fifty-eight hours. *Hannah Borden's work-week was eighty-one hours.*

Now this improvement is due largely to the fact that women are working in the mills. The fifty-eight-hour week in the cotton-mills of Fall River is due to a state law. The state law is due to a concern, felt by the state of Massachusetts, for the physical welfare of its women citizens. The state law says that women shall not work more than fifty-eight hours a week. But when the women stop working, the men must stop working, too. The work done by men and the work done by women are so intricately related that when the women leave there is no reason why the men should stay.

What is true in Massachusetts is already true in European countries and will some day be true in every state in this Union. Women, entering industry, are still women, with bodies that can easily be wrecked, and the legislature, in every country in which the employment of women in industry has existed for any great length of time, has felt obliged to intervene in order to prevent, in some degree, the physical deterioration of its citizenship. If women are to be in industry, industry must be accommodated to their physical requirements, and when it is so accommodated, in the way of a shortened work-day, in the way of improved sanitary conditions, in the way of better safety-devices, in a score of other ways, why, then, not only the women themselves but the men and the children and the whole community and civilization itself will be improved and strengthened.

It is safe, therefore, to say that the presence of woman in industry will be one of the most effective levers ever found for lifting the weight of excessive toil from the neck of the human race.

Let us now leave the question of hours, and come to the question of working conditions inside the mills.

In the mills of Fall River, as in all factor-

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ies everywhere, there has been, during the past hundred years, a constant sharpening of the intensity of the work. The *weight* of factory work has not increased. But the *strain* has. The old factory, with its slower and more cumbrous machinery, wearied the muscles. The modern factory racks the nerves. The consequence of overwork in the old factory was sheer fatigue and collapse. The consequence of overwork in a modern factory is nervous prostration.

The malnutrition and anemia so frequently remarked among factory girls by the doctors of industrial communities are not caused by their working harder or longer than their mothers (which they don't do), but by their working under greater tension. In the cotton-mills of Fall River you may still find plenty of actual physical exertion, plenty of actual physical discomfort. But running all through that exertion and discomfort, like the irritated fiber of a truly modern nervous system, there is an eager intensity that Hannah Borden never knew.

Hannah Borden operated just one loom. And there were not more than a dozen looms in her whole mill.

The modern girl weaver operates, on her own account, six, eight, ten, fourteen, twenty looms. And the other looms in the same weave-room stretch before her and behind her, "racking, clacking, never-slacking." Score after score of them there are, in rows so long that sometimes they merge indistinctly with the cotton-haze at their farthest onward reach.

The mere constant sight of that constantly agitated, choppy sea of looms has undoubtedly a nervous effect. And the ear is attacked even more sharply than the eye. "Racking, clacking, never-slacking," when applied to a loom, needs another rhyme; namely, quacking.

If you can imagine a gigantic and particularly raucous duck, a kind of super-duck, standing about as high as your shoulder and gifted with a correspondingly enlarged quack; and if you can imagine yourself in the middle of an acre of such ducks, with a low roof above you and all the windows tight shut around you; and if you can imagine all those ducks quacking simultaneously—you can get a faint notion of a weave-room.

It is possible, by the way, in a cotton-mill, to make an interesting comparative study of two very different kinds of noise. The noise of the weave-room is one thing; the noise in the rooms where the speeder-tenders and the ring-spinners work is quite another.

The speeder-tenders are found usually at the farther end of the card-room, which is the first big room in the mill. The cotton in the card-room is still fresh and recent from the bales, and the air of the room therefore is likely to be largely cotton-dust. This dust eddies with the noise in the alleys where the speeder-tenders walk, between rows of high, narrow machines, which stand end to end, forming long, exact lines of noise.

Each side of the alley in which the speeder-tender walks is embellished with rapidly whirling bobbins, placed close together and ranged in rows at several levels. A speeder-tender may have 1,000 bobbins in the upper part of her machines and 500 in the lower part. And there are many other speeder-tenders in the same end of the card-room with her. And each bobbin, in each machine, in each alley, is whirling like a dervish at almost unimaginable speed, and screaming like the whistle on a peanut-stand.

Imagine a few thousand of those whistles in the same room with you, and you will have a more or less faithful conception of the noise in the speeding-frame end of the card-room of a modern mill. Instead of being a series of jerky bangs, as is the noise in the weave-room, it is a steady whir. It is high-pitched, even, continuous. The noise of the weave-room is a fusillade of many noises in many keys. The noise of the speeding-frames is a single, blended, piercing monotone.

Passing finally among the ring-spinners, you will note the same high, shrill, evenly prolonged, interminable whir. All three of the large groups of women workers in a cotton-mill are thus exposed, it will be observed, to extreme noise. This is true of all mills, good and bad. Noise seems to be part of the permanent character of speeding-frames, ring-frames, and looms.

But there are three other features of cotton work which vary in intensity from mill to mill. One of these features is dust. The second is heat. The third is moisture.

If all mills, in respect of these three features, were as good as the best in existence, there would be little cause for complaint. Certain manufacturers in Fall River and elsewhere have brought their mills up to a standard of sanitary excellence which, in view of the exigencies of the trade, cannot be too much admired.

Some dust, some heat, some moisture, of

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course, there must be, even after the engineer and the architect have done their best. But when one observes how good some mills are, one feels that the owners of certain other mills ought to be first pilloried and then ostracized.

There are New England card-rooms in which the cotton-haze is so thick that you don't rub it out of your eyes. You pick it out. And you try your best to cough it out of your lungs, because it tickles, but you can't. It gets down and stays down in such quantities that you really, physically (as well as mentally), know it's there.

And there are New England spinning-rooms and weave-rooms which, for heat and moisture, are more like equatorial swamps than like work-rooms in the northern temperate zone.

This is not the testimony of one man alone but of all men who have visited New England cotton-mills. An English publicist, for instance, named Young—T. M. Young—made a tour of American cotton-towns not long ago on behalf of the Manchester *Guardian*. He was not a hostile critic. Quite the contrary. But he did not admire our sanitary as much as our commercial genius.

Referring to New England, he said:

"In the mills the air is, as a rule, very bad, and there is often no provision at all for proper ventilation. In many mills I have seen the condensed moisture streaming down the windows and clouds of water-vapor, almost scalding hot, rising amongst the looms from open grids on the floor."

Women who work in a weave-room of that kind are experiencing in New England the same debilitation which enervates the workers on the tropical, vapor-clouded rice-flats of Bengal.

And then, unlike the Bengali rice-cultivators, they have a sharp contrast of temperature ahead of them. You may see girl weavers going home in the cold New England evening with their drenched clothes clinging to their skins and their bodies shrinking under the sudden, necessary change from a tropical work-day to an arctic night.

The medical aspect of modern weave-rooms and spinning-rooms was most authoritatively described in a report made last year by the Massachusetts State Board of Health after a scientific study of the kind for which Massachusetts is distinguished.

"A weave-room," said that report, "with poor light, unnecessarily high temperature, some dust, and an excess of moisture is not, from a sanitary point of view, a desirable room to work in. Neither is a spinning-room with considerable dust flying about, together with excessive heat and undue moisture. Add to these unhygienic influences two prominent factors which enter into health conditions of both weave- and spinning-rooms; viz., (1) want of cleanliness and (2) lack of provision for a plentiful supply of fresh air, and a class of rooms is represented which is conspicuously common among the weave- and spinning-rooms in this state."

Undoubtedly Massachusetts will soon have legislation which will bring all mills up to the standard now set by the best. *And this legislation will be another illustration of the change which is destined to be effected in industry by woman.* The main argument, the compelling argument, the unanswerable argument, for the passage of the law will be that it is necessary for the preservation of the physical health of the women workers, that it is necessary for the perpetuation of an undebilitated human race. *But when that law is passed it will benefit the men of the mill equally with the women.*

Let us now go back again for a moment to Hannah Borden, to a little incident which contains the whole answer to that ancient but still unburied question: "Why do women go outside their homes to work?"

Hannah, who was fourteen when she went to the mill, had already, at the age of eight, woven her first yard of cloth on an old hand-loom, or foot-loom, with big oak beams and bars and heavy treadles, *at home*.

She was a weaver before she went to the mill. Why did she go to the mill? Because the power-loom in the mill supplanted the hand-loom at home. Because her work had gone to the mill.

Hannah was a workingwoman before the power-loom was introduced. The power-loom changed the location of her work. Hannah, before she went to the Yellow Mill, was engaged in manufacturing. So were most early New England women. Manufacturing is comparatively a stationary occupation. The men went out into the fields and raised the crops. The women stayed at home and churned the butter and curdled the cheese and spun the yarn and wove the cloth and boiled the soap and molded the candles and braided the straw hats and bound the shoes,

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besides sweeping the floors and making the beds and taking care of the children and cooking the meals. Manufacturing has always been within "woman's sphere."

Lucy Larcom, in one of the most touching of her poems, has drawn a permanent picture of a certain phase of pre-factory life in

"Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes,
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse;
Spring and winter,
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes."

When better methods of binding shoes had been contrived, women like Hannah had to bind shoes in factories instead of at home because the better methods were in factories. If they didn't follow those methods to the factories their occupation was gone.

Nobody in those days seemed to think that women ought not to go to factories. One of the main arguments advanced by statesmen like Alexander Hamilton for the very establishment of factories was that "women would thereby be rendered more useful."

The employment of women was an essential element in the success of early factory industry in America. In the garment factories of Boston, in the year 1831, out of 1,700 employees, more than 1,300 were women.

Scores of other illustrations might be given. They can all be summarized, however, in the statement that it is a debated question among industrial historians whether or not the *proportion* of women to men in the factories of America is any greater now than it was fifty years ago. We have more women in manufactures every year. So also we have more men in manufactures every year. Women, like men, are going to factories because there are more factories to go to, because a larger and larger proportion of our national work is being done in factories. And every time we do something in factories which has previously been done at home we get a new squad of factory women. Anybody who tries to stop an automatic industrial movement of this kind by preaching at it would have made an able prime minister for King Canute on the day when he ordered back the sea.

Women aren't going to factories just out of wilfulness nor because the trusts have impoverished the nation. They are going in obedience to the fundamental law which is industrializing human work, woman's as well as man's.

Having made this point, with the help of Hannah Borden (and it is the most important point that can be made about the workingwoman), let us return to modern Fall River and consider the question of wages.

Wages in Fall River ought to be higher, of course, but so ought dividends. In recent years the average dividends paid by the Fall River mills (counting in the extraordinarily prosperous year of 1907) have ranged in the neighborhood of six per cent. on the capitalization. And the capitalization, instead of being excessive, does not amount to two thirds of the actual value of the mills.

The year 1906 was an average year. In that year, if all the money paid in dividends had been divided among the workers, the result would have been an increase of something less than a dollar a week in each worker's income. Indeed, it may be bluntly observed that the wages of the mill-women of Fall River, compared with the profits of their employers and compared with the wages earned by factory women elsewhere, do not arouse the compassion which has been claimed for them.

Speeder-tenders in Fall River, at the time when the investigation for these articles was made, were earning from $6 to $12 a week; ring-spinners, from $5 to $10 a week, and weavers, from $6 to $13 a week, all depending on the skill and endurance of the operative and the amount of work available during the week. The fact is that cotton-women, along with shoe-women and certain other Northern factory women, are the aristocrats of the female factory world.

Moreover, the following facts need to be remembered:

The hall-bedroom working-girl is the exception. The working-girl who is living at home is the rule. And when she is living at home it is really very seldom that she is the sole support of the family.

In Fall River, in 1900, out of some 10,000 cotton-mill women there were, in round numbers, 2,500 who belonged to families in which there was one other bread-winner, 2,000 who belonged to families in which there were two other bread-winners, and 4,000 who belonged to families in which there were more than two other bread-winners.

The individual wage has no importance,

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comparatively. The family wage is everything. It works out like this:

SPECIMEN ONE

Husband (loom-fixer) -	$15 a week
Wife (ring-spinner) -	$9 a week
Total	$24

Four small children at home.

SPECIMEN TWO

Father (picker-man) -	$7 a week
Daughter (drawing-frame-girl)	$7 a week
Total	$14

Mother at home.

SPECIMEN THREE

Father (weaver) - -	$11 a week
Daughter (spooler) - -	$5 a week
Daughter (weaver) - -	$10 a week
Son (slasher-tender) -	$13 a week
Total	$39

Nobody at home.

SPECIMEN FOUR

Daughter (weaver) - -	$13 a week
Total	$13

Mother, two brothers, and two sisters at home.

The poorest girl in this list is the girl that is earning the most money.

Fall River is a really modern city. It has had factory women for a century. The Family Wage System has had time to develop. That system will develop to the same extent, ultimately, in all other industrial cities. And the consequence of that system is this:

If a family has several wage-earners it is well off. If it has only one wage-earner it is likely to be in straits. And wages, ultimately, get adjusted to the family basis; so that, if a family is to enjoy a decent income, its women members, as well as its men, must work.

The bright side of the Family Wage System is that certain families with many wage-earners have marvelous bank-accounts. *Fall River, among its cotton operatives, has all the opulence that the local financiers claim for it.*

The dark side of the Family Wage System, after wages get adjusted to it, is that if a family has to depend on the support of one member it is often on the verge of destitution. *Fall River, among its cotton operatives, has all the squalor that the local Socialists charge it with.*

Everything depends on which kind of family you choose to look at. If, being neither a financier nor a Socialist, you choose to look at both kinds, your conclusions will lack that unity and clarity which would entitle them to have a place in a consistent philosophy of the universe.

One thing, however, your observation of the Family Wage System will have taught you; namely, that after it once gets established, the pressure on women to work after marriage becomes exceedingly strong.

It is a pressure which is partly material, partly psychological.

A man weaver is earning twelve dollars a week. He has five children. His wife used to be a weaver. Will she go back to work? She will. And she may keep on working when she ought to stop. And the next baby may stand a good chance of dying at birth.

On the other hand, the impulse which makes a married woman continue to work in the mill may be far less urgent in the economic sense and simultaneously far more urgent in the social sense.

The spooler, for instance, in Specimen Three of Family Wages given above, is earning only $5 a week. But she is living in a family which is earning $39 a week. She is living on that scale. She is entertaining her girl friends on that scale. When she marries a man who is earning $13 a week she needs pocket-money. The girl has been accustomed to work, and she has been accustomed to spend money rather liberally. She can't live on her husband's income, and she turns up pretty soon in her old place in the mill.

In the year 1900, *out of* 10,274 *cotton-mill women in Fall River there were* 2,815 *who were married and* 556 *who were either widows or divorcées.*

Now remember:

These Fall River women are women of a fine kind. They are highly skilled for women. They are well paid for women. They are intelligent, attractive, ambitious.

Remember also that Fall River is in Massachusetts, which protects its women workers as efficiently as any state in the Union.

Remember also that Fall River is the greatest cotton-town in the country, and that it more or less leads the way and sets the standard for the others.

Remember also that Fall River is most healthfully situated on a beautiful hillside with a splendid water-supply, and that it is not a very large city. It has a population of about 110,000, and there is no part of it which is more than ten minutes' trolley-ride from the open fields.

Remember finally that the men, as well as the women, of Fall River are of an excellent type. They are thrifty, steady, law-abiding. During their great strike in the summer of

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1904 there was less disorder and there were fewer arrests than during summers when no strike was in progress.

All these things are mentioned in order to make it clear that the high death rate among infants in Fall River cannot be attributed to bad wages, to bad physical surroundings, or to bad human character.

Let us revert now to the Abstract of the Twelfth Census in its office at Washington.

The Abstract says:

In 1900 in the registration area of the United States, out of every 1,000 babies under one year of age there were 165 that died.

In Chicago, out of every 1,000 babies, 147 died.

In New York, out of every 1,000 babies, 189 died.

In Boston, out of every 1,000 babies, 194 died.

In Fall River, out of every 1,000 *babies*, 305 *died.*

The only higher infant mortality in the North for the year 1900 was in Biddeford, Maine, a cotton-town, where, out of every 1,000 babies, 311 died.

Just below Biddeford and Fall River, among Northern cities, came Lowell, Massachusetts, a cotton-town, the only town with more workingwomen, in proportion to population, than Fall River. In Lowell, out of every 1,000 babies, 276 died.

If Dr. George Reid, County Medical Officer of Health for Staffordshire, England, were shown these figures he wouldn't hesitate long before suggesting an explanation. Dr. Reid has divided his county into three parts for the purpose of studying the effect of the employment of married women on the death rate of infants. In the first of these three parts, in which less than six per cent. of the total number of married women are employed, the death rate of infants is 149 out of every 1,000. In the second part, in which from six to twelve per cent. of the married women are employed, the death rate of infants is 165 out of every 1,000. In the third part, in which more than twelve per cent. of the married women are employed, the death rate of infants is 193 out of every 1,000.

But it is not only a matter of the employment of married women. It is a matter which is bound up with the whole subject of the employment of women before as well as after marriage.

Compare Providence, Rhode Island, for instance, with Fall River.

Providence is only an hour's ride from Fall River. Its general climatic situation is identical with Fall River's.

In Providence, which is much larger than Fall River, there were, in 1905, 2,998 deaths. Of these 2,998 deaths, 656 were of children under five years of age.

In Fall River, in 1905, there were 2,109 deaths. Of these 2,109 deaths, 1,117 were of children under five.

Less than one fourth of the deaths in Providence were of children under five. *More than one half of the deaths in Fall River were of children under five.*

Why?

Well, out of every 100 women in Providence, twenty-five are at work. In Fall River, out of every 100 women, forty-five are at work.

Moreover, while Providence, being a larger city than Fall River, has 22,068 workingwomen, only 2,118 of those women are married. Meanwhile, in Fall River, out of 16,170 workingwomen in all trades, *there are* 3,688 *that are married.*

What can be done to check a situation of this kind?

Many things. Several will be suggested in a future article. At this point only one observation will be made. The historical facts recounted in this article have shown that it will be impossible to cope with the problem of infant mortality by the simple expedient of forbidding women to work. Women *must* work, because they are forced into it by an economic law which has been described. Even married women are beginning to be included in this law.

The United States Census Bureau says:

"*From* 1890 *to* 1900 *the increase in the percentage of bread-winners was most marked for married women, the percentage for this marital class being greater by almost one fourth in* 1900 *than it was in* 1890. *In* 1890 *one married woman in* 22 *was a bread-winner; in* 1900, *one in* 18."

It will be feasible to forbid married women to work for a certain period of time before and after childbirth, and it may even be feasible to forbid them to work at any time for more than a certain particular and special number of hours a day. But it will be forever impossible, in economic as well as in constitutional law, to prevent them from working, absolutely and arbitrarily.

The situation must be accepted. Women

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are migrating, in search of work, from the home to the outside world. We have shown that the outside world is beginning to accommodate itself to the requirements of this new situation. Working-hours are being reduced. Working-conditions are being improved. There will be more reductions, there will be more improvements, in order to provide an outside world suitable for persons who are to bear and suckle children.

But is it only the outside world that will be accommodated to this new need? Will the home remain unchanged?

Love and marriage will remain unchanged, certainly. But we are not talking about love and marriage. We are talking about the home, about domestic arrangements, about the details of housekeeping.

Will those details, representing one half of woman's life, remain unchanged while the details of the factory, the store, and the office, representing the other half, are being profoundly modified to meet her demands?

Perhaps not. Perhaps housekeeping will become modernized. Perhaps some visitor to Fall River, city of power and beauty, will write an article about it in the year 1958, and will express himself as follows:

"In the year 1908 (it seems almost incredible), there was not a single day-nursery in Fall River. Though several thousand married women were, even then, employed in the mills and in the mercantile establishments of the town, their children remained at home, more or less neglected.

"It finally occurred to the local trade-unions that some better method of looking after the children might be devised.

"Accordingly they organized, on their own initiative, a cooperative day-nursery to which factory women were able to send their children for a no larger fee than they had previously paid, in their own homes, to the old women of the neighborhood who used to come in and look after the children most imperfectly, and most unscientifically.

"Meanwhile the work-day in the mills had been shortened to seven and a half hours, and the excessive heat, dust, and moisture which had formerly characterized most mill work had been greatly modified. This change made it possible for married women to work, without injury, in the mills, although, for a while, they were forbidden by law to work for more than a half-day at a time.

"The first day-nursery of Fall River, established through trade-union influence, was followed by many others, some maintained under the guidance of the manufacturers, and some owned by the municipality. The origin of these nurseries, curiously enough, was soon forgotten, and women of all classes began sending their children to them for periods varying from two to ten hours a day. The individual home was supplemented by the social home.

"And, it must be said, it was usually a better home. Cooperatively, people could afford more light, more air, better food, and better nurses than they had been able to afford individually.

"The day-nursery has, like the public school, become an institution for the children of the whole people. It fills in the gap between the home and the school; and with its scientific food for extremely young children, and its clever games for somewhat older children, it does what most homes could never have done. It acts as a center of new and constantly improved ideas for both physical and mental education.

"Its origin, however, can clearly be traced to the factory woman. The problem of infant mortality had become so serious that it had to be solved, and it *was* solved. The cooperative nursery, which means cooperative parentage, supplemented and saved individual parentage.

"As a historical generalization, it may be said that the latter half of the nineteenth century saw the establishment of the principle that the work of women outside the home must be regulated by law, while the first half of the twentieth century saw, as a corollary, the establishment of the principle that the home itself must be socially developed and expanded."

Perhaps this will be written. Perhaps not. In any case, in every civilized country, the problem of dying babies is the next problem in the history of the modern woman. And it is a problem that will never be fully met until there are great changes both in the home and in the world outside the home.

The second instalment of **The Woman's Invasion** will appear in the December number.

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THE SOUDAN

By W. L. ALDEN

Author of "Adventures of Jimmie Brown," "Drewitt's Dream," etc.

Illustrations by George Wright

THE Colonel of the Thirty-second Soudanese Regiment, quartered at Khartoum, had sent for Lieutenant Branscom, his youngest company officer. The Colonel was sitting in his shirt-sleeves, and his red Celtic face seemed to his companion to add perceptibly to the heat of the afternoon.

"Good evening to you, Lieutenant," said the Colonel, as Branscom entered. "Here's a billet for you. Ye'll take twinty men of your company, and start to-night for Birket es Said, which, so far as I can find out, is a misbegotten village somewhere in the west of Dongola. There's a nigger here who belongs in those parts, and says he'll show you the way. When you get there you'll keep a bright lookout for dervishes, though between you and me and the doctor here I don't believe there's a dervish left in all Dongola. Ye'll be the beneficent despot of the village, you understand, until such time as you're ordered to come back. Wait a bit! I forgot to say that you can take Sergeant Conolly with you. That's all."

"The moon will be up by two o'clock, sir," replied Branscom. "I shall be ready to start by that time."

"Good boy!" replied the Colonel. "I wish you all sorts of good luck. Keep a tight hold of your men when you get to Birket. If you can manage to serve out wives to the lot of them, that'll keep them quiet. But you know them well enough to know that they are not Tommies."

"Come round to my place before you start, Branscom," said the doctor. "I can give you a little quinine, and mighty little brandy. K. doesn't believe in sick men, and it's like drawing teeth to get any medical stores out of him. You take the quinine when you get the fever, and the brandy when you get a sunstroke, and when the typhoid gets hold of you, go to bed and say your prayers. Come along with me. You haven't any time to lose."

It was a long, hot, and weary march across Dongola to Birket es Said, but young Branscom enjoyed every mile of the way. He was only twenty-six, and yet he was going to have what was almost an independent command. He would probably hear nothing from headquarters until the final order recalling him should arrive. He would be left to govern the village in his own way; to defend it against possible dervishes; and to make the natives understand that the rule of intelligence and justice had succeeded to the cruel despotism of the Turks, and the fierce savagery of the dervishes. This was indeed life. This was the opening of a great career. The stretches of yellow scorching sand; the fields of lentil and garlic; the dried watercourses; the sparse clusters of palms, were all alike beautiful in his eyes. He cared nothing for the heat of the day and the chill of the night. He was in a dreamland where all that is ugly and wearisome in waking hours had not only vanished, but had become nearly unthinkable. The wretched huts of the native villages had become picturesque in his eyes. The sharp and tireless barking of the native dogs, which had lacerated his nerves during the dull days and oppressive nights in Khartoum, were now only so many welcome sounds of joyous life. He sang to himself in low tones in chorus with the jubilant stars as his camel lurched on its slow way.

Branscom found that Birket es Said was a small village built in a palm grove that stood on the very edge of the Great Desert. A stream flowed through the grove, and hurried southward to join some tributary of the Bahr-el-Ghazal. Beyond the grove to the

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north and east were patches of cultivated fields, and to the south the palm-trees made strenuous efforts to keep up with the swift current of the stream. They straggled along its banks, bending over as if wearied with the chase, gaunt and thin of foliage, as if suffering from a thirst that the stream would not pause to quench. One by one they gave up the chase and fell behind, and Branscom could see with his field-glass where the last palm-tree withered in solitude, and the course of the stream was marked only by a depression in the sand, bordered here and there with a gleam of verdure.

Every day there sprang up a strong breeze that blew toward the desert. It was like the land breeze that on quiet summer days carries the scent of hay, and flowers, and pine-trees, out over the placid and receptive sea. The trees all leaned toward the desert, and the rustle of the leaves was like the continuous murmur of a gentle surf. The heat, even during the midday hours, was not unendurable, and the air had a stimulating freshness which, in spite of the heat, recalled the cool breezes of the sea.

Branscom took up his quarters in one of the only two practicable houses in the place. His men lived under canvas in the zeriba which it had been his first care to construct. Not that there was any apparent danger from the scattered hordes of dervishes. It was reported that a band of stragglers from the field of Omdurman had passed near the village some time before Branscom reached it, but they had not attacked the villagers, and there was no reason to believe that they would return. Still Branscom was not the man to neglect any wise precaution, and as the zeriba was within a few paces of his house, he did not feel separated from his men.

The first months of Branscom's reign over Birket es Said passed pleasantly. He made himself familiar with the affairs of the village, and was gladly recognized as the incarnation of justice, a judge who could not be bought, who did not thirst after taxes, and who was not cruel even toward the old and the crippled. And Branscom enjoyed the confidence that the people placed in him. He enjoyed his work; he was proud of his men; he was not a little vain of his position. But it was not long before the shadow of loneliness that forever dogs the solitary white man in savage Africa touched him, and day by day grew broader and darker. He had only three books with him, and he knew them by heart. While he was engaged with his daily duties the time did not drag; but when night came, and he had nothing more to do, he felt the world slipping stealthily away from him, leaving him stranded and alone.

It is true that Conolly, the sergeant, was with him, but he could not make a companion of him. Conolly was virtually an Irish-American, for he had spent most of his life in America, where he had lost much of his native brogue, and had gained much of the reticence, the persistence, and the hard severity of a certain type of American. He had gone back to Ireland to marry the sweetheart of his early youth, and had found her married to a rival. In a fit of anger and despondency, intensified by the whisky of his native land, he had enlisted in the army, where his abilities had speedily gained him promotion. He was an excellent subordinate, and Branscom felt an entire confidence in the man. It was certainly a comfort to know that a white man was close at hand. But beyond the necessary intercourse that sprang from their official relations, there was little that could be called comradeship between the two men.

When Conolly came down with a fever, Branscom nursed him to the best of his ability, and with a tenderness of which he had hardly suspected himself capable. But the man was doomed and he knew it. "There's just one thing I ought to say to you, sir," he said just before delirium set in. "If I don't pull through, and I'm pretty darned sure I won't, look out for that swine Mohammed, the corporal. He's a good soldier, sir, but a bad lot. Somehow he's got a hold on the men so that he can do pretty much what he likes with them. He's made them believe that he can turn himself into a wild beast whenever he wants to, and they think he's the biggest conjurer in Africa. I've kept a tight rein on him, but when I'm gone you'll have to do it yourself."

Branscom thanked the man, and told him not to bother about Mohammed, and to try to sleep. "Remember Mohammed, sir!" murmured Conolly at intervals during the night. When the next morning came he could no longer speak coherently.

Conolly died, and was buried at the edge of the desert, near the miserable Mohammedan cemetery, with its mounds of sand, and its two twin stones at the head and foot of each grave, where the examining angels sit and question the dead. As Branscom

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marched his men back from the grave to the zeriba, the horrible loneliness of his situation bore down on him more heavily than ever before. The rustle of the leaves of the palm-trees took on a note of sadness. It was as if the wind had changed its key from the glad major to a moaning minor. Branscom found himself wondering if he too would follow Conolly, and what in that case would become of the men. He remembered the sergeant's warning as to Mohammed, and resolved to lose no time in studying the man. He sent for him that evening and told him that he was to take Conolly's place. Mohammed thanked him with dignity. He was tall, soldierly, lithe, and yet stately in his figure and bearing. He was a negro of the West Coast, who had served in a company of native Senegal artillery under the French flag, and spoke French with fluency. How it happened that he had drifted to Egypt, and enlisted in a Soudanese regiment, no one knew. Even with men of his own color he was reticent as to his past.

Branscom had hardly noticed the man until Conolly's dying warning had called his attention to him. He knew that Mohammed was a smart soldier, but he had thought of him merely as one of his Soudanese, and had scarcely distinguished him from his fellows. But now that he talked with him alone he noticed the extraordinary brilliancy of his eyes; the look of conscious power, of proud disdain, of fearlessness, that filled them. Branscom found it difficult to look away from those piercing eyes. The idea came to him that if he looked elsewhere the man might think he was afraid to meet his gaze. While he talked with him he felt a growing sense of oppression, as in a nightmare when one dreams of slowly suffocating under some terrible weight that presses on the chest. Fearing that he might betray himself by some outward sign of uneasiness, and even alarm, he abruptly dismissed Mohammed. When the curtain that did duty as a door to the room fell behind the retreating figure of the new sergeant, Branscom felt a shiver pass over him. He knew that he feared the man and hated him. He was at once ashamed and alarmed at this apparently groundless and childish pettiness.

From the day of the death of Conolly the change in Branscom accented itself constantly and clearly. The things that had in the beginning pleased and fascinated him grew tiresome, flavorless, vexatious. The desert became his personal enemy. Every day he walked to the edge of that boundless expanse of sand and sun, and stood looking at the hazy, yellow, tremulous horizon that was as unbroken as the rim of the sea. He knew that three thousand miles of that hot, merciless sand stretched away to the westward to Cape Blanco. To his weakening nerves it was overpowering in its immense distances; its pitiless, malignant scorn of human life. He thought of the white bones of men and beasts that lay bleached and brittle all over its surface. The vastness of the desert maddened him. It was so useless, so intolerable, so devilish. And yet every day something seemed to drag him to the desert's edge, where he faced it as he would have faced an enemy—hating and fearing it, and fearing still more any failure to face it disdainfully.

Even the sand on which he walked under the palm-trees irritated him. It got into his boots, and he resented it as he would have resented a brutal familiarity. Once when he emptied the sand out of his boots on re-entering his house a sob broke from him. He swore fiercely, although as a rule he was exceptionally temperate in his language. He struck his clenched fist against the wall of the room and cursed the day that he had first seen the Soudan.

There was very little for his men to do, and in order to keep them fit and under discipline he marched them long distances every day. Nothing more monotonous than those long, dreary, aimless marches could be imagined. There was the glare of the sun; the featureless landscape, the sand under foot, and nothing else. At first the men, with the cheerful acquiescence of the Soudanese, seemed rather to like the daily march, but after a time Branscom noticed that even they began to lose their alacrity, and showed signs of weariness and even of sullenness.

The sun had never had any evil effect on Branscom, and he had passed through the whole campaign that ended with Omdurman without a touch of sunstroke. But now the sun seemed hotter than he had ever known it to be. A curious phenomenon troubled him. The wavering of the heated atmosphere seemed to have a reflexive influence on the solid ground. When he looked down on the earth under his feet as he marched it seemed to quiver and tremble as with a slight earthquake. He had to step carefully to avoid the appearance of staggering. And

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"IF I DON'T PULL THROUGH, LOOK OUT FOR THAT SWINE MOHAMMED, THE CORPORAL."

this curious impression did not pass away when he returned to the shelter of the grove. His house seemed to sway as he sat in his chair by the window and looked across to the zeriba. At night his bed rocked under him. He said to himself that he was certainly going to be very ill, perhaps to die, as Conolly had died. The thought that he would be buried under the hated sand filled him with impotent anger.

One evening he became so afraid of his solitude that under some pretext he sent for Mohammed. The man came and stood before him with his eyes fixed on Branscom. There was no expression in them save that of inscrutable, indomitable determination.

"By the by, Mohammed!" said Branscom in an apparently careless way, "what is this I hear about your being able to turn yourself into a leopard?"

Mohammed smiled—a smile that showed his white teeth and made Branscom feel suddenly chilly. "Perhaps," said he, "Monsieur the Lieutenant has heard of the Leopard Society of the West Coast. I belonged to that society when I was with the Frenchmen, and some people thought that we could change ourselves into leopards."

"Rum idea, that!" said Branscom. "Have you made the men here believe it?"

"I have made the men believe nothing that they did not believe before they knew me," replied Mohammed. "I do not say that I can change myself into a leopard, but I can change other people into leopards."

"Don't talk rot to me," said Branscom uneasily, for the man's eyes were on him, and he was already sorry that he had sent for him. "You'd find it a little difficult to work any such miracle here."

"I could make the Lieutenant into a leopard at this moment, if it were not too great a liberty," said Mohammed slowly. "Have I the permission to try?"

"Certainly," replied Branscom. "Go on! Let's see what you can do."

Mohammed came a little nearer to the young officer. He raised his forefinger and pointed directly at Branscom's face. He looked intently into his eyes, and Branscom

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SUDDENLY THE BLACK SAID, "YOU ARE A LEOPARD! DOWN ON ALL FOURS! DOWN INSTANTLY!"

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found it impossible to turn away his head. Suddenly the black said, "You are a leopard! Down on all fours! Down instantly!"

With a sudden catching of his breath Branscom sank to the floor, where he rested on his hands and knees. "Now march!" cried the sergeant. "March round the room! March like the leopard that you are."

Irresistibly Branscom found himself compelled to crawl about the room. He moved with the stealthy, slinking movement of a wild animal that is trying to escape observation or is stealing toward its prey. He felt a distinct pride in the supple elasticity that seemed suddenly to have passed into his muscles. He glanced up at Mohammed and snarled viciously.

"It is enough!" cried the black. "Monsieur the Lieutenant will please take his chair again. It is ended."

Branscom came to himself as the man spoke. He sat tired and breathless, wondering at the magic of Mohammed, and angry with the man who had dared to put him to shame. But Branscom had a keen sense of justice. He knew that he had brought his disgrace on himself, and that Mohammed had only done what he had given him permission to do. All the same he hated Mohammed, and could have killed him gladly as he stood motionless, waiting his superior's further pleasure. Branscom dismissed him without a sign of resentment, but without daring to allude to the scene through which he had just passed.

But the magic of the negro sorcerer still clung to Branscom. The constant recollection of the degradation to which the man had so swiftly and unexpectedly reduced him would not be banished from his mind. He knew that Mohammed must despise him, and that it was morally certain he would boast to the Soudanese of what he had done. Worse than all, Branscom could not rid himself wholly of the influence of the hypnotism that had brought him to the level of the beast. He felt at times a horrible desire to crawl on all fours; to slink behind his curtains; to crouch as if to spring on his servant when the latter entered the room. He made hoarse noises in his throat when he was alone, such as he had never made before. Once he snarled like a wild beast at the orderly who had failed to clean his boots properly. The dread lest he should yield to some revolting, bestial impulse in the presence of his men, and so lose at once and utterly their respect and obedience, never left him.

Meanwhile the earth never ceased to heave and tremble under his feet. He knew that this was an illusion, but it was miserably real to his senses. He tried to believe that it was due merely to some physical derangement, and that he was as sane as he had ever been, but there were moments when he knew that he was on the border of madness. His ever-increasing hatred of the desert; his loathing of the sand, which now closely resembled that which from boyhood he had felt toward serpents; the keen laceration of his nerves that was now inseparable from the moaning and rustle of the palm-trees, filled him with a horrible fear that he was on the point of losing control of his mind. At night as he lay on his bed in darkness and solitude he broke into sobs that he could not repress. He envied Conolly who had escaped from trouble—from the Soudan. Of course he knew that he could die at any moment, for his revolver was always ready, but he had been trained to regard the suicide as a coward, and whatever else he was, he knew that he was not yet a coward—not yet capable of betraying his trust.

Strangest of all, he no longer felt the oppression of solitude. On the contrary, he wanted intensely to be alone. Contact with his men, or with the villagers, was repulsive to him. He preferred night to day; he now kept his room constantly barred against the sunlight. Still, he did not falter in the least in the discharge of his duties. He drilled and marched his men. He listened to the complaints of the villagers. He wrote his reports, empty and featureless as they were in that still eddy of the Soudan, with his accustomed regularity. Only in one respect did he alter his habits. He no longer allowed his servant to enter the room while he was at his meals. It had become impossible for him to eat in the presence of another. Why this was he could not tell. He knew only that he had an undefined dread of the presence of his servant standing near the table, or moving about the room. He wanted to clutch his food with his hands, and escape with it to some place where he would be alone.

One morning Branscom had ordered his men to assemble outside of the zeriba in preparation for the daily march. They came together in a disorderly, chattering crowd, and when he gave the order to fall in, they did not move to obey him. He repeated the

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HE SPRANG ON THE BLACK WITH A BOUND THAT TOOK THE MAN WHOLLY BY SURPRISE.

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order, but with no better result. Then Mohammed advanced in front of his comrades, saluted, and said, "Monsieur the Lieutenant! We are tired of this marching from nowhere to nowhere. We will do it no more."

"Silence!" cried Branscom. "Give me your arms and go to your tent under arrest."

Mohammed laughed. "Monsieur the Lieutenant forgets that he is one and we are many, and that there are no white men between here and Khartoum. We are men, and we will no longer be played with by a boy."

Branscom made a step toward the mutineer, sword in hand, but Mohammed raised his finger and pointed it straight at him. Branscom stopped in his tracks, as if paralyzed.

"You are not a man!" said Mohammed slowly. "You are a beast! Down on the ground and show the men how you can crawl. Down this instant, leopard!"

For a few seconds Branscom felt himself succumbing to the domination of the negro. His sword fell from his grasp. Already his hands were losing their power of clutch. With a mighty effort he pulled himself together, and sprang on the black with a bound that took the man wholly by surprise. He landed with his hands on Mohammed's shoulders, and his knees in his abdomen. The man went over backward under the impulse of the shock, and lay struggling on his back. With fierce snarls Branscom gnawed horribly at the negro's neck, sinking his teeth deep into the flesh, tearing at his jugular vein. The blood gushed over his face and breast. Mohammed howled with fright and anguish, but his comrades did not offer to come to his rescue. The fierce savages enjoyed the strange, bloody, inhuman scene. When it was over, and Mohammed lay dead, Branscom got on his feet, picked up his sword, and again ordered the men to fall in. They obeyed him instantly and began their march with grinning faces and a manifest admiration of their young officer.

Faint, dazed, and with his sight wavering, Branscom marched at the head of his men with uncertain and faltering footsteps. The earth reeled under him more violently than ever. The intensity of his rage against the mutineer had sapped his strength, and he knew that his power of endurance was nearly at an end. But he stuck doggedly to his task. The men should have their daily march if he died in his tracks.

His head was bent over and he saw little except the path under his feet. Suddenly, as he emerged from a slightly sunken defile between two hillocks, he came upon a squadron of the camel corps. He did not know the officer in command, but even with his waning sight he recognized the gaunt figure of the surgeon of the Thirty-second Soudanese.

Both detachments halted. Branscom saluted the officer in charge of the newcomers, and stood silent, swaying slightly from side to side.

"Are you Captain Branscom?" asked the officer wonderingly.

"I don't know," replied Branscom. And he repeated, as if to himself, "I—don't—know."

"How are you, Branscom?" cried the cheery voice of the surgeon. "Good heavens, man! What have you been doing? Why, you're blood from head to foot."

"I don't know," repeated Branscom. And then with a sharp note of agony he cried: "Take hold of me, somebody! Don't let me down on the ground again!"

The surgeon dismounted just in time to hold up the limp form of the unconscious young man. "Tie him on a camel and take him to his quarters as quick as possible," ordered the surgeon. "The man is dying."

He was dead before the swift-trotting camel reached the village. The next day they buried him by the side of Conolly. When the Soudanese had fired their volley over the grave, and the doctor and the officer of the relieving squadron were slowly walking back to the village, the latter said: "I suppose the poor chap died of the fever."

"So I shall say in my report," replied the surgeon; "but, between you and me, he didn't die of any fever known to medical science."

"Then what was the matter with him?" asked the officer.

"Just the Soudan," answered the doctor. "Sometimes we call it enteric, and sometimes sunstroke, and sometimes something else, but the real disease is the Soudan. It's a cowardly thing. It's afraid to attack where there are three or four white men together; but when it catches a white man alone, like that poor boy we just buried, it kills him as certainly as the plague or a dervish's spear. 'Died of the Soudan' is what ought to be put on Branscom's tombstone, if he ever has one; but it won't do to say so in a medical report."

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The Chronicles of a Chromatic Bear Hunt

By REX BEACH

Author of "The Spoilers," "The Barrier," etc.

THE biography of the average big game hunter is a bitter hard-luck story. As compared with his work, the twelve labors of Hercules were the initiatory stunts of a high-school sorority. If this were not so, we should have no bears left. The "silver-tip" and the Alaskan grizzly would soon be catalogued with the Dodo, the Populist, the Honest Senator, and other extinct species.

When Fred Stone * and I determined to go bear hunting we chose Alaska, for several reasons. First, it was farther away than any other place we knew of, except some one-night stands in Arkansas and certain suburbs of Brooklyn. Secondly, there are lots of bears in Alaska, black, white, gray, blue, brown, and the combinations thereof; enough to match almost any kind of furniture or shade of carpet. And I had been kindly but firmly informed that my trip would not be considered a success at our house unless I brought back a mahogany-brown skin, shading to orange, for the living-room, and a large pelt, not too deeply tinged with ox-heart red, to match the dining-room rug. Fred was told likewise that the boss of his bungalow would welcome bear rugs of a French gray or moss-green tint only.

We began to hunt immediately upon leaving New York, and had secured some fine

* Fred Stone is the well-known comedian who, with Dave Montgomery, made a success in "The Wizard of Oz" and "The Red Mill."

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specimens before reaching Chicago, but we killed most of our bears between St. Paul and Billings, Montana.

It was while dashing through the Bad Lands that Fred suggested bear-dogs.

"Great!" said I.

"They'll save us a lot of work."

"And be fine company in camp."

Accordingly we wired ahead for "Best pair bear-dogs state of Washington," and a few hours after our arrival at Seattle they came by express. They were a well-matched pair, yclept Jack and Jill, so the letter stated, both wise in their generation and schooled in the ways of bear.

"They are a trifle fat," we read, "but they will be O. K. if you cut down their rations. Both are fine cold trailers. Kindly remit hundred dollars and feed only at night." We were informed that in Jill's veins coursed the best blue blood of Virginia, and that though she was no puppy in point of years, her age and experience were assets impossible to estimate. This rendered me a bit doubtful, for Alaska is not a land for old ladies on a diet, but Fred destroyed my misgivings by saying:

"Take it from me, she's all right. We don't want any débutante dogs on this trip."

Jack was more my ideal. He had the ears of a bloodhound, the face of a mastiff, and the tail of a kangaroo, while his eyes were those of a tragedian, deep, soulful, and dark with romance. When he gave tongue, we decided he was a grand-opera baritone.

One day in Seattle sufficed to augment our outfit with ammunition, fishing tackle, and a mosquito tent. I have long since learned not to carry grub into the north.

Two years before, at the height of the salmon season, I had made a trip through the Copper River delta in a wheezy, smelly fish-boat, and while tide-bound, with the North Pacific pounding on the sand dunes to seaward, I had gazed across thirty miles of flats up into a gap of the great Alaskan range toward long, low-lying streaks of white which slanted down out of hidden gulches on opposite sides of the valley, appearing to close the course of the river.

"Glaciers!" announced the smelly captain of the smelly fish-boat.

"Live glaciers?" I queried.

"Sure! On still days you can hear them 'working' clear out here. Chunks drop off the size of a mountain, and splash out all the water in the river. There ain't any white men ever been up there."

I spoke later with the smelly engineer, who was an old-timer in the country.

"They come together, they do, buttin' one another like a pair of rams, grindin' and squeezin' to beat the band."

"But how does the river get through?" I demanded, skeptically.

"I don't know. Maybe it jumps over."

The smelly deck-hand shed even a dimmer light on that mysterious valley by informing me that, in order to pass those glaciers, one had to work along a perpendicular face of ice, chipping footholds and clinging with fingers and toes at dizzy heights above the river.

My informants united on but one statement: There were a great many bears up near those glaciers, for it seemed there were rapids of some sort where the animals came to fish during the salmon time; so many of them, in fact, that the banks were seamed with trails and the rocks worn smooth by their feet.

I still had some eight thousand Alaskan miles to do that summer, so I could stay there no longer, but the determination to see those glaciers at close range and to examine those bear tracks had grown upon me steadily. I had told Fred of them, and it was thither we were heading now. Hence the mosquito tents, the ammunition, and the soulful bear-dogs.

For five days we ploughed northward on a typical ratty Alaskan steamer, a thing of creaks and odors and vermin. On a drizzly May morning we docked at Cordova, the town which has sprung up at the terminus of Mr. Heney's railroad. The road is not really Mr. Heney's, but belongs to the Morgan-Guggenheim interests, being destined to haul copper from their mines two hundred miles inland. Mr. Heney is building it for them, however, and everybody looks upon it as his personal property. It was hours before breakfast time when we arrived, but "M. J." himself was at the dock, for a purser on one of his freight steamers had apparently mislaid a locomotive or a steam-shovel or some such article which Mr. Heney wished to use that morning, and he had come down to find it. He was not annoyed—it takes something more than a lost, strayed, or stolen locomotive to annoy a man who builds railroads for fun rather than for money, and chooses a new country in which to do it because it offers new obstacles.

He welcomed us drippingly, with a smile of Irish descent which no humidity nor stress of fortune could affect.

"I'm sorry you didn't arrive yesterday," he

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said, "for it looks as if the fall rains had set in." It was the 21st of May and this was no joke, for Cordova is known as the wettest place in the world.

"Bear?" said Mr. Heney. "Yes, indeed. We'll see that you get all you want." And from that moment until we left Alaska with our legal limit of pelts he made us feel that the labors of his fifteen hundred men, the building of his railroad, and the disbursement of millions of dollars were, as compared with our comfort and enjoyment, affairs of secondary importance. And when we described the tints of our wall paper and rugs, we got the impression that whether we needed bears lavender, bears mauve, or bears cerise, it was a religion with him to see that we found them.

As to guides, there were no regular guides in this neighborhood, since there were no tourists—every resident had to earn his money honestly. But there were fellows about who knew the woods—Joe Ibach, for instance. He had just come in from a prospecting trip and might care to go a-bear hunting. So we descended upon Joe. Certainly he'd go. He didn't care to guide, however, as he had never "gid" any, but he'd show us a lot of bears, he'd carry the outfit, row a boat, do the cooking, chop the wood, build the fires, and perform the other labors of the camp. As for regular guiding, though, he guessed we'd have to see to that ourselves until he learned how. When we spoke about wages, he said he didn't think that sort of thing was worth money, showing conclusively that he was not a real guide. He had a long, square jaw and a steady eye, which looked good to us, so we agreed to do the guiding if he would do the rest of the things he had mentioned—and see that we did not get lost.

"SUPREMELY PROUD OF A SKIN WHICH DRAGGED UPON MY SHOULDERS, ITS POINTS TRAILING ON THE GROUND."

As to those mysterious glaciers toward which I had been working these two years, Mr. Heney said we could not reach them yet. The Copper River delta was full of rotten ice, and the banks were so choked with snow that it was impossible to take an outfit up before the slews cleared. Out at Camp Six, however, a number of bears had been seen, one, in particular, so large that no day laborer might look upon his tracks and retain a sense of direction. Only the section bosses could stand their ground after one glance at his spoor.

We were installed at Camp Six by 5:30 on the following afternoon and had unchained our dogs. At 5:49 Jack had found a porcupine. A man came running to inform us that he was "all quilled up," and so he was, his nose, lips, tongue, and throat white with the cruel things.

"Get them out quick, or they'll work in," we were advised, and somebody produced a pair of tweezers, with which we fell to; but Jack suddenly developed the disposition of a wolf and the strength of a hippopotamus. Followed a rough and tumble, which ended by our getting his shoulders to the mat on a "half Nelson" and hammerlock hold. Those quills which we did not remove from the dog with the tweezers we pulled out of each other after the scrimmage.

At 6:15 Jill notified us plaintively that she had retrieved a brother to Jack's porcupine and had taken a bite at him. By the time we had pulled the barbs from her nose our supper was cold.

"Well, it's a good thing for them to get wised up early," Fred remarked, wiping off the blood and sweat. "They'll know enough not to tackle another porcupine. They're mighty intelligent dogs."

We were still eating—time 6:44—when a voice outside the mess-tent inquired:

"Whose dog is that with his nose full of quills?"

We looked at each other, and Joe commenced to laugh.

"Are there any dogs besides ours around this camp?" I inquired of the waiter.

"No, sir."

It was nearly midnight before Jill ran down her second victim and raised us from our slumbers by her yells, but by that time we had become so dexterous with the pincers that we could feed each other soup with them, so we got back to bed quickly.

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KIDNAPPED! THEODORE TAFT, AN ORPHAN, FORMERLY OF ALASKA, NOW OF THE NEW YORK ZOO.

The next day it rained. It rains every day in this country, but nobody minds it. In fact, the residents declare they don't like sunshiny weather, asserting that it cracks their feet. One Cordovan undertook to keep a record of the sunshine, summer before last, and failed because he had no stop-watch. Before setting out Fred called my attention to Joe's rifle.

"It looks like an air-gun," said he. "It wouldn't kill a duck."

Joe yielded the weapon up cheerfully for examination, and it did indeed look like a toy. Its bore was the size of a lady's lead-pencil, it was weather-beaten and rusty, and the stock looked as if it had been used to split kindling.

"She's kind of dirty now," the owner apologized, "but I'll set her out in the rain to-night, and that will clean her up."

My experience with Alaskan grizzlies has shown me that they are hard to kill and will carry much lead; hence, in close quarters, a bullet with great shocking power is more effective than one which is highly penetrative; but when we suggested adroitly to Joe that he use one of our extra guns instead of this relic, he declined, on the ground that his old gun was easier to carry.

Through miles of muskeg swamp we splashed toward the forest where the big bear had been seen. We sank to our knees at every step; low brush hindered us; in places the surface of the ground quaked like jelly. We were a mile into the thickets before the dogs gave tongue, and were off with us crashing after them through the brush, lunging through drifts, tripping, falling, sweating. For ten minutes we followed, until a violent din in the jungle ahead advised us that their quarry was at bay.

Joe took his obstacles in the manner of a stag, finally bursting through the brush ahead of us with his air-gun in his hand, only to stop and begin to swear deeply.

"What is it?" I yelled, hip deep in a snow-drift.

"Have you got them pinchers handy?" came his answer.

For five days we combed those thickets and scoured the mountain sides without a shot, for those educated bear-dogs got lost the moment we were out of sight, and made such a racket that we were forced to take turns retrieving them. No sooner were they through with one porcupine than they tackled another, and when not wailing for assistance they "heeled" us, ready to climb up our backs at the faintest alarm.

"If we saw a bear they'd run between our legs and trip us up," declared Joe, disgustedly.

Deciding, finally, that this section was too heavily timbered to hunt in without canine assistance, we sought more open country, and the next high tide found us scudding down the Sound in a fast launch toward an island which for years has been shunned because of its ugly bears. Not a week before this a party of native hunters had been chased into camp by a herd of grizzlies.

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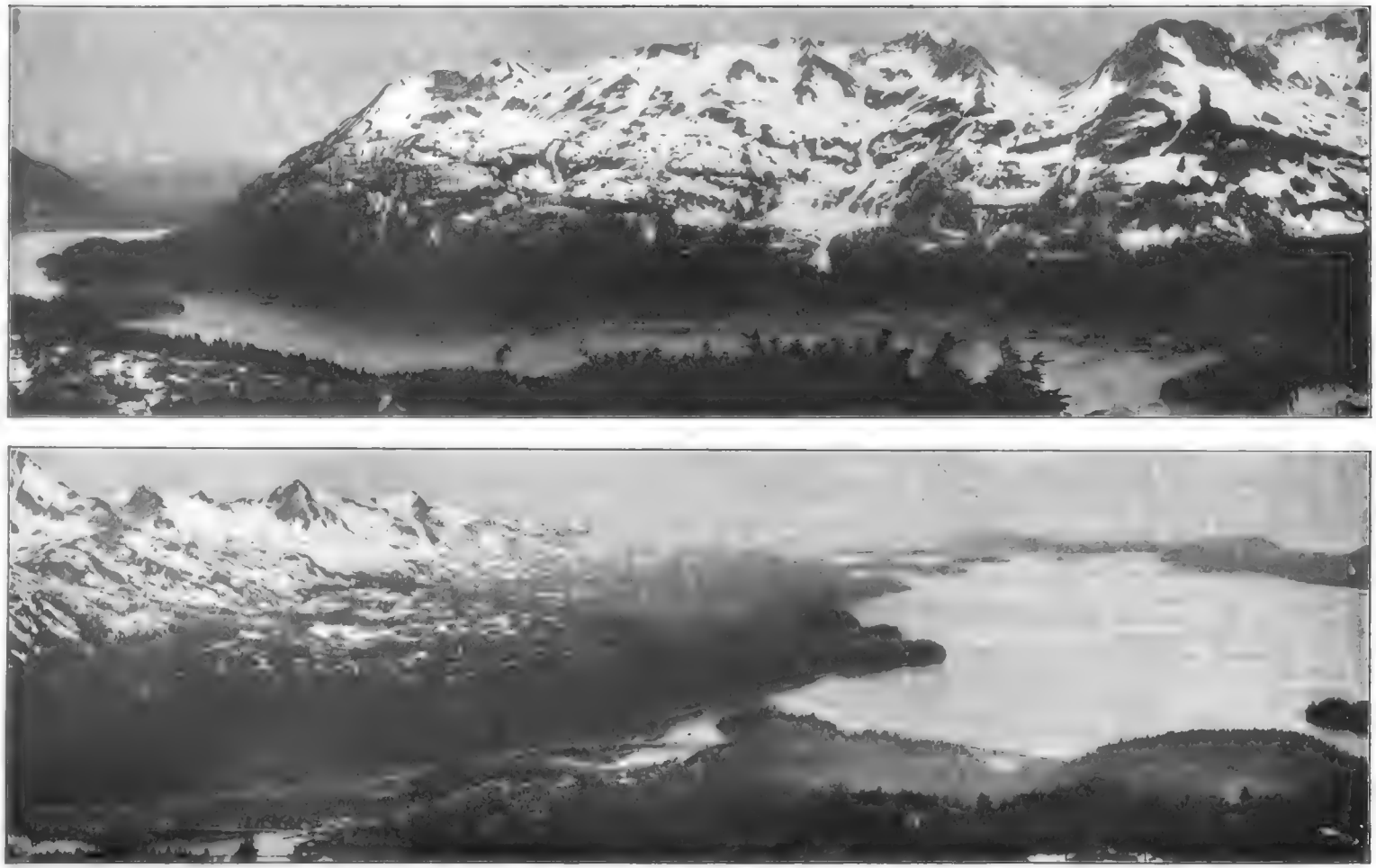

THE GATEWAY TO THE GLACIERS. SECTIONAL PANORAMA OF PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND, ALASKA.

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We skimmed past wooded shores which lifted upward to bleak snow-fields veiled by ragged streamers of sea mist. Into a shallow, uncharted bay we felt our course, past cliffs white with millions of gulls, under towering columns of rock which thrust wicked fangs up through a swirling ten-mile tide and burst into clouds of shrieking birds at our approach.

We anchored abreast of two tumble-down shacks, and, as the afternoon was young, prepared for exploration. Ahead of us, rolling hills rose to a bolder range which formed the backbone of the island. The timbered slopes were broken by meadows of brilliant green, floored, not with grass, but with oozy moss.

"We've got three guns in the party," said Joe, noting the preparations of Little, the owner of the launch, "so I'll take the camera instead of my rifle. If we see a bear, them dogs can't trip up more than two of us, which will leave one man to shoot and one man to use the machine."

For hours we tramped the likeliest-looking country we had seen, but the wet moss showed no scars, the soft snow gave no evidence of having been trod, so I suggested that we divide in order to cover more territory. Fred and Little, escorted by Jack and Jill, headed toward the flats, while Joe and I turned upward toward the heights.

"MR. HENEY WELCOMED US WITH A SMILE OF IRISH DESCENT."

Far above timber line we found our first sign, and farther on more tracks, all leading down the southern slope and not in the direction of our launch; so away we plodded, over crater lakes half choked and hidden under fifty feet of snow, skidding down crusted slopes, lowering ourselves hand over hand down gutters where the snow water drenched us from above. In time we left the deeper snows for thick brush, broken by open patches, and a ten-o'clock twilight was on us when we spied a fresh track. The moss had slipped and torn beneath the animal's weight, and the sharp slashes of the claws had not yet filled with seepage.

"He's close by," said Joe, shifting the camera. "Gee! I wish I'd brought my gun instead of this thrashing-machine," and for the first time I realized that I had a new, small-calibered rifle with me, and had selected this day to try it, not expecting to have to rely upon it.

At a half run we followed down the trail, for there was no difficulty in picking it up wherever it crossed an open spot; but without warning the hillside ahead of us dropped off abruptly, and we emerged upon the crest of a three-hundred-foot declivity choked with devil clubs and underbrush, the tops of the spruce showing beneath us. Joe altered his course toward the right, when I saw, over the edge and not thirty feet away, a grizzled scruff of hair looking like the back of a porcupine.

"There he is!" I called sharply. "Look out for yourself!"

I stepped to the edge of the bluff, for after my first glimpse that angry fur had disappeared—and looked down directly into the countenance of the largest grizzly in the world! Halted by our approach, he had paused just under the crest.

I have seen several Alaskan bears at close range, but I never saw one more distinctly than this, and I never saw a wickeder face than the one which glared up at me. His muzzle was as gray as a "whistler's" back, the silver hairs of his shoulders were on end like quills, while his little pig eyes were bloodshot and blazing.

"What luck!" I thought wildly, as the rifle sights cuddled together, but in that fraction of a second before the finger crooks, out from the brush behind him scrambled another bear, a great, lean, high-quartered brute of cinnamon shade, appearing, to my startled eyes, to stand as tall as a heifer.

Now, I never happened to be quite so intimate with a pair of grizzlies before, and since that moment I have frequently wondered how they happened to impress me so strongly with the idea of a crowd. The woods seemed suddenly filled with bear, and involuntarily I swept the glades below to see if this were a procession, or a bear carnival of some sort.

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That instant's weakness cost me the finest pelt I ever saw, for at my movement bear number one leaped, and as I swung back to cover him, I saw only a brown flank disappearing behind a barrier of projecting logs. At this distance I dared not take a chance on other than a head shot, so I jumped back, peering through the brush at our level, hoping to see him as he emerged.

Joe rushed forward to the edge of the hill as if about to assault the cinnamon with his camera, stepping directly between me and where I expected bear number one to show.

"Shoot! Shoot! Give it to him before he gets up here," he yelled hoarsely.

"Get out of the way," I shouted, with my eyes glued upon the vegetation at his back.

He was still screaming, "Shoot! Shoot!" when his voice rose to a squeak, for up through the undergrowth lunged the big cinnamon, nearly trampling him. The bear rose to its hind legs and snorted, while Joe did a brisk dance, side-stepping neatly from underneath his photographic harness and fairly kicking himself up and out of his rubber boots. Before either foot-gear or camera had ended its flight he had sized up the dimensions of every spruce-tree within a radius of forty rods, and was headed for the most promising.

I dare say my own movements were purely muscular at the time. I got out of his way to glimpse through my sights a brown rump over which the brush was closing, and remember deciding that with five shots in an untried weapon I didn't care to chance a tail shot, with that other big gray bear concealed within forty feet—particularly since Joe had staked the only available tree.

In the days which followed I cursed myself bitterly at the memory of those white-hot seconds.

"Gosh 'lmighty! If I'd only had a six-shooter," panted Joe, regarding me with disgust. "Why didn't you give it to him?"

"I wanted to get the big one first," said I.

"The *big* one! You never saw a bear any bigger than *that* one, did you?"

"Yes; I tried to get a shot at the old gray one."

"Do you mean to say there was two of 'em?"

"I do! And the old gray one was in yonder all the time. He may be there now, for all I know."

As he picked up the camera, Joe said very quietly:

"I guess your eyesight was a little bit scattered. You ain't seen any bear for quite a spell, have you?"

I resented the innuendo, and began to declare myself vigorously, when he interrupted, "Come on! Let's get after them," and away we went up the mountain side, running till we were breathless, guided plainly by great patches of torn moss and heavy indentations. We ran up grade until I stumbled and staggered from exhaustion; we ran until my legs gave out and my lungs burst; ran until I feared I should die at the next knoll; and kept on running until I feared I might not die at the next knoll. Up, up, and up we went, until two hundred yards above, a moving spot amid the timber halted us.

"G-g-give it to him," gasped Joe. But the sights danced so drunkenly before my eyes that it is a wonder I did not shoot myself in the foot or fatally wound my guide. Then we were off again across sink-holes scummed over with rotten ice into which we broke, up heart-breaking slopes, and through drifts where we wallowed half way to our waists. In time the tracks we followed were joined by others, at which Joe wheezed:

"By g-gosh! You—were—right; there *was* —two! Come on!"

But having righted myself in his eyes, I petered out completely. My legs refused to propel me faster than a miserable walk, so I turned the gun over to him and he floundered away, while I flopped to my back in the center of a wet moss patch and hoped a bear would come and get me.

Ten minutes later I heard him empty the magazine, but as he reappeared I knew the shots had been long ones.

"Say! That old gray one made the brown feller look like a cub," said he, and we were miles away from the scene before he broke our silence to remark:

"You were wise not to shoot. If I'd 'a' known that big one was so close to me I'd 'a' tore my suspenders out by the roots and soared up over the tree tops."

Stone and Little, having covered the flats unsuccessfully, were rowing into the mouth of the creek when we slid down the bluff above the launch, but at my recital of our adventure Fred went violently insane, and was for setting out for the scene of our encounter at once. Eventually he was calmed, and we rolled up for a few hours' rest on the floor of the launch.

I was half roused by the coffee-pot sliding

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IN PLACES MR. HENEY LAID HIS RAILROAD ON THE SNOW.

off the stove into my face. A few minutes later the ash-pan emptied its contents over me, and I awoke under a bombardment of dishes, oil-cans, and monkey-wrenches, to find the boat on her beam-ends in the mud, with every movable thing inside of her falling upon us. Little was swearing softly in his underclothes and bare feet.

"The tide is out and she's standing on her hands," he explained. "Confound a round-bottomed boat anyhow!"

We stood on the starboard wall of the cabin

A ROCK-DRILLING CONTEST ON THE FOURTH OF JULY AT CORDOVA.

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to dress, then walked ashore where there had been eighteen feet of water on the night previous, to cook our breakfast in the rain.

Up the hills again we went, determined to see at last what was in those bear-dogs of ours. For five miles we trailed our game, across snow fields where their tracks were knee deep, over barren reaches where it took all our skill to pick up the signs, till, without warning, the dogs gave tongue and went abristle. They were off, with us after them, the woods ringing to their music, the bears just out of sight through the timber.

It was during that hour that I proved to my own satisfaction that a two-hundred-pound man, considerably out of condition, can't outrun a bear. Perhaps it is because the bear knows the country better.

Half a mile farther on I found Fred panting and dripping on the other side of a stream.

"Where's Joe?" I called.

"At the rate he was going when I lost sight of him, he'll be due in Nome about noon, if his boots hold out," Fred answered sourly. "Where's Little?"

"Fallen by the wayside. How did you cross the creek?"

"I didn't! I ran through it. I'm wet to the ears."

"Those are nice bear-dogs of ours," I ventured, at which my companion's remarks were of a character not to be chronicled.

"'Kindly remit hundred dollars and feed only at night,'" he quoted. "Say, if those lap-hounds ever crab another shot for me I'll——"

"And I'll do the same," I declared heartily; and we shook hands over the compact.

We found Little at camp, clad in a pair of bath slippers, drying out his clothes, but Joe did not show up until nearly ten that night, and he came alone.

"Did you kill those college bear-dogs?" we inquired hopefully.

"I couldn't get close enough," he said.

"A FALLING TIDE LEFT US HIGH AND DRY, BUT HELD UPRIGHT BY THE CABIN DOORS WHICH WE USED AS PROPS."

"Did you get a shot at the bears?"

"No! About twelve miles back yonder those two picked up five more. Your eighty pounds of 'Mother Goose' dog had four tons of bear on the hike when I quit. It looks like they're heading toward the north side of the island, and if we take the launch around to Big Bay to-night we may be able to pick them up to-morrow."

It was high tide when Jack and Jill appeared on the bank, and as Joe boosted them over the rail they beamed upon us as if to say:

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"This has indeed been a glorious day, and we'll make this bear hunt a success if it takes all summer." We forbore to saddle them with what lay upon our souls.

We anchored in Big Bay as a three-o'clock dawn crept over the southern range, to be awakened by another avalanche of pots and pans. The launch was doing her morning hand stand, and I found a streamlet of cylinder oil trickling down my neck. Fred had been assaulted from ambush by a sack of soft coal, while the cupboard had hurtled a week's grub into the midst of Little's dreams. Joe alone was unconscious of his bedfellows, which comprised the rest of our cargo; he was slumbering on his back, snorting like a sea-lion at feeding-time.

A mile of tide flats glistened between us and the shore; on every hand the hills were white with desolate snow. Having dressed stiffly, propped at various angles, we ate a cold breakfast, for the stove would not draw, and had it drawn we could not have held the coffee-pot against it; then Joe and I lowered ourselves into the slime overside, for Little had decided to stay with the launch until high tide, while Fred's heels were blistered so that he could not wear his boots. We went *without* the dogs.

At nine that night I staggered wearily out from the timber on to the beach. A mile of mud lay between the bank and the water, and two miles beyond that I sighted the launch. Fred and Little heard my shots, and by the time I had reached the low-water line they were under way. Out another half mile into the creeping tide I waded, until it was up to the tops of my boots. I was utterly exhausted, my feet were bruised and pounded to a jelly, every muscle in me ached. For fourteen hours Joe and I had shoved ourselves through snow, in places waist deep, crossing canyons, creeping up endless slopes till we had traversed the island and the open sea lay before us. Snow, snow, snow everywhere, till our eyes ached and our vision grew distorted.

We had found the tracks of those seven bears, but they were miles away and headed toward the west, whither we could not follow. We had become separated later and I had come home alone, ten miles as the crow flies, across the most desolate region I ever saw.

I had followed a herd of five bears for several miles, but had abandoned the chase when it grew late. One track I measured repeatedly from heel to toe of the hind foot. It took my Winchester from the shoulder plate clear up two inches past the hammer.

Two hours after I was aboard we heard Joe's air-gun popping faintly. He, too, had followed those five bear tracks, holding to them an hour after my trail had sheered off. We had covered better than thirty miles of impossible going and were half dead.

The next day found us back at the cabins; for the north side of the island was too killing, and as Little had business to attend to, he left us, promising to send the launch back in ten days. Then followed as heart-breaking a week as I ever endured. Every morning we were off early, to drag ourselves in ten, twelve, perhaps fourteen hours later, utterly exhausted. Every noon we stopped to dry out over a smoky fire, for an hour's work on the slopes threw us into a dripping perspiration, which the chill wind discovered at the first breathing-spell.

Our feet were constantly wet from the melting snow, and the rain did what remained to be done. We stood barelegged and shivering in the snow, our feet on strips of bark, the while we scorched our underclothes and swore at the weather. Finally, on one particularly drenching morning, Fred and I struck and declared for rest. Our feet and ankles were so swollen that we hobbled painfully, while our systems yelled for sleep.

About noon Joe said this idleness palled on him and he guessed he'd take a little trip. If he didn't get back that night we needn't worry, as he intended to follow any trail he struck until he got a shot, if he had to sleep out in the rain for a week. He took no grub, his outfit consisting, as usual, of the hand-axe at his belt and the pop-gun between his shoulder blades.

"It'll be just our luck for him to get a bear to-day," said Stone. "It's the first time in ten days we've laid off."

"Maybe so," said I, "but if he shoots a bear with that child's gun and the animal happens to find it out, it may go hard with him."

Two hours after dark we heard a voice outside the cabin:

"Hey! What do you think of this?"

We hobbled out in our sock feet as Joe flung from his shoulders a great brown skin, the ends of which dragged on either side. The fur was deeper than a man's wrist, the ears were a foot apart, the nose was curled in a ferocious snarl above the long yellow teeth.

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"See here!" He held up a cub skin. "There was two other little fellers, but they got away."

"What did I tell you?" Fred groaned. The fire of a consuming envy burned within us as we bombarded Joe with questions.

It seemed he had struck a trail on the other side of the range, and although it was twenty-four hours old he had followed mile after mile, running most of the way to cover before dark the distance it had taken the old one and the cubs two days to go. It was growing dark when he overtook them, high up on a mountain side covered with patches of gnarled spruce and wind-flattened bushes.

"When I see I was close to 'em I made a circuit up the hill so's to head 'em off," he explained; "but I underjudged her, and she must have snuffed me." He had told the first part of his story graphically, but at this point closed his narrative in a sudden, matter-of-fact way.

"Go on," we demanded, beside ourselves.

"Well, that's all. Just as I scrambled up where I could get a peek I see her right on top of me, coming full tilt, r'aring up on her hind feet every few jumps for a look. She must have snuffed me."

"Yes, yes. Hurry up!" we chorused.

"Her nose was curled up just the way it is now and she was roaring something fierce. She was so close I seen her eyes blazing and all her hair on end, but those cubs—say, you'd 'a' laughed at them cubs. They was snarling like dogs and all headed for my legs."

"Good Lord!" I ejaculated, sizing up the skin, which was fully ten feet long as it lay, "she must have looked as tall as a house."

"Yes, she looked pretty tall," Joe agreed. "Have you got anything to eat handy?" But we forcibly gouged the rest of the story from him.

"Well, she was so close on to me that I knew I had to get her—so I—did. But you'd 'a' laughed at them——"

"Where did you hit her?" we demanded.

"Oh, in the eye. See!" He laid his finger on a tiny hole half an inch back of the half-inch eye, which was still fixed in an ugly stare, apologizing as he did so. "You see, my footing wasn't very good and I was half dead from running or I'd have shot better and got her the first time."

"Then you had to shoot again?"

"Oh, yes; twice more. She fell at the first crack, and that give me time to reload. When she riz up again I tried for her heart, but she throwed up her forearm, and all I did was to break her leg. Look! That give me a chance, though, for when she jumped at me the next time her leg give out and throwed her off, so I side-stepped her. But those cubs! Say, they was the funniest things!" He began to laugh. "I wanted to catch 'em, but they was too big. They was snarling around my feet all the time and I was kicking at 'em so's to get a shot at the old one. I had to knock this one down finally, which give me time to wallop the old lady in the neck. If I hadn't been so tired I'd have run down them other two, but they was too fast for me. I chased 'em half a mile, but somehow I couldn't get up to 'em. It's too bad she snuffed me."

Joe had returned, skinned the two carcasses, and packed the hides in through the deep snow, although the mother's alone was a heavy burden for a strong man on good footing.

The cabin walls were not large enough to hold the pelt, so our guide stayed in camp the next day to flesh and salt it, while Fred and I made another unsuccessful journey, covering twenty-five miles of the territory where he had been.

Three days later, when Little sent back the launch, we were ready to quit in disgust and head toward the Copper River glaciers, for the bears seemed utterly to have forsaken this island. We could find no fresh sign, we could discover no indications as to where they were feeding.

A mile from the mouth of the bay we ran hard aground, and a falling tide left us high and dry, but held upright this time by the cabin doors, which we had removed and used as props.

"I'm going over into those woods where Little and I went the first day," Fred announced, and Joe went with him, while I, disheartened, went fishing in the channel.

Having drifted opposite the mouth of a tiny creek without a strike, I rowed ashore and wandered aimlessly back into the open flat through which the stream meandered. It was the first time since landing in Alaska that I had been without my gun, and within three hundred yards from the shore I encountered fresh bear tracks. As I regarded them, a movement at my back caused me to whirl, and there, where I could have hit him with a stone, was my bear observing me curiously.

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We looked each other over for several moments. We were both blonds, although his fur was a bit lighter than mine. When I moved, his hair rose; when he moved, my hair did the same. He was much the larger of the two. I matched him up with my dining-room rug, and he went all right. I must likewise have harmonized with some color scheme of his, for he took a step toward me engagingly.

Remembering that my hunting-knife was in the gunwale of the skiff and my rifle half way across the bay, I closed the interview and went after them. It was a nice cool day, and I hurried a bit. I felt light in the body and strong in the legs, which provoked in me a sudden disposition to disprove my previous theory that a two-hundred-pound man out of condition cannot outrun a bear. You see, this was the first bear I had encountered which really matched my furniture, and—in fact, there were sundry reasons why I increased my normal speed of limb.

To stroll means to advance carelessly. I strolled up to the skiff so carelessly that I nearly broke a leg getting into it, then headed for the launch. Perhaps a rear view had convinced the bear that my hair was too stiff, or that I was not sufficiently well furred for his use; at any rate, he did not pursue me, and in fifteen minutes I was back again and had taken up the trail. Two hours later I stumbled out of the woods, sweaty, smelling of blood, and supremely proud of a wet, heavy skin which dragged upon my aching shoulders, its points trailing on the ground behind me.

It had been a matter of a quick, careful search with the glasses, a brown blot creeping across an open meadow, a lung-bursting detour to leeward, and then a breathless descent of the mountain side, till a fringe of brown hair showed through the grass. There had been a quick guess at where the shoulder should be, a vision of snarling white teeth, and a great bulk lifting itself up toward me; another squint at a hairy chest between two huge forearms, and then three snap shots which were all too high and tore the sod as the fellow went lumbering down the hill. Next, a sudden breaking down of the hind quarters, and twenty yards farther a loosening of all holds and a crash into the bed of a trickling gully.

As I gloated barbarically over the magnificent carcass, up from the woods across the bay came the sound of four quick, faint shots, "Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!" as if Fred and Joe were answering my recent fusillade.

It took me an hour to finish the skinning, and as I reached the launch I heard wild shouting across the mud flats. On the fringe of the timber we saw the two boys.

"Somebody's hurt," exclaimed the engineer, but those yells carried a different note to me.

"They've got a bear!" I yelled gleefully. "Fred has got one at last." And ten minutes later, while still a half mile distant, he began to tell me about it. I answered with my story, neither of us distinguishing more than the din of his own voice.

"I got—" came Fred's rejoicing, while the sun glinted on Joe's white teeth—"big grizzly—color—match—bungalow EXACTLY!"

I ran toward them, joining in a muddy war dance on the sand-bar which had so kindly delayed our departure.

We all talked at once, but my companion had more ground for joy than I, for this was his first bear, and it had charged unexpectedly at a distance of fifty feet.

"She was coming so fast when I saw her that I didn't have time to get scared," said Fred, "and it took four shots to drop her."

"He only had four shells in his gun," Joe chimed in, admiringly. "He could almost touch her when she fell."

"We came back for you and the camera. Get your gun quick and come with us; you never saw so many bear signs in your life."

"They've all left the hills for the flats," declared our guide. "That's why we've had such bad luck. We'll get a boatload before dark." So, taking time to gulp a mouthful of cold food, we headed back toward the thickets where Fred had disproved the old theory that your bear is a peaceful brute and will never deliberately attack a man.

The Chronicles of a Chromatic Bear Hunt will be continued in the December number.

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TRYING IT ON THE DOG

By ELMER BLANEY HARRIS

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

THERE'S many a slip between the ink-pot and the box-office. Even the graybeards among the dramatists now and then bag a goose-egg at some Broadway theatre, and the work of a year, perhaps a lifetime, goes into stock. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that I, coming green from the campus, stuffed like a Christmas gobbler with Aristotle, Kant, Boileau, should at my first shot miss the bull's-eye. In a way I resembled "Brick." "Brick" took eight years to graduate. At commencement, when his name was called, he rose, accepted his parchment, shook it in the face of the faculty, and cried: "Educated, by gum!" I was educated.

I shall never forget that first hot summer in New York. I had the buttons put on the inside of my trousers and bought a belt. My window looked down upon the "L" and acres of sizzling roofs. Here, in a roar and tumult which set the window-panes chattering, I perpetrated my first play. By what inspiration of modesty I made it one act instead of five I do not remember, but into that one act I crowded all I knew. So far as concerns theory, it was a masterpiece: it began, it rose to a climax, it ended. Also, it had a plot. The only swear-word in it was "'Sdeath!" With what I must have considered Swiftian humor, I named it "Excelsior": I was on the twelfth floor, with prospects of going higher.

Now it happened that I knew an actress who was out of a job. There is nothing unusual in an actress's being out of a job. The unusual part of it was that I should know an actress at all, for my father was a Methodist born in the pew. This actress and I dined at a restaurant in Sixth Avenue where one ate yards of spaghetti and drank something red with an edge on it. Her name was Lola. She was amazingly pretty, I thought, carried her head high, and wore her clothes well—and plenty of them. While she was waiting for a suitable part and a friendly manager, we read French together, and she taught me to recite that little *morceau* from Hugo's "Contemplations" which begins:

> "I never gave Rose a thought.
> Rose came to the wood with me.
> We talked about something,
> But I have forgotten what."

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And ends something after this fashion:

"I didn't see she was beautiful
Until we emerged from the great,
deaf wood.
'So be it; let's not think of it any
more!' said she.
But, *since*, I think of it—*toujours!*"

When I had learned it backward and pleaded for another poem, she asked:

"Reggie, how old are you?"

"Twenty-two." A pause—a long pause. Feeling obliged to make conversation, I began: "Lola, did you ever hear of the '*Ding-ansich*'?" Lola hadn't heard. So I launched into a dissertation on Kant, ending with a definition of Being, thence jumping to an esthetic analysis of the curve on a Greek vase. I must have been a wonder.

Little by little, Lola's manner changed, changed in a remarkable way. She began to counsel economy in my expenditures, scolded me for tipping too generously and for taking a hansom when a car would have done as well. She evinced an almost maternal interest in my clothes: helped me select the exact shade of Oxford gray for afternoon, corrected the block of my top hat, had me exchange some new-bought gloves for a size smaller, also a tie which refused to make up well, being cut on the bias. She went as far as my underwear, writing a note apprising me of a sale of linens at Wanamaker's, for summer comfort: she couldn't bear to see my face grow shiny in a public place. Nothing escaped her. If my hair needed trimming, she knew it before I did. "But," she admonished, "not much off the sides!" (My ears stick out some.) She made me discard an opal, and asked if my shoes pinched. The answer?—Mothering a broiler!

Not until she'd mothered me for some time did I tell her about my play. She pounced upon the idea with an excess of enthusiasm that elated me beyond words. Had we been anywhere but in a cab, I should certainly have hugged her. Nothing would do but I must read it to her that evening. She waited in the foyer of my hotel while I got the manuscript, and we whipped up to her flat on Ninety-first Street. The flat I remember distinctly: a dear little silken nest, perfumed, soft-lighted. Lola drew the curtains, arranged the drop-lamp, gave me a footstool, a cushion at my back, and I read my production with all the expression I had left after a two-year course in forensics. Lola's applause was not as spontaneous as it might have been, and I reached for the ice-water. She clasped her hands back of her head and frowned at the ceiling. I lit a cigarette and waited. Finally she came over, perched up beside me, and ran through the manuscript thoughtfully, biting her finger.

"Dear boy," she said, as she reached the last page, "it's great. But it's not life."

"Art, Lola, is not life as it *is*, but as it *should* be." Believe it or not, that's what I said.

"In vaudeville—and that's the only place you can use a one-act play—they want humor. Now if you could just make them laugh——"

"It's not a humorous subject," I objected.

"Reggie, dear, life is not all sad. It has some humor, even at its worst. Humor makes it possible, sweetens it: it's the salt that keeps the sea fresh. Don't you see?"

I grew dogged. "There are no laughs in 'Ghosts.'"

"I know. I've played *Mrs. Alving*. But Americans don't want depressing, morbid revelations; they want joy and song."

"This is not a comic opera."

"Now, dear—I mean Reggie—don't lose your temper. I know what I'm talking about; you simply must amuse your public. Here, I've got a joke-book I've kept for years——"

"I don't want a lot of jokes pasted on my play like labels on a suit case. This is a 'criticism of life.'"

"But before you can criticize a thing, you must know it—and know it hard." Lola grew gentle as I grew brutal.

"Do you mean that I don't know life?" I demanded, a little indignant. "*I've* suffered!"

What answer she made, if any, I do not remember. But she looked at me with a certain wistfulness, and when I innocently touched her hand as I held the play open for her perusal, she colored, laughed uncomfortably, and, drawing away, returned to her chair. The movement, the little laugh come back to me now, with the breath of her hair, like mignonette, and a responsive thrill follows that stirs depths which then were— Well, the point is, she took the play and promised to see it staged.

Lola found no difficulty in interesting an agent who owned his own theatre. "Miss Lola Henrici forsakes the Legit. for Continuous in a one-act drama by Mr. Reggie

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Forbes!" was one of the scare-heads from the *Telegraph* which I pinned on my wall under her picture, between prints of Molière and Goethe. The play was first to be "tried on the dog"—on an audience outside of Broadway. Then, if it got over, the star would be booked for periods ranging from three weeks to three years, and at as much salary as she could command. Two thousand dollars, I learned, was sometimes paid for a single act. My attraction, of course, would not receive that amount.

But suppose they paid seven hundred. My ten per cent. would give me seventy a week, two hundred and eighty a month, over three thousand a year. The sketch had taken a week to write. Relieved from temporary embarrassment by the seventy, I could easily before the year was over produce twelve acceptable short plays. Thirty-six thousand a year! I should soon be earning more than the president. And it is strange how elastic it made my step, how lowly my twelfth floor rear. Current events, such as failures in Wall Street or the departure of the fleet for foreign waters, shrank to proportions insignificant.

The rehearsals were like sitting by the bedside of a sick child: I hoped it would get better. Lola had secured the use of one of the large theatres, and here we four—the valet, the hero, the star, and the author—met at eleven one summer day when the horses wore bonnets and the mirrors had got into their tights of mosquito netting—and the metamorphosis of written words into living, moving humans began. Oh, the thrill of it!—the marvel! What had I done? Caught an idea, on the fly—an idea, that impalpable oversoul of molecular brain-changes—and so propelled it through the medium of alphabetical symbols as to awaken a like vibration in the cranium of my cast, as I prayed it would in the cranium of my audience. O Introspection! O Psychology! O Mystery of Mysteries! O Fiddlesticks! Yet such were those darling sophomoric days, when ambition was new and cheek youth-painted, and this glorious pageant of the senses was all Why, and never What nor How!

The speeches didn't flow. I can still see Lola in the golden glare of the foots, with the grass mats and canvas trees of the regular show heaped against the wall, contracting my "do nots" to "don'ts," dropping my "thats" and "whiches," and breaking the

I READ MY PRODUCTION WITH EXPRESSION.

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blades of my beautiful, rhythmic periods, forged and tempered by the sweat of my brow, to make the characters talk in quick, short sentences, but without regard to repetition or balance. Mildly I demurred, but Lola, in her sweetest voice, met me with the fiat that movement was all-essential. Obediently I bowed at the shrine of experience. But when the hero split an infinitive, I rose on my hind legs. I refused to see my baby carried head downward in this shiftless fashion. The rehearsal paused while I, as politely as possible, lectured the wrong-doer on the infrangibility of the infinitive. At this point the doorkeeper, a solemn, wintry figure, withdrew into the shadow.

SHE LEANED TOWARD THE MIRROR AND DIPPED HER LASHES INTO THE BLACK.

"And I should prefer 'I believe seriously to make this effort' to 'I believe to make this effort seriously,' because 'effort' is the important word and should, therefore, be placed where it has the most emphasis, which is at the end of the phrase. And why do you keep crossing all the time?"

"I can't stand in one position during the entire scene!" retorted the man, with some impatience.

"Mr. Forbes is quite right," agreed Lola. "You must have a reason for crossing: you will come over here to get the match-box. You occupy yourself with the match-box until I say: 'Harold! Harold——!' Then you say: 'Elizabeth, the rejuvenation of a naïve delight in beauty for beauty's sake—' so and so, so and so, so and so, and cross back on my answer. And when the valet enters and says: 'Oh, sir, the press has denounced you!' you cross naturally to get the revolver. Now try it again, please, from my entrance."

I shall not give you the entire play. I should have done so then. I should have set you down on the street corner, in a drawing-room filled with people, in an elevator, on a tack—anywhere—and read you the whole sixty pages with all the deadly purpose of the squab playwright. Now, however, for fear we might sometime meet, and having myself some respect for the dead, I shall spare you further excerpts from "Excelsior."

Finally the day of the tryout arrived—the great day. Everything was in readiness. The "props" were assembled, the "plots" compiled. I had bought a new suit and written a speech. Lola had advanced the hero half his salary, and he had appeared in a clean shirt. Two newspaper men I had dined at some length, and I had received an inch of fine print in each of their papers. I had heard of *dying* by inches, but it works both ways. Then, at the eleventh hour, the valet resigned! It took Lola fully ten minutes to say what she thought of him. It was the best "copy" for a mad scene I had ever heard. Then:

"Reggie, you'll have to play that part yourself."

"I!"

"Yes, you. You know the lines, and I can't possibly find another man and get him up in them before train-time. The little hypocrite! The turncoat! Oh——!"

On the way to the Grand Central:

"Reggie, you must stop smoking cigarettes. You've smoked one after another ever since I gave you that part."

"Lola, I'll queer the show."

"Didn't you say you'd played in college?"

"Yes. but——"

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"Just put enough noise and speed into it and you'll do nicely."

I was almost sick with fear. The more I smoked, the worse I got. When I bought the tickets, I left a dollar on the window. Lola handed it to me with a perplexed frown.

"Boy, you're not going to your own funeral. Take a brace. You're shaking like a double order of wine jelly. And don't leave your money lying about when you're not making any."

"Thanks awfully."

"I think you'd probably feel better if you ate something. You've got me down here half an hour before train-time."

"Really, I couldn't eat a thing."

"Perhaps *I* could."

I apologized and hurried her across Forty-second Street, she chuckling at my stage fright and declaring if I pulled so I'd have to buy her a new arm.

"Where *are* you taking me!" she exclaimed, as we pushed into a bar, and a group of men with one foot on the rail turned, glasses lifted, and stared at this rumpled vision of loveliness which I was kidnapping.

We backed out.

"Lola, what does he say when you sit on the hassock?"

"Who? What are you talking about?"

"The valet."

Lola laughed outright. "Well, you ought to know; you wrote the play."

"Yes, but I can't remember a word. Everything is gone from me."

A bite, and we boarded the train. I did feel better, but in the sulphurous breath of the tunnel I had an attack of hay-fever. I wheezed and sneezed: was literally led to the slaughter by the "doze." It would have taken the tongue of Job wagged at both ends by the wit and bitterness of Heine to describe that journey. My eyes were full of tacks, my lips parched, my face, as I caught sight of it in the glass, was haunted and haggard. The only friend I had in the car was the water-tank at the far end, and after shaking hands with it five times I grew shy of the passengers. Lola was no friend of mine:

"Oh, Lord, Reggie, be still! Do you think you're the only one who's nervous?"

Now, if only she hadn't said that!

To add to the general gloom, it began to rain, and pollywogs of silver effaced the moving-pictures framed in the window. I tried to study my part: I couldn't. I got up. I sat down. I stared around to see if anyone was looking, and heard some one behind say:

"I wonder if they've just been married, or are just going to be?"

It was a little go-in-when-it-rains town, one of many that cling to the petticoats of a big city, hoping the next charter will take them in and supply gas-lamps. There were neither names nor numbers on the streets. We asked everyone we met, from the baggage-master to the barber, where the theatre was, before finding that humpbacked edifice. It stood next to a grocery where bushel baskets of potatoes, pyramids of beets and cabbages lured marketing housewives. On the steps was a parcel of ragamuffins shooting craps. Above them stood an easel of photographs: this week's attractions! Lola, in the centre, chin on hand; around her, like the doves of Venus, The Sisters Pinko, The Colored Comedy Entertainers, Pillule, the Mind-Reading Dog. And across the top: "To-day! Bring the children to-day. Prize matinée! To-day!"

"OH, YOU CUNNING THING!" SHE EXCLAIMED.

Now, I know Garrick and Mrs. Siddons as

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well as if we had been to school together, and from our acquaintance I had familiarized myself with the glamour of the greenroom. But as I carried Lola's suit case to the cellar, my dreams got a tap on the solar plexus. We had to wade. The star gathered up her silks and heeled it along a pine scantling to dressing-room No. 1.

"Reggie, come in when you get dressed and I'll make you up," she said.

My dressing-room was a beach—spell with a *p* if you don't mind mixing your metaphors—where the theatrical tide had left stranded all the flotsam and jetsam of the profession: wafers of soap, grease rags, vaudeville ads, and a near-bald comb, its eye-teeth missing. And a gas-jet that had swallowed something whole hid its light under a bustle. There being neither nails nor hickory limb, I hung my coat on the door-knob and repaired to Lola's room.

"AND WHERE, OH, WHERE DID YOU PICK UP THE VALET?"

How pretty she had made her table. And how pretty she herself looked, in her lace bodice and curls, as she leaned toward the mirror and dipped her lashes into the black. She threw off her dressing-sack and hooked her skirt.

"Reggie, you'll have to button me."

"Button you——!"

"Hurry, it's getting near. Goodness, how cold your hands are! Stop trembling—you give me the Willies! Try a hairpin. Oh, let the collar go. Here——!"

With sleeves rolled back, she massaged my face with cold cream, mopped it, chalked it with pink, and blotted it with *poudre de riz*. Next, she combed out some crêpe hair, soldered it on parallel with my ears, and barbered it beautifully.

"Oh, you cunning thing!" she exclaimed, in admiration of her handiwork. "You'd make a lovely coachman. If any of the Astorbilts are in front, I'll lose you sure! Now button my boots."

"Lola, my mouth feels as though it had been dried out with a crash towel. What's that a sign of?"

"Ouch!" she cried, as I pinched her with the button-hook. "You're taking it off in chunks."

From an adjoining room, female voices:

"Say, I kin strike C without an effort. Send for A and I'll show you my C."—No sooner said than done.—"Get the hook! Light on something! D'yuh call that C?"—"Say, I wonder who got the idea we could be a quartet?"—"Mabe, are you ever going to change that skirt?"—"No; it was wished on."—"Minnie, the guy in the monkey cage out front wanted to know how you pronounced your middle name."—"Tell him I don't pronounce it: I inhale it!"

"The Sisters Pinko," explained Lola.

"Do we have to play on the same bill with them?"

"Yes, honey. And it may do them good: if they'd only learn that rejuvenation of beauty speech of yours, it might help some. Now, for heaven's sake, Reggie, talk up loud."

"Shall I have to make a speech, Lola?"

"I don't think so." And she said it with a straight face.

The stage was cramped and populous.

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Here and there a shaft of light lit huddled heads, as the mechanics and stage-hands passed judgment on a sketch which was just then being done. At one of the entrances stood the author, not so intent on sprinkling an umbrella with a watering-can that he failed to laugh at his own jokes.

"Pipe the feller what wrote it!" whispered a scene-shifter in a green-striped sweater.

Just then, one of the actors, perspiring through his paint, sauntered to the door and, dropping his party smile and voice, hissed at the author:

"Where the hell's the will?"

The Colored Comedy Entertainers did theirs next. They were two, in a check so generous that it required both suits to contain the pattern. The distinguishing feature of their performance was the mouth of one, as mobile as a red-rubber band. I remember a line:

"Speakin' ob rain, Mista' Johnsing, how'd jew like t' go fo' a boat-ride dis aftahnoon?"

"I ain't much on de water."

"No' on de soap i-ther, hum?"

It went with a scream.

As I got better acquainted with our competitors, my nerves steadied, my predicament grew less dire, and I was able to observe and profit by my surroundings.

Pillule, the Mind-reading Dog, added, subtracted, multiplied; told one young lady in the audience how many babies she wanted by sagely hesitating at twelve and finally choosing the cipher. Another scream.

While they were setting the stage for "Excelsior," the girl impersonator did hers before the drop, while a gray-haired woman waited near a dressing-table in the wings. Off came the girl, panting from a dance. Off came her waist, skirt, and one pair of stockings, while the men standing round, hands in pockets, surveyed her with the detached interest of bettors inspecting a filly in the paddock. The girl herself, one ear on the music, so far as they were concerned was alone with the gray-haired woman.

"I'm going to cut that line; they never get it," she panted.

"I would, dearie."

"My kilt!"

With sure, quick fingers she changed to the Scotch costume, the woman tying her shoes while she dived into the jacket. A smudge of powder, a sip of water, and she was back, almost before the applause ceased:

"I loved a lassie,
A bonnie blue-eyed lassie,
She was pure as the lilies in the dell—"

"SAY, WHO GOT THE IDEA WE COULD BE A QUARTET?"

"Can't sing!" commented the man on the heater.

His companion, chewing gum, shook his head—spat.

"How do you like vaudeville, Reggie?"

I looked at Lola, her skirts clutched to protect them from the floor, and felt a shamefaced regret at having let her in for such an experience. I apologized.

"All in a lifetime," she replied cheerfully. "This is only a bad imitation of the real thing, but you can regard it as a college supplement. Are you gathering wisdom?"

"Lola, do you think they'll do anything to 'Excelsior'?"

The only consolation she offered was: "Watch and pray!"

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Out of deference to Lola, the management had saved our attraction till the last, save, of course, the motion-pictures. It gave us more time than we expected, and I began to feel quite cocky before the curtain rose; but when it did lift finally, letting in a flood of light over the tawdry "set," at war in every detail with the esthetic tastes of my hero, and exhibiting ensconced in the stage box a group of New York managers, there expressly to see Lola's act, my temporary composure departed. And the rest, even at this distance, swims in thin, hot haze.

My last distinct impression was of the leading man, clearing his throat and feeling his tie before entering, after which I had a touch of blind staggers. I accidentally set off the door-bell, which refused to be choked and had to be carried out into the alley and smothered, like a dangerous lamp. I fell into the room and dropped a breakfast tray—thank heaven, the audience thought it intentional. I opened my mouth, but no sound issued forth, and the hero said the line for me. Lola prompted me, but it was no go: I couldn't even repeat what I heard. When I came off, the man on the heater said:

"Say, kid, who wrote this skit?"

Even that failed to rouse me: I was in a trance, a nightmare. I had to sit down somewhere to keep my legs from giving way as after a long illness, and chose Lola's hat. I missed my next cue, and she had to come after me:

"Reggie, the newspaper, for mercy's sake!"

I tried to say, "The press has denounced you!" but Lola took the words out of my mouth, and then, in an aside:

"Don't come in again; I'll get the revolver."

If I hadn't written the play myself I should have thought that a threat. Thus excused from my last entrance, I began to recover. The first thing I noticed was that the stage-hands were acting like men at a circus: they were coming from the other side, from the loft, from the property-room, to see what I looked like. They stared at me in silence and walked away.

"Kin yuh beat it!" one of them said.

I peered cautiously at the audience: the New York managers had left; the box was empty—one of the chairs was tipped over, though I don't offer that as evidence. Poor Lola!

When the curtain fell, there was an oppressive silence in the house. Somebody's baby began to cry. There was an ominous rustle of programs. The agent who had secured the try-out came on the stage.

"Miss Henrici," he said, taking Lola's hand, which trembled a little, "*you* were charmin'; they never seen better actin' in this house. But where, in heaven's name, did you get the vehicle? 'The rehabilitation of beauty fer beauty's sake——!' Say, why didn't you let him kill himself as he wanted to? Your jokes went great [Lola's jokes!] but the rest of the dope——!" He concluded with an expressive rotary gesture near one temple.

"It was only an experiment," explained Lola, sweetly.

The agent gave a glance toward me and dropped his voice: "And where, oh, where did you pick up the valet?"

We dressed. As we entered the street, we saw the hero's coat-tails vanishing between two swinging doors.

I opened the umbrella, and we walked slowly back to the depot.

"Now, Reggie, listen. You've had a play produced; you've seen how the wheels go. There's only one thing more you need to learn."

"What's that, Lola?"

"Life."

There have been try-outs since, many failures, some successes. Through them all Lola has stood by. Invariably, when I read the plays to her, if she clasped her hands back of her head and frowned at the ceiling, they were sure to fail; if, instead, the laughter rippled from her lips, or the tears gathered beneath her lashes, their success was signed and sealed. Lola knew. I am now of a mind that the whole secret lay in that one word, Life. She is sitting opposite as I write, more mature, more gentle, more lovely than ever, despite these busy years. She puts down her book, looks over, hands folded beneath her chin, and asks me how it goes. And I remember again the little verse of Hugo's:

"Je ne vis qu'elle etait belle
Qu'en sortant des grands bois sourds.
'Soit; n'y pensons plus!' dit-elle.
Depuis, j'y pense toujours."

Why?

Because we're married now.

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"EZRA COLE, YOU'VE FORGOT I AIN'T GOT LONG FOR THIS WORLD."

A CONTRADICTORY CURE

By JOHN BRANCH

Illustrations by John Conacher

EZRA COLE stopped his horse in front of the Mason place. The house stood a long way back from the road, with the front door on the farther side, for it had been built before the road was laid out. It was a small house, and the dooryard was enclosed with a white picket fence to keep out the ducks that had the run of the pear orchard which stretched down to the road. The path from the house crossed a little wooden bridge over a brook that flowed between the trees.

Hiram Mason was laying a new plank in the bridge when Ezra Cole stopped in front of the gate. Ezra never came into the house, and he did not even stop unless he saw somebody outside. There was no reason for it. It was just Ezra's way. He was as shy as a boy, although he was almost sixty.

"How is she to-day?" he called. His voice was tenor, and he still sang in the choir. He fidgeted on the wagon-seat until the yellow horse started. "Whoa, can't you?" and he pulled on the bit with a quick jerk. "Is she feelin' any better?"

The young man raised himself slowly from his work on the bridge and sauntered toward the gate. He did not speak. Hiram Mason never answered quickly. He was as moderate in all his movements as a man of seventy, though he was only twenty-seven. He came down to the gate and stood leaning his elbows on the top rail. He was rather short and thick-set, and his hair and skin were dark. He pulled a splinter from the rough gate-post and took it between his lips. Presently he spoke in a low, slow voice. "No, mother ain't no better." He paused again. "Some ways she seems worse." He showed no emotion, and yet nobody would have said he did not care.

"I'm sorry to hear you say it," said Ezra quickly. "I was kind of in hopes there might be a turn for the better by now, she's been sick so long. Stand still, won't you?" and he pulled again on the bit. "But I suppose

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there ain't nothin' can be done. She's tried 'most everything, I expect."

"Yes," answered Hiram; "old Dr. Slocum put her through a regular course before he died."

"I expect she feels his death a good deal," said Ezra, "she'd had him so long. Has she ever tried the young feller that took his practise over to the Center?"

"No, she ain't never had nobody else." Hiram was gazing dully at the horse's feet. "She ain't taken no medicine since the old doctor died. She set a store of dependence on him, and he told her, after he had given her everything he could think of, that he didn't believe no dosin' was ever goin' to help her. He said he thought it all depended on herself and her own determination whether she ever got well, and so she's given up takin' things and just lays there doin' her duty, as she calls it, and settin' her will hard as she can on gettin' strong."

"She always did have a heap of resolution," sighed Ezra reminiscently. "She wa'n't never one to give in, not if she considered it her duty to hold out." He glanced wistfully toward the house. His eyes were blue, and his long hands worked nervously at the reins. "She had a terrible strong will," he repeated.

Hiram still stared at the feet of the horse. After a silence he answered: "I guess you'd say so if you had seen her lately. It seems as if she was more bound and determined every day and tried harder and harder to lift herself up from this. Sometimes it almost scares us, the way she does. She will lay there stiff and straight with her eyes shut tight and her mouth set and her hands clenched, just willin' with all her might to get well. She don't speak nor move till she's all tuckered out, and sort of collapses all to once and lays limp and gaspin' for a spell. But the minute she's a little mite rested, she goes at it again hard as ever. She's weak as a rag, and she gets weaker the more she tries, but she won't give up beat. The other night we thought she was dyin', she got so low and all-gone, but before mornin' she was at it again just grittin' her teeth as determined as ever. She says she's bound to do her duty and get well, if there's any such thing. She says she couldn't rest easy in her grave if she knew folks was sayin' she might have lived if she'd only put forth more effort. But it's plain as day she's gettin' worse in spite of all."

Neither man spoke for a while. Then Ezra asked, "How long is it now that she's been sick?"

"Ever since father died," replied Hiram, in his moderate voice.

"Yes, I know," said the other nervously. "She got all run down tendin' him through his last sickness. But what I mean is, how long has she been abed?"

Hiram calculated. "Almost seven months. But she wa'n't nothin' like this at first. She's wasted away to a shadder. I don't see how she can hold out much longer." He lifted his gaze from the ground and fixed it on the man in the wagon.

Ezra's blue eyes grew misty. He turned his face away quickly. "You'll have a lot of pears this year," he said presently.

Hiram did not turn toward the trees, but he took his eyes from Ezra's face and looked down again at the horse's feet. "Yes," he said laconically. He knew well enough how Ezra Cole felt toward his mother. Everybody knew. They had "kept company" years before and he had asked her to marry him; and she would have done it had it not been that her father made her believe it her duty to take Thomas Mason, who was his junior partner in the store at the Center. Ezra accepted his disappointment meekly, but he never married.

"All this comes pretty hard on Cora," he said after a pause. "Ain't she about worn out takin' care of your mother and doin' the work besides?"

"She gets pretty tired, come night," replied the young man, "but she's willin' and glad to do for her."

"I ain't no doubt of it," said the other hastily. "You got a nice girl when you married Cora Slade."

Hiram made no response.

"Well, I must be goin' on," resumed Ezra, slapping his horse. "Is there anything I can do for you over to the Center?"

"No, I guess not," said Hiram. "Much obliged."

But before the wheels revolved, the back door of the house opened with a little click, and a young woman came out. She wore a blue calico dress and she had red hair and a very white skin. She hurried down the path to the men.

"Good mornin', Mr. Cole," she said in a brisk, pleasant voice. She stood half a head taller than her husband. "There's no use, Hiram; we've got to do somethin'. Mother Mason's been sinkin' again. I worked over her and did what I could, but I ain't willin'

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to let things go on this way without somebody takin' some of the responsibility. I know how set she is against havin' a doctor, but she'll have to give in and have one, there ain't no two ways about it. She'll drop off in one of these spells, and then what'll folks say? Why, Mr. Cole, you ain't no idea!" She laid her hand on the gate and looked up at him. "Mother Mason's worn away to nothin'. There's nothin' keeps her goin' but her sense of duty. She said this mornin' she intended to make an almighty effort to-day. She said she meant it should be the greatest she'd ever put forth, but when I went in a while ago with a cup of milk, I found she'd fainted and was just barely breathin', and I've been revivin' her ever since. She can't speak above a whisper now."

The young woman stopped and looked toward her husband, her brow knit with anxiety. Nobody spoke. Ezra bent the reins between his fingers. At last Hiram glanced up at his wife. "I'm beginnin' to think about as you do." He turned to Ezra. "If you'll tell the new doctor to stop here, I'll be much obliged."

It was a remarkably short time before the physician arrived. He came in his automobile. He was not a very impressive young man, but he had all the latest improvements that science could supply to make effective what small skill his inexperience had acquired. They said his father was well-to-do.

Hiram received him at the kitchen door and led him through into the parlor bedroom where the invalid lay. It was handier for Cora to take care of her there.

The young doctor's verdict was decisive, but not encouraging. He pronounced the patient in a state of utter exhaustion, and gave it as his opinion that she was too anemic ever to rally. He left a prescription, but he warned them that they must be prepared for the worst, and told them plainly that he thought it was only a question of hours.

When he had gone, Hiram stood looking out of the kitchen window. Cora sat in the rocking-chair near the table, crying softly. The clock ticked loudly. Presently the wife came and stood beside her husband. "Don't you think she ought to be told?" she asked. "You go in and I'll come in a minute."

Hiram walked slowly through the parlor. He found his mother lying straight and still, with her eyes closed. She was a little woman, and now that she was so thin, she hardly made a wave in the log-cabin bedquilt. Her face was shrunken, but her hair was black as ever. Her jaw was square and her mouth firm. Her wasted hands lay on the coverlet tightly clenched. The window-blinds were closed, but the slats were turned a little.

Hiram took a chair to the side of the bed. He sat looking at his hands, waiting. But Martha Mason made no sign. "Mother," he said at last, "you have a right to know what the doctor said." She did not move. "That is, unless you'd rather not be told," he continued hesitatingly.

The woman on the bed opened her eyes. They were black, like her hair. "I ain't never shrunk from hearin' things yet, and since you had him come you might as well tell me what he said." Her words seemed severe and yet there was no displeasure in the gaze she turned on her son before she shut her eyes again.

Hiram swallowed. "Doctors make lots of mistakes," he began, "and I don't give up a mite, but he said we must be prepared for—for anything." He rested his face in his hands and swallowed again.

There was a silence, broken at last by a soft sigh from the bed. Hiram looked up quickly. He felt vaguely that something strange had happened, but he did not know just what. She was not taking it at all as he had expected. He did not know whether to be alarmed or not. Her hands lay open on the quilt. Her mouth had relaxed and her eyes seemed closed less tightly. She sighed again, and a little tremor ran through her slight frame. She turned on her side and lay in an easier position. She was not like herself.

The phlegmatic young man became nervous and began to speak hurriedly. "I ain't believin' a word of it, but we thought you'd rather we told you."

She opened her eyes slowly. "Yes," she whispered, "and he's right. I'm goin' to die. I was beginnin' to conclude as much myself. But nobody can't say I didn't make all effort to revive myself. I've done my duty and my conscience is easy. It just wa'n't to be, that's all. And what ain't to be ain't nobody's fault."

She saw her son cover his eyes, and reached out her thin hand to him. "You mustn't feel bad about it, Hiram, for I don't mind it a bit. It sounds an awful queer thing to say, but somehow I'm glad of it. I'm tired. Tryin' to get well is terrible hard work, and now I feel I ain't no call to try no more." She closed her eyes again and breathed softly.

Cora crept into the room and sat in a chair

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at the foot of the bed, with her face bowed on the foot-board. Martha Mason felt the slight jar of the bedstead and opened her eyes. "Cora, you mustn't," she said; "you've always done your duty by me and you ain't got nothin' to regret." After a pause she spoke again. "Cora, you'll find everything in the bottom drawer of my bureau." Then she looked toward Hiram. "When I'm gone I wish you'd give Ezra Cole a little parcel with two letters tied to it that you'll find in the bottom to my bonnet-box under my velvet bonnet. And now you two go out and just let me lay. There ain't nothin' more that I think of."

Half an hour later Cora came softly to the door and listened, then she stole carefully to the bedside. When she went back to the kitchen where Hiram sat looking into the yard, she said, "Mother Mason's asleep."

The next day Ezra Cole came to the door. He would not come in. He said his horse would not stand. "Did the doctor come?" he asked.

Cora told him all the doctor had said. There was a piece of carpet laid on the top step and Ezra rolled the edge of it with his foot as he listened.

"She passed a comfortable night," Cora went on. "She slept most of the time. Leastwise, she was asleep both times I went in to give her her warm milk. This mornin' she's quiet and peaceful. She says it's ordained she should go and she ain't goin' to oppose Providence. But she ain't sad a mite. She told Hiram she was tired and was glad her duty was done and nobody could say nothin'."

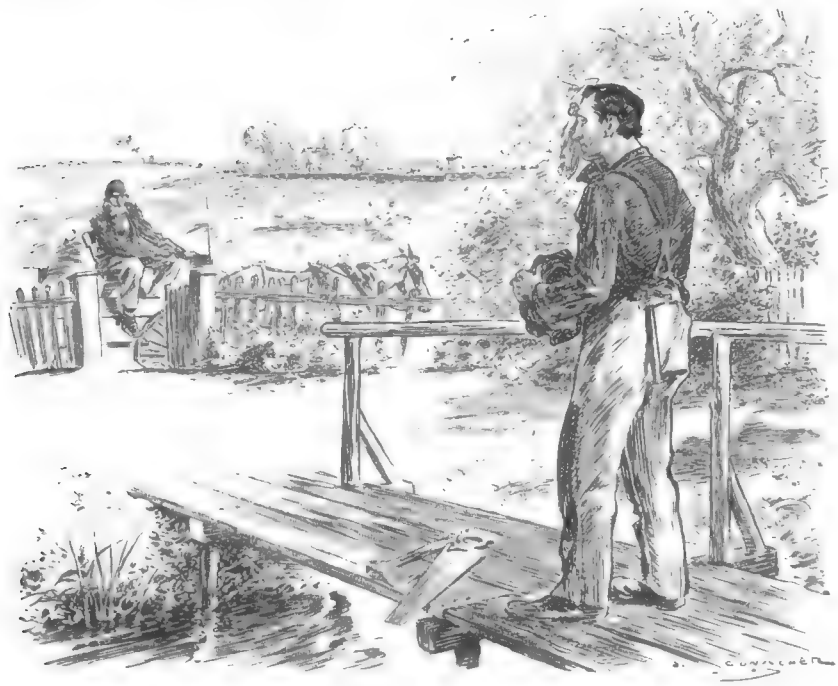
The man smoothed out the mat. "It's wonderful how decided she's always been."

"She spoke of you this mornin'," the young woman continued. "She said she hoped at the funeral you'd sing a verse of a hymn alone, like you do sometimes in the choir. I told her I guessed you would, that I'd ask you."

Ezra turned uneasily. Just then Hiram came in from the barn. "Good mornin'," said the older man hastily. "I guess my horse is gettin' restless," and he hurried out at the picket gate and down through the orchard.

Two days later he came again. Hiram opened the door to him. "I was goin' by, so I just stopped," Ezra apologized.

"She's alive," said Hiram, "and that's about all. She lays dozin' most of her time and don't move a muscle for hours at a stretch. She says she feels weaker and won't have to



"HOW IS SHE TO-DAY?" HE CALLED.

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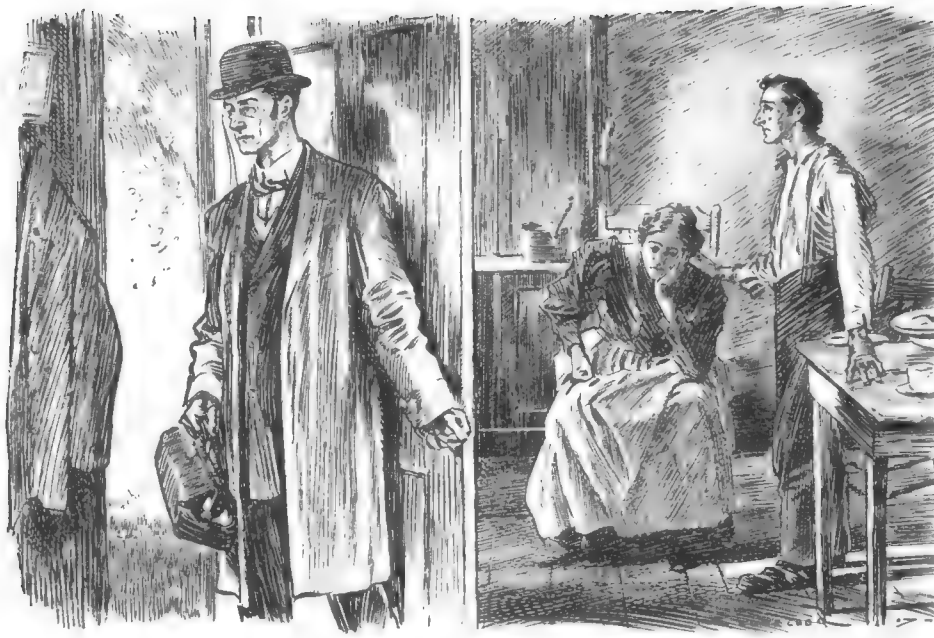

THE DOCTOR GAVE IT AS HIS OPINION THAT SHE WAS TOO ANEMIC EVER TO RALLY.

stay much longer. I never see anybody so resigned. It don't seem hardly right. But her mind's made up to dyin'."

"She's got a strong mind," remarked Ezra. "Maybe I'll be by again in a day or two."

He came the next day and the day after. There was no apparent change in the sick woman's condition. But the next week when Cora went in one morning with her cup of milk, she found her awake, and waiting for her.

"I feel as if I could relish a little mite of codfish, picked up in milk," the invalid said, in her faint voice, "and if I can relish it there ain't no reason why I shouldn't eat it. It can't make no difference now what I eat."

When her daughter-in-law brought it to her and bolstered her up, she said: "Just throw back one of them blinds, will you, so as I can see what I'm doin'."

She slept most of that day and did not ask for anything more, but the next day she ate more codfish and two dropped eggs, and by the end of the week she was taking three small meals a day.

"Yes," she sighed, "I feel considerable stronger. I suppose it's one of them rallies folks has so often just before the end. I think, Cora, if you'll prop me up, I'll set up in bed a while. I get sort of tired layin' flat all the time. And I ain't no more call now to husband up my strength."

As the weeks passed she improved steadily. She ate more and slept less, and at last was able to let Hiram lift her into the armchair by the bed, where she sat rolled in blankets while Cora smoothed the sheets. It tired her a good deal at first, but she gradually sat up longer, until one day she said: "Hiram, I believe if you helped me, I could get out into the kitchen and set. It would be handier for Cora to wait on me there, and dyin' folks ought to make as little trouble as they can."

That day Ezra came to the back door to inquire. When Cora answered his knock she stood out on the threshold and held the door as nearly closed behind her as she could. "Yes," she said, in a low voice, "she's lots stronger. She's settin' in the kitchen here to-day. You could step in and see her if you cared to. But I want to warn you about one thing first. She don't think she's really any better, and I've come to the conclusion it's best not to let her know we think she is. It sounds funny, but I can't help seein' that it's her belief that she's dyin' that's curin' her. It lets her just lay by and rest. I think if anybody was to convince her that she is gettin' well, it would make her sick again. I've told Hiram so. He sort of laughed at first, but he's about come to agree

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with me, and we don't neither of us say anything hopeful to her about herself, because we see that it don't do. We just humor her along."

A weak voice called from the kitchen. "Cora, is that Ezra Cole you're talkin' to? If it is, tell him to come in."

Ezra backed nervously down the steps to the ground. He took off his hat and turned it in his hands. Cora held the door wide open. He mounted the steps again and stood wiping his shoes elaborately on the mat. Then he came into the kitchen. "How are you feelin', Martha?" he asked.

Martha Mason looked up at him. "Why, Ezra," she exclaimed, "how gray you've grown! Be seated. Cora, fetch a chair. I'm real glad to see you. I wanted to see you once more and say good-by. And besides there was somethin'—Cora, I wish you'd get me my bonnet-box out of my room. How are you gettin' along, Ezra? You're lookin' well."

"I'm tolerable," he grinned awkwardly. "So's to be about, you know."

Martha did not smile, but she eyed him closely. "I think you look pretty well," she repeated.

"It seems you're gettin' better, too," he ventured.

She shook her head sharply." Appearances is deceitful," she said." I'm a dyin' woman. I read of a woman who was sick, much as I was, I should think, and all of a sudden she took a turn and picked right up and did all the cookin' for the family, but one mornin' they found her dead in her bed. I know what I'm to expect, and I'm resigned to it and don't ask no different, but I'm real glad to see you. And besides, as I said— Much obliged, Cora."

She took the box on her lap. It was covered with blue wall-paper. She lifted out the bonnet and started to lay it on the kitchen table, but thought better of it. "Ezra, you just hold this a minute. Take it underneath and don't muss the strings." She took out a white lace scarf and then a brown-paper package with some letters bound to it. Having replaced the scarf in the bottom of the box, she relieved Ezra of the bonnet and asked Cora to take it back to her room. When the girl was gone, Martha untied the string that bound the two letters to the little package. "Ezra," she whispered, "I suppose you know what these be."

He tried to speak, but his voice choked.

She glanced up at him. "You remember writin' to me when you went to Boston? This is the letter. And this is the one you sent me when I visited my Aunt Rebecca in Concord. I've kept both of them, but I want you should take them now. And I want you should have this parcel, too. I told Hiram to see you had them, but I might as well do it now myself. You know what's in this box, don't you?"

"HOW ARE YOU GETTIN' ALONG, EZRA? YOU'RE LOOKIN' WELL."

"I suppose maybe it's that agate breastpin I got in Boston," the man stammered, "but I'd a good sight rather, Martha, that you'd——"

She interrupted him. "Yes, that's what it is. I ain't never worn it. I kept it in the same box it came in. I remember how pretty I thought it was. Seems like yesterday, don't it? I'm goin' to just take it out and look at it once more, and then I want you should put it in your pocket."

She loosened the second string and took out the dainty tuft of pink cotton and then very carefully lifted the brooch. She held it between her thin fingers and turned the striped stone to the light. Ezra sat rigid on his chair. He seemed unable to move. At length she replaced the pin in its box.

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"A woman standin' on the brink of eternity ain't no right, I suppose, to be admirin' breast-pins. It don't seem fittin'. But you know, Ezra, I always did take to pretty things." There was a suspicion of a sigh, but she soon spoke up briskly, "There, now you take that box and them two letters." She handed them to him.

"But, Martha," he protested, "just you keep them until——"

"No," she insisted, "you put them in your pocket."

Hiram came up the steps and opened the door. Ezra slipped the package into the pocket of his coat and turned nervously in his chair. Presently he took his leave.

It was more than a fortnight before he called again. Cora spoke of it several times, but the older woman said nothing. Once he met Hiram at the post-office, and inquired for them all. When Hiram told of it, his mother made no comment. She was able now to walk about the house a little, and one day as she stood by a window she said: "I believe if it wa'n't so cold, I'd step out into the yard. I'd like to set my foot on the ground just once more."

WHEN SPRING CAME, SHE WAS MUCH STRONGER.

When spring came, she was much stronger, and went in and out as she pleased, and even helped with the housework. But she still tired easily and had to rest often. "It's my reminder," she would say, "and I'm resigned."

One afternoon, as she was lying on the lounge in the kitchen, she remarked suddenly: "Cora, I believe I ought to 'tend to that black silk of mine. It lays in my bottom drawer with the other things, and I'm afraid if it lays too long it'll crack. I must take it out tomorrow and fold it different. Maybe the best thing for it would be for me to wear it once or twice. Besides," she added, "I've got a sort of curiosity to hear the new minister, as he'll likely be the one who'll stand over me."

The next Sunday was pleasant, and Martha Mason issued from the parlor bedroom wearing the silk. She had on her velvet bonnet with the little fringe of jet around the front. "Cora," she said, "I wish you'd tie this white scarf for me. I wa'n't never no hand at makin' a bow."

The minister spoke well, and everybody seemed pleased to see her. But there was one disappointment. Ezra Cole's place in the choir was vacant. After service they learned the reason. He had wrenched his ankle on some stone steps and had been laid up for several days.

When Hiram was helping Cora into the back seat of the carryall beside her, his mother said to him, "Hiram, why can't we just drive around by Ezra Cole's and see how he is?"

Hiram simply nodded.

When they reached the house, the two women went in while he sat with the horse. Cora stopped in the kitchen and talked with Jason Brown's oldest girl, who came every morning to look after the bachelor's household, but Martha went straight through into the sitting-room where Ezra lay on the lounge, with his ankle bandaged and two canes on the floor beside him.

"We never heard you was hurt till this mornin'," she said, as she entered the room.

He tried to rise, but she would not let him.

"You must have been sufferin' some. You look kind of peaked."

Ezra lay back on the lounge. He seemed excited and a little dazed. "You look mighty pretty, Martha," he gasped.

She drew a rocking-chair nearer to the lounge and sat down, smoothing out her skirt. "I hope that Brown girl has made you comfortable," she remarked, grudgingly.

He did not answer, but his eyes never left her. "Seems to me," he said presently,

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"you ought to have a breastpin in that white tie. That agate one's in the drawer to the little table there. Try it, Martha. I think it would go real good with your bow."

"Them agate pins go with most anything," she agreed judicially.

She went to the drawer and put on the brooch. "It did need somethin'," she said. Ezra's face beamed.

She glanced round the room. "Susan Brown keeps things dusted up," she admitted, "but I don't like the way she's fixed the tidy on that rush-bottom chair."

"I wish you'd change it," begged Ezra.

She took off the offending tidy and rearranged it. "I never did like to see them tied on to one corner of a chair back. I want to see them spread out. There, I think that looks a lot better."

"I think so, too," agreed the man eagerly. "I wish, Martha, you'd fix all the things."

She looked critically around the room.

"I wish," he continued shyly, "that you'd stay here with me, Martha, and just fix all the things as you'd like to have them. You know it's what I've always wanted."

She turned quickly. "Ezra Cole, do you realize what you're sayin'?" But her voice was plaintive. "You've forgot I ain't got long for this world. I'm only livin' on a sort of reprieve, and I expect my call any day."

Ezra's blue eyes held her firmly, though he smiled uncertainly. "I thought maybe," he said, "lookin' at it one way, it wouldn't make so much difference on that account if you just waited here along with me."

Her breath came in a quick sob of surprise. "I suppose, puttin' it that way, there ain't no reason why I shouldn't. Except, Ezra," she added, and she smiled down on him, though her chin quivered, "except that maybe then I wouldn't be so resigned."

SONG

By ALFRED NOYES

WHEN that I loved a maiden
My heaven was in her eyes,
And when they bent above me
I knew no deeper skies;
But when her heart forsook me,
My spirit broke its bars,
For grief beyond the sunset
And love beyond the stars.

When that I loved a maiden
She seemed the world to me:
Now is my soul the universe,
My dreams—the sky and sea!
There is no heaven above me,
No glory binds or bars
My grief beyond the sunset,
My love beyond the stars.

When that I loved a maiden
I worshiped where she trod;
But when she clove my heart, the cleft
Set free the imprisoned god:
Then was I King of all the world,
My soul had burst its bars
For grief beyond the sunset
And love beyond the stars.

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THE CITIZEN

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

Illustrations by Thornton Oakley

NEW life—new laws—new liberties; all these are strong meat for the alien; and Grabo was a Slav. He came, still dull and bewildered, drafted, like others of his kind, from some vile and crowded foreign slum; and of all this life, its laws and unfamiliar liberties, his mind as yet had no clear conception. For over there in that darkness from which the man had emerged, an age-old scheme of class repression breeds stupidity. Condemned there to unflagging toil, Grabo found no time to think—his mind submerged, drowned, by unending, killing labor. If the man used his brain at all, it was at the impulsion of a mere instinct, the instinct that drives men and beasts alike to find means of satisfying the fierce primal need of food, of shelter, and of warmth.

Yet back within the dim recesses of his mind still lived a vital *something*. In all the time before he came to the new country it had thriven there, unknown but writhing—a something boring to the surface like the slow pupa of a cabbage-moth. Grabo could not have named it—nor would he have dared, over there, even had he known it; for the thing was discontent, a low and sullen hatred of class and of the burden that class distinctions had thrust upon him. It is the thing that goes to make the man—the quality that either leads to ambitious betterment or, once debauched, urges to the extremes of anarchy and crime. Grabo, a new man in a new world, bore in that crude mind of his the vital something to make him the one thing or the other, the desirable citizen or the undesirable.

They sent Grabo up to the mines. He was of the type from which they draw this labor stock: average in appearance, short and thick, dark-featured, sullen, unresponsive. Like the rest, he herded with the clan, as far removed from the uplifting influences of the new-world life as if he had never left his home; and in those first few months after his coming Grabo jarred no man's settled impression of his class by differing so much as a hand's-breadth from the many thousand others.

In the sullenness of his type, he looked about him warily, scowling and perplexed, filled with a growing wonder at nearly all he saw. A denned animal, suddenly released, cowers in that same momentary confusion. Time pressed along; and Grabo perceived that class restrictions no longer in the same degree hedged him about—that his fetters, in some miraculous manner, had been stricken from his limbs. Through some cause, as yet unknown, he saw that he and

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others of his class possessed a new and incongruous liberty that they had never known before; but to define it, to determine its bounds and limitations, was still beyond him.

Labor, to be sure, was as much his lot as ever; even in this scheme of loose-limbed liberty he could not escape the primal curse of toil. But Grabo, so far, had not yet arrived at the open, blasting hate for labor that comes to many that labor only. He worked because it was the one sure thing he knew about, and was yet to learn from others to regard it as a curse.

But this liberty—what of that? When his fellows talked of it, each with his own disordered view of what this freedom meant, Grabo listened dully, inert and uncertain. He had no fixed beliefs—no definite idea of the true liberty of the individual. He could not assume that there was liberty for any one on a level with his own low class and kind. The great—the rich—the noble: they might know of liberty! But Grabo—*huh!* He hunched up his shoulders in contempt, still bearing himself cravenly, seeing but still disbelieving.

As time passed, however, the latitude allowed him finally impressed itself on his mind. He saw that his growing assurance of manner went unchallenged—that no foot was thrust out to kick him down—that he was permitted liberties that no man of his class had ever dreamed of in the country he had but just quitted. So he dared a little more; and the act, still unchallenged, brought him the astonishment of discovery. Cortez, alone upon a peak in Darien, saw no wider world reveal itself than Grabo, the Slav, saw in that moment of realization. And the knowledge filled him with contempt.

The pit in which he worked was a big one, set down in a valley between the hills. Day by day he labored there, sweating at the face of the coal, a loader after the machine. It was rough work, but work that Grabo knew. The coal, under-stepped by the chain-cutter, was blasted down in lumps; and the Slav, toiling and heaving, loaded it aboard the pit-wagons. Day in and day out he went below the ground, and in the long and growing gallery of his room within the coal applied himself to the unending labor like Sisyphus in hell below.

But labor Grabo did not mind. There was in him at this stage a kind of gross elation he had never felt before. This liberty he had found was not the cause. Instead, it was an elation born of greed, of the lust of personal gain. All the promises of liberty he reduced to the same terms: what they all would bring to him in money; and he marveled at the wages paid. For over there where he had come from a day's wage was what any of his fellow workers here in a night threw away on their beer. It bewildered him, at first, just as the sense of liberty had bewildered him. Then came the greed of the once underpaid worker suddenly alive to the chance of undreamed-of riches. It was not enough that the pay seemed large; he strove to make it larger.

At that time, so far as his nature allowed, the man was almost happy. He found himself progressing; the comforts he enjoyed, rough as they were, far surpassed what he had known before; and he hacked and sweated at the coal, content. When others, dissatisfied, grumbled at the unkindly toil within the pit, Grabo only grinned. He had no fault to find with the work; and when these malcontents, going on, clamored against the wage-scale, crying that they were being robbed of an even due, he looked at them in wonder, failing still to understand. Were not the wages good enough? Were they not paid for all the work they did?

In answer, the others hunched up their shoulders, grinning, and told Grabo he was a fool. Then he learned, piece by piece, listening to their talk, something of the swindle of society—of the robbery and roguery they proclaimed was rampant even in this land of freedom.

He was awakened—astounded! The talk stuck in his mind fixedly, creating a feeling deeper and more energizing than all this prated freedom and liberty of the individual had ever created. In his dull sense, too, that vague unrest stirred itself anew. A low anger possessed him. He felt, after a while, that even in his recent satisfaction he had fooled himself. But just how he had been tricked he could not understand, nor could these others, even with all the phrases ready to their tongues, make it clear to his struggling mind. He had believed himself to be swimming the top wave of all that was fine and prosperous. But he learned now—and it was true, no doubt, since so many of them knew it all—he learned now that, with every heave of the shovel, with every stroke of pick and sledge, some unseen, thirsting system sucked away at his life's blood—*huh!*—that he was being robbed of

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nearly all his due, as if by some thief in the dark. Then craft came to him, the craft and cunning of the dullard, and Grabo set himself, by trickery and stealth, to recover some of this unknown all of which he was being robbed.

The coal lay in its measure, a thick vein, easily mined, and they paid, according to the wage-scale, by the ton, as the coal weighed when loaded in the cars on top. But, according to that same scale, the miner got nothing for the fine coal, the so-called slack, that passed through the inch-and-a-quarter screen. The merits of the case are neither here nor there—it is the custom, and owner and laborer alike seemed satisfied. But Grabo set out to beat them at the game. His pit-wagons, topped to the utmost, were so loaded that the heavy lumps lay in the back, in order that, when discharged upon the screens, they might carry along upon them a greater quantity of the slack. But, somehow, Grabo found it wouldn't work.

It wouldn't work because the game had been tried so long by others that they watched for it on top. Thus, when a pit-wagon came along loaded in this fashion, they dumped the coal more slowly on the screens; the slack had time to settle between the bars, and all this stealth was for naught. He found himself beaten, as it was sure he would be; and then he tried another way. He took to loading dirty coal—coal loaded along with the bone and the slate, which, by the labor-scale, he was required to remove. That extra weight helped a little—for a while. Then he was warned. He was told that if he loaded dirty coal they would dock him for the loss.

Said the pit-boss, an earnest Scot:

"Mint, laddie; we'll hae na mair of yer trimmin's. Ye'll ken what I'm tellin' ye!"

Grabo hunched up his shoulders, a sneer upon his face. "Me no 'stan'," he growled, hating the pit-boss because, in his higher office, he represented those who Grabo felt sure were trying to rob him. "Me no 'stan'. What for you make this business? Me load clean coal."

He kept on, the warning virtually unheeded. But a night or two later, going on top, he stepped over to look at the weigh-sheet pasted under the tipple—the record of the weights loaded by each man during his trick. Grabo saw that he was docked; and with a face flaming in rage, he hunched up to the pit-boss, waving his arms in the air. But the boss cared little for the demonstration. It was a thing he was accustomed to; let them howl and wave their arms as they willed.

"I warnt ye," was all he took the trouble to answer; "if ye'll na load the good, clean coal, ye'll just hae to pay for it, my laddie buck. That—or ye'll git!"

Grabo's hatred took a higher leap. He went away, raging impotently at both the boss and the pit that employed him. But he knew, too, that he could load no more dirty coal; and his mind, growing keener in his anger, sought for other ways of trickery.

In all the pits of this bituminous district they employ miners known locally as "company-men," whose pay is fixed by the time of labor, and not by the weight of coal they load. In Grabo's pit, the company-men drove entries, or cleaned up coal left lying on the floor of the passages. One of these men was Grabo's crony; and a crafty scheme came to the Slav. He and this man sat over a pot of beer in a river grog-shop, and they cooked up a plan between them. The company-man, loading the entry coal, was to put Grabo's checks, one at a time, in each third car he loaded. Then Grabo would be paid for the wagon he had never loaded, and as the company-man was paid by the hour, the company would pay twice for that single car. It was a little scheme in high finance, thought out by lowly minds—only the thing had been done before.

For a month it worked. Grabo and his pal throve upon the ill-gotten proceeds of their craft—the Slav was getting on. For a while that uneasy something in his mind lay dormant and unstirring, and Grabo was almost happy again. But one day the pit-boss, coming to the tipple, halted long enough to help with a wagon that had jammed upon the dumper-chocks. He helped to get it back in place, and then stood by.

"Weigh!" called the top-man; the beam was tripped, and the coal shot out roaring on the screen. The boss, leaning over, picked off the brass check from its nail inside the pit-wagon, and, before dropping it into the long trough where it would roll down into the weighman's hand, carelessly looked at the number.

"Hey!" he cried, perplexed. He had seen the coal as it went down over the screen, and his shrewd eye had recognized it as an entry load. But here he held Grabo's check, and Grabo loaded no entry coal that he knew about. It was worth while to investigate; and the mine-boss set a watch.

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RANCOR BIT WITHIN HIS BREAST LIKE A LIVING EMBER.

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A week later, Grabo was working in his room, heaving the heavy lumps into a pit-wagon. The days past had been good for him, and the envelope drawn the Saturday before was the largest he had ever known. He grinned as he thought of it, and, leaning forward, was just pulling down a slide of coal with his pick, when he heard quick feet beat up the gallery toward him. Grabo turned, his face sullen and heavy, and gleaming with sweat. There came the pit-boss, his brows wrought into an ugly scowl; and long before he was within reach of Grabo, he began to wave a fist. He knew—he had found out; and he was in a rage, not at the clear dishonesty of Grabo's craft, but at having been so tricked.

"Out o' here, ye swine!" he roared, and shoved the Slav by the arm. "Out o' here, I say! Git—on top, ye swine!"

Bewilderment, for a moment, held Grabo motionless. He did not understand. "What for you make me this?" he mumbled, staggering over the coal as the pit-boss shoved him again. "Hey! Me no like!"

"'Me no like'—what's that, ye scut?" mimicked the boss. "I'll show you soon enough. Go on top and get your time. Git—ye Hunky—ye frowsy thief!"

He gave the Slav hardly time to pick up his coat and tools, and drove him down the entry before him, shoving and cursing in turn. "I'll show ye, ye bilk—ye thievin' sojer!" he roared; and at the pit-bottom, ringing down an empty cage, he shoved the man aboard and clambered on beside him.

They rose to the top, the air roaring about them as the cage hummed through the darkness of the shaft. There in the gloom, fury succeeded Grabo's bewilderment; murder boiled in his heart. His coat, dropping from his arm, fell to the floor; as he stooped, his fingers gripped his pick-handle, and, with the lust of killing alive within him, he gauged the little space between himself and the boss, and the effect of a sudden blow with the tool. But the chance passed. They shot out into the open, the cage came to its rest, the pit-boss leaped out.

"Git!" he roared again; and Grabo, with the undone murder raging in his breast, bared his teeth at the other and slunk away along the slope. Once, farther along, he turned his heavy form and, with a head wagging in the fierce wrath that possessed him, shook his fist toward the mine. There, in the dim penetralia of his mind that unrest again quickened, touching him as if with fever. It was discontent—aye, but not the discontent that leads to betterment! Grabo looked about him at the hills, and hated. He gazed up into the profound deeps of blue above, and hated, too. Rancor bit within his breast like a living ember when he looked upon the valley's smiling length—its homes, its trees, its far-away fields of green.

He trudged on, muttering, his head hunched down between his shoulders, and that unseen, vital *something*, quivering and writhing, at last was known! He knew it—aye—knew that in his class he was damned—that so long as class held him to that level it would ever be the same with Grabo! Malice and despiciency boiled within him in a compounded venom. He hated himself, cursing his own weak impotency; and he hated *them*—the men that held him so. In all that turmoil of his brain, no hope came to him. He saw no escape. He felt in that dazed moment that he was doomed forever to the level of the under dog. And his inflamed anger spread itself over all his sense like a curse; again he hated broadly God's hills and trees and fields that, in their peaceful quiet, mocked him to his face.

Presently his rage turned from them, hunting an animate object. It lighted upon those unseen upper beings—those who lived on Grabo and his kind, the men that had robbed and cheated him! But a wrath like his could not feed upon creatures he had never known—would never know or see! He hated them, of course; but his mind needed a victim nearer at hand. *Huh!* He knew! There was this hireling of the oppressor—the man that had reviled and driven Grabo as though he were a swine! Shaking his fist at the sky, Grabo cursed the pit-boss with many foul and bitter oaths.

That night Grabo and the company-man, his confederate, sat in a river grog-shop, swilling themselves with beer. They were of the same stripe, the company-man as dull and sullen and black-visaged as was Grabo. "Rabbit," he was called in the mines—"Joe Rabbit," for so they had shortened a name that was otherwise something inconceivably Slavic. He and Grabo sat with their faces close together now, and as they talked, droning their gutturals in a low-pitched murmur of secrecy, their shoulders hunched up higher and higher until their heads were withdrawn like a tortoise's, each upon the corded column of his neck. And it was foul evil that they hatched.

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Rabbit, too, had been driven from the pit. Like Grabo, he, too, had been vilified and abused; and malice lived in his breast. But it was malice unbolstered by any self-conscious egoism of class; he hated, unaware of alleged social wrongs that he suffered. Grabo and he put their heads together; and the mutter of their rage rose like the humming of an angry hive. They talked, and violence was determined upon in that talk. They would avenge themselves, and vengeance among minds of that primitive type means only bodily harm to its victim. Intelligence such as theirs could reach no higher; to kill or to maim—that was the scheme, and to do it cunningly and in the dark. Then, leaning back, they drained another pot of beer, and, with a last sly look about them, arose and walked out into the night. They had settled it—they laughed together softly. And on the day succeeding, Grabo and Rabbit were missing from the mine.

On the Saturday following, a brilliant dawn broke, promising a quiet summer's morning. The sun, lifting itself above the rim of hills that edged the valley's length, sparkled upon the fields; and in that untroubled calm of early morning every little noise of awakening day echoed on the air. The hoisting-engine of the distant mine aroused itself, its raucous exhaust coughing thickly; and then the whistle blew, calling the gangs to their labor. Little streams of men, like threading ants, passed down the hillside from the cottages; the rumble of the pit-wagons on the tipple followed, and you heard the roar of the coal as it was dumped, gushing, on the screens. The busy day had begun, but in the shelter of the brush upon the hillside two men lay together and watched with crafty eyes.

Just below the mine, the country road swings to the southward, crossing a narrow brook. A bridge of planks spans the trickle, and from that point on the slope only the hills and a stretch of houseless fields meet the view. It is a quiet and lonely quarter, though still within sound of the mine; and of a time before, a pit-boss had been murdered there. They had found his body at daybreak of another summer's day; and though the murderers were never known, the story seemed plain enough. Some one had stalked him from behind—one of his own men that bore him a grudge, no doubt, for there in the top of his skull was the hole driven by a pointed mine-pick—a full-powered blow that had let out life and brains together. But all this had happened in the dark; by day you walked there unaware of peril in any guise under that clear sunlight. Danger might lurk there at night—that, or the stalking wraith of the murdered man. But by day—a day so clear and peaceable as this—it was inconceivable!

Yet there were those two men lurking on the hillside; and they were Grabo and Rabbit, the Slavs. Had you looked closer, you would have seen at their elbows the varnished box of a blasting-battery, its handle-rod uplifted and fixed in readiness; and there, too, streaming away downward toward the bridge of planks, were its two insulated conductor-wires. Beneath the bridge of planks, the two terminated in a bundle of greasy yellow sticks, bound loosely like a sheaf of heavy candles—but no such candles as men light on the altars of love and human kindness. These two, lying hidden, had put them there; and at every noise within the valley they moved uneasily, peering forth from their shelter with fierce and bloodshot eyes.

For some time in the day they knew the man they both hated would cross that bridge of planks, bearing with him the pay-money. Two birds with a single stone! It would be a fine day's work.

There came first a farmer, riding in a loaded wagon. The pair that drew it, big and heavy, stepped with deliberate feet upon the planking; and the two watchers, their breath held, crouched flatly on the ground until those iron hoofs pounded to the soft ground beyond, dragging after them the swaying, clattering wagon. Then came a country boy, barefooted and lightly stepping along, his hat thrust back on his head, his freckled face upturned, whistling shrilly. It was grotesque, that roundelay piped with all its innocence so near to the coming ghastliness of a tragedy. Together, the two watchers scowled fiercely toward him, and then frowned with still more terrible intentness when the lad paused upon the bridge, staring a moment into the little pool below. They exchanged swift glances meaningly: what if, in his urchin inquisitiveness, he should see those two wires and hunt them to their terminal nest? Rabbit, with a significant gesture, reached out his hand to the battery-rod.

But the lad was unaware. He hung over the low rail, poring with boyish interest upon the small and active life of the pool below—the water-bugs flashing like skaters upon its mirror-like surface, a shoal of minnows that

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darted here and there among the stones, a crawfish obtruding itself from its den below the bank. For an instant the lad moved irresolutely, his eye upon that crawling tenant of the brook; but at the movement the crawfish secluded itself in quick alarm. Then, thrusting back his hat still farther, the boy went on his way, piping, and Rabbit's hand withdrew from the fateful box.

After the country boy came a little priest of the Greek Church, his cassock flapping about his heels, reading a breviary as he walked. His broad, shovel-brimmed hat was drawn down to shade his eyes; and he passed along, his clumsy feet scuffling up the dust, alone with God and his duty. Pit-pat—scuffle—thump! his heavy clogs beat their measure on the planks; and the two, looking again, scowled contemptuously and then spat. They could still see his elbow going as he trudged along into the distance, making the sign of the cross.

On the heels of the little priest came a trio of Sicilians—a boy and two women—sacks on their shoulders, and looking to the fields for early greens. As they, too, came to the bridge, they halted, on the hunt for something or anything to bring to their catholic pot—a sprout of cresses, the crawfish, perhaps, or some surviving frog overlooked in former depredations. But the brook had long been stripped of its greens; the crawfish still hid itself in timid seclusion; and the last of all the runnel's frogs had long gone to that bourne of fricassees from which no frog returns. Screaming together like a flight of noisy grackles, the three clumped on up the road; and after them came an occasional other character, each in his way an accessory to enhance this drama's tragic tone, by contrast. A laborer went by, short and thick-set, a silly smile upon his lips, lurching drunkenly. A young girl in a sunbonnet followed, walking swiftly and with a basket of eggs on her arm. Probably thinking of the ribbon they would buy, she hurried on. A half-hour afterward passed an old man, bent and feeble, his stick smacking the ground before him. A long while later it was a peddler, bowed beneath a heavy pack, grunting as he toiled along, and sweating under his burden. Then, for a long time, none came by; the place resumed its wonted quiet and the two still watched.

Contrast—yes! Every-day life, with its multitudinous small concerns on the one hand: the farmer in the wagon intent upon his trade; the country lad in quest of amusement; the priest on some holy errand; the Sicilians clattering to the fields; the girl with the eggs, and a thought of pretty ribbons in her head—all engaged intently upon the small affairs of life, and all unconscious of the death that lay beneath their very feet. Up there on the slope, the twain lurking in viperous malignance were busied with no such trivial matters. Destiny was in their hands; they were trafficking, not with eggs and cresses, but with life and death.

There came, at last, a rattle of hurrying wheels. Grabo peered, and with an involuntary gesture gripped the other by the arm. His face—swart and thick-featured—changed as if by a convulsion; and Rabbit, seeing, knew, too, that it was the moment to make ready. He swung himself to his knees, still hidden by the screen of bush, and, with one hand raised to the battery's upright plunger, stared over Grabo's shoulder at the wagon.

It was a light vehicle, drawn by two horses, and two men were in it. One held a sawed-off shotgun between his knees and drove, the other—and he was the man they looked for—sat with his feet upon a leather bag, a carbine laid across his lap. They drew on rapidly, the horses taking the level at a smacking trot; then, as they came to the little dip that reached down to the bridge of planks, the pair were drawn down to a slower gait, and the wagon rolled leisurely onward.

Grabo's breath whistled in his lungs. His face, reflecting the passion of the moment, turned to a pasty sallow; his eyes, distended, fixed themselves upon the approaching victims, and swam with an unwonted brilliancy. In that moment the murder lust arose within the man to its height, boiled hotly—and then there came a change. The staring eyes blinked suddenly. They detached themselves, as if with an effort, from the destined prey, now half-way down the slope, and turned, troublously intent, upon that area of impending destruction. Then he shuddered, and a low growl broke from Rabbit's lips as the movement, sharp and sudden, jarred Grabo against him. To murder—to kill coldbloodedly—to maim and distort and destroy! To kill craftily, and with no hot moment's rage to spur a passionate hand! There came to Grabo a cowardice bred of the instant's quick reflection. He faced the issue, realized the possibilities, and all his rage and malignant daring wasted from him, its store running out like the sands of an emptying hour-glass. He could have screamed aloud.

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HE WISHED HIMSELF AWAY FROM THIS—AWAY—FAR AWAY—OUT OF IT!

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And in so inconceivably small a moment had the change come to him that when he looked again the victims were still only halfway down the slope, and the horses just lifting their fore feet from the ground!

Pity was in his breast—that, or something akin to it—a small and weeping regret. Then this passed; and, with a shudder, the cowardice born of his reflection swept him, again dethroning every other feeling. His nerves, quivering, made him feel as if suspended. He wished himself away from this—away—far away—out of it!

"Me no like!" he sobbed dryly, and the planks clattered as the team drew up on the bridge.

Rabbit knelt, poised and calculating. He watched till the body of the wagon should be above that blasting death. Then he would *act;* and his hand, gripping the plunger-rod, shook, anticipating.

"Me no like!" shrilled Grabo, and turned in appeal.

But in that instant the other, his face convulsed, struck!

Silence!—something wrong!—only the wheezing of Rabbit's breath as he lurched higher on his knees. Grabo thrust out his hand—even yet it was not too late. Rabbit struggled with the plunger-rod, jammed by his over-eager force.

"Me no like!" howled Grabo, and would have grappled with him.

But, with a clattering volume of thunders, the roar of the explosion burst over the quiet among the hills!

A spume of leprous white vapors leaped from the area of the bridge! It jetted upward, streaked with inner lines of flame, and spread itself into the radials of a fan. A distorted ruck of timbering shot through the midst of it; the base spread out and obliterated in a rolling cloud of dust and hurtling débris all the area about its source, and echo followed echo, crashing like the fall of cliffs. Then the dust cloud began to settle widely.

Yet in that instant of chaos the two had seen, as in a lightning's flash, the wagon rolling on apparently intact.

They had failed! That moment's hindrance in the jamming of the rod had cost Rabbit his prey. The explosion, set off at the wagon's wheels, had hurled itself through a narrow area, sharp and precisely determined; and the team, just beyond it, had escaped as by a miracle. Out of the convolved and rolling blankness of smoke and dust, it emerged of a sudden, its horses madly galloping and dragging a shattered hind wheel trailing like a hurt pinion.

Grabo leaped to his feet. He saw the white and terrified face of the pit-boss staring back over the buggy-top, and the horses going at a gallop. He looked down, and there was Rabbit looking too, an almost foolish dismay upon his features. Then a gust of air swirled the curtain of vaporous dust aside, and he pored an instant upon the gaping pit where once the bridge had been—a bridge whose splinters now rained in the fields beyond. Numbly, deafened by the splitting detonation, he gave one look about him, inert, bewildered, stupefied. Then he took to his heels and ran.

Time passed. In Grabo, far away, time and terror had combined to effect a change. He had escaped, for none suspected him in the matter of that summer's day. But however Grabo could escape detection, he could not evade the fear of it. They say in this district that your only good Hunkies are your scared ones—it was so with Grabo. His contempt for the liberty allowed him was gone! He had deduced, at last, in his slow and awkward calculating, the bounds and limitations of his freedom; and now that he had overstepped them the man had become afraid. So for many months—for a year—for other, longer years, Grabo comported himself with an exact and fearful goodness. In his fear came, too, a holy respect for law and order—a force that he had once derided and contemned, and wholesome carefulness now marked every act of his life.

He worked. He found himself another place in the string of river mines, and day by day sweated at the labor underground. Of his ugly, inchoate, and destructive class hatred, little was heard now. If, as of old, Grabo sat in the river grog-shops swilling the night's beer with his cronies, he spoke no more anarchy, nor yelled in a wild torrent of abuse those denunciations that once had been so ready to his tongue. He still believed in them, to be sure, but the growing respect bred of terror locked his lips, and if others voiced sentiments once his slogan, he scowled and lurched away, filled with a cringing shame. For what did they know of violence attempted against law and order? Had they ever tried it? Let them do so once, and then if they prevailed, if they beat the law, then Grabo might think it time to listen.

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For knowledge had come to him as if in a flash of blinding light. The law! Contemptible, inert, incapable before this loose liberty it allowed? Aye! did it not seem so? But let them rouse it once! *He* knew! He knew its force! Without the law so much as having pointed a finger of suspicion toward him, he had realized its power and crushing potency if once aroused. He hated it, but, at the same time, he feared it, too.

As the years progressed, his field of view enlarged. He beheld the comfort and prosperity all about him, and again that discontent moved in his brain, revitalized and impelling, though in this period of his development any formalized ambition was still unknown to him. He lived, to be sure, with a certain settled object in view, but the goal was so debased you could hardly term the desire an ambition. It was the same low ideal that so many of his kind held—the desire of getting enough to pass their best years in slothful ease. But as time went on and he saw about him a group of his class and type uplifting themselves to unimagined places in the world, discontent leaped in his mind anew—a discontent that fed upon itself. Yet now only numbed helplessness went with it—envy without thought of violence.

"WHAT FOR YOU MAKE THIS BUSINESS?" SHE DEMANDED.

He watched his fellows, speculating in amazement upon their growing prosperity, his mind stimulated into an unwonted clearness of perception. Thrift and quiet and content, he saw, were at the bottom of their getting on in life. But how was he, Grabo, to be thrifty and quiet and content with so little a store of anything for basis? He had worked and sweated and struggled; and what had he to show for it? With a rueful face he counted up his savings, but all memory of his past debauches escaped him—the days and nights that had drunk up his savings with a thirst equal to his own. The grumbler, in the grumbler's way, forgot his own part in his own ill success; and going on from mine to mine, an unattached wanderer, Grabo was still some distance away from even that goal of slothful ease he had set out to reach.

There came to him at last a fierce and itching want to see the place of his long-past crime. He could not escape it, try as he would—he was a victim to the morbid impulsion that affects every violator of the law. It was the *Heimweh* of crime, and he could not evade it. So one day, drawing out his time, he slung his bag across his shoulders and set out upon his way to that valley mine.

Grabo, trudging over the hills, found many changes in the valley. He crept in there at dark and, like a night prowler, first turned his steps toward the place of his wrongdoing. It was as if he thought some limb of law and order, still active in its anger, might reach out and seize him, but the place, in the dark, was deserted. A new stone bridge replaced the one of planks, and above on the slope where he had hidden, a row of cottages covered the very spot where he and Rabbit had lurked. Stealing along the dusty road, he crossed the bridge, halting a moment to peer about him in the gloom, and when a dog in the yards above barked shrilly, he hurried on in guilt. That night he lay in a field, but on the morrow the man dared to show himself.

All had changed. There were few faces known to him, for in these few years the

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hordes had come and gone again, renewed in quick succession. For a day or so he kept himself hidden in a den among the blocks, herding with others of his kind, and then, seeing himself unknown, boldly ventured toward the mine.

Hate for his old bitter enemy had not wholly died in his breast. With a sullen mien he lurked about the works, spying at a distance for a view of the pit-boss. But time had made its changes there, too; he waited till the whistle blew at dusk and the gangs came forth, and still the boss was unseen. Grabo had no thought of doing harm, only he wanted to look again at the man whom he had so hated. For another day he hung about, and then he asked where the man was. The others shook their heads; they knew no such man as that working in the pit. Grabo wondered. He must make sure; he must be certain; for Grabo still feared the man, and it was largely on this fear of him, too, that his hatred of the pit-boss had lived.

Then, at length, he heard. The pit-boss had long before left the mine. Grabo grinned. It was well. The next day he stalked down to the pit-mouth and hired himself to work.

In the mine, Grabo became known again for unflagging strength and energy. He worked—and he worked hard. It was a prosperous year, and all about him he saw new and inspiring evidences of prosperity, even among his own class. One day Grabo counted up his savings, and the amount astonished him. It was almost enough to buy him that ease and aimless sloth he long had dreamed about, but somehow, now that he had nearly gained it, the prize seemed less satisfying than he had thought.

For time had continued to make changes in the Slav; his horizon, under the unconscious effect of the new-world surroundings, had greatly broadened. He knew what it meant, even with this store of savings, to go back to the old life—life that maintained itself on about what he had grown used to tossing away as waste. Over there his hoard might, indeed, buy him food and shelter—but what kind of a living it would be! Food and shelter—yes! and to the end of his days, but he turned up his nose at the thought of it. Again the gnawing discontent stirred within his mind, and in a new and more compelling way. It was active and unsleeping now; it never let him rest.

As of yore, he looked about him at those of his class that had lifted themselves in the world. They throve in growing ease and content; and he learned, too, that the law safeguarded them in their rise in life. The knowledge brought him fresh bewilderment; and after that came a new respect for the law—a respect that was almost kindly. He saw that if he, too, comported himself as these others, the law would protect him as well. Of a sudden he withdrew himself from the orgies of the drinking-places, and even refrained from getting drunk on the saints' days. Everything he earned he saved, and in a year or so Grabo took to himself a wife.

It was the thing to do; they all did it. Two mouths, on what he spent improvidently, were as easily fed as one, and Grabo was filled with thrift. He must save, he told himself; that was how to win what he hungered for; and as his savings grew the thought of them and his new establishment filled him with a kind of comic self-respect. It was comic, at all events, if you contrasted it with the Slav's former ways of life, and he felt himself, in a small degree, a personage.

His wife was a woman of the second generation. Thrift stood out on her as squarely as the squareness of her squat and homely figure, and when she smiled you saw the influence of the new world's training in its open, guileless good humor. You forgot, indeed, as you watched her, that her waist-line was only a suggestion, or that culture had not helped to mold with its kindly hand her square and homely features—these things, and the uncompromising size of her feet, or her hands, blunt and so big, but yet so able. Her immigrant parents, too old to change to new conditions, had gone home eventually to the fatherland, but she had stayed behind.

Although she had lived here since a child, there was much she had to learn about the new-world life, but she was learning it and imbibing new ideas of respectability, one on the heels of the other. Grabo watched perplexed. She drove him, bewildered by it as by all her other notions, even to an intimate knowledge of soap, and he became acquainted at last with the true color of his own skin and with other radical innovations, such as orderliness and decency and a regularity of living. He walked, in these days, as one in dreams, but every day gaining new ground of knowledge and development. She, with the understanding of one that knew from experi-

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ence, explained much that had been only a mystery to him before—the way his kind might get on in the world. for instance, or how much a man might easily make of himself, if he only had the courage to try. Grabo had always had the courage, only he had lacked the knowledge. But now he had come out from the by-path of darkness, and the highway was there before him. He had come, almost, if not quite, even to feel a respect for the employer that paid him his wage. But disquiet still nettled him, the chafing of the laborer who toils for others. He sucked at his pipe behind the stove, and grumbled.

Grabo's wife looked at him intently. On the fire a pot of herrings bubbled, filling all the cottage with their strength; there were soup and potatoes boiling alongside, and on the table a fine piece of savory cheese battled with the herrings for mastery. Standing up to look at him, she put one hand on her hip, and with the other wiped the sweat from her forehead, her brows wrinkled solemnly. Grabo stared back at her uneasily; then his eyes shifted. He was always bewildered by this woman, as he had been bewildered by so many other new-world influences, and he hardly knew what to think of her. Unlike other men in the blocks, he did not beat his wife, nor drive her like a bond beast in harness. There was a good reason for that, too—she wouldn't have let him, and he knew it, though how she would have prevented it had he tried, he couldn't guess, and didn't try to guess. It was very strange, too, that somehow he didn't care to beat her.

"What's the matter? What for you make this business?" she demanded suddenly. "I no understand."

Other women in the blocks would have said this differently—"Me no 'stan'," using the "me" for "I" in the same way in which they turned "he" for "him." It seemed curious to Grabo; even in her speech she was different from the others.

"What for you make this business?" she demanded, and Grabo wriggled in his seat behind the stove. The spoon, jerkily emphasizing, shot a drop of grease into his face, and he wiped it off, using the back of his hand, solemnly. What was it he didn't like? Grabo's wife demanded again.

He told her, sucking at his pipe, and swung around while he talked to put his stockinged feet on the table. "Hunh! You don't like, hey!" she grunted, and leaning over, with a strong hand beat him on the toes with the stove-lifter. Grabo growled, removing his feet hastily to their proper place on the floor. "You no like, hey?" she repeated. "For what you no like? You no work this time any more—hey?" Yes, Grabo would still work, but he hated this unremitting, grinding toil only in the employ of others.

"Hunh!" she grunted, stirring the pot of herrings, "sometime you work for yoursnelf—maybe!"

The suggestion dropped like a bolt out of the blue. Hey, what? Work for himself? It was an absurdity—madness. He turned his face away and spat over his shoulder at the window. His aim was poor, and again she menaced him with the stove-lifter. In his unregulated mind, still comprehending only vaguely, he had felt an admiration for his wife—a regard none the less effective for being silent. But this now was childishness; for had not Grabo learned that he and his kind are condemned to take the wage from others, to have their pottage from another's hand?

"Mebbe sometime we keep a store, hey?" she suggested calmly. "Then we work for oursnelf. Hey, what?"

Grabo looked at her open-mouthed. That was something which had not entered his mind before, and the daring of the suggestion left him dazed.

"How much you have in the bank?" she demanded. He told her, computing it on the ends of his heavy fingers.

"Pretty soon we keep a store, mebbe," she announced, and stirred the herrings briskly.

So it came about—in time. Grabo's thrift and energy and regularity had made of him a marked man in the pit. On Sundays and holidays he no longer got drunk for the mere sake of drunkenness, or for any other reason. If he drank at all, it was in moderation, because much drinking needs much money, and Grabo had none to spare. There were a pair of little Grabos now, a pair that looked as if they had been sawed off the same piece. As a first step Grabo got a raise. He was made machine-boss, with charge of all the cutters in the pit; and with the little Grabos in mind and his wife stirring him, he hired a farm of the company and kept a cow. Before very long it was two cows, and then another; and Grabo, at that stage, began associating with men of his own worth and good fortune, men that were saving and careful and prosperous and growing thoroughly

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content with all this new life and its laws and liberties.

Of the pit-boss who once had scourged him and driven him out like a swine Grabo never thought; or, if he did think of him, it was only an idle memory. Nor did he remember Rabbit, the Slav that had helped him so nearly to destruction. Sometimes he shook with a little terror, perhaps, at the thought of what he had done, at the peril of being found out now, when detection would mean so much to him. But years of safety effaced this, too, and then came the little store to claim his thought.

It grew steadily, prospering as did all the rest of Grabo's thrifty ventures. He had found the way, or had it been shown to him? He was content. If, of a night when the store was crowded with the class from which he had sprung, some disgruntled one raised his voice in contempt for this new life and its laws and liberties, what then did Grabo do? At first he hearkened idly, saying nothing. Then contempt succeeded, and presently anger.

"What for you make this business, hey?" he cried one night, confronting with a gleaming face a man who forever preached anarchy, and yet had not the courage to dare it. "What for you make this business? Look! you see Grabo? Me, Grabo, me tell you for what you make this business. You get droonk! You no work this time like me! You no *dobrij* [good], that's what! You no good! Mebbe you work like Grabo you no make this business. Dam' good place for Grabo, this America. You dam' loafer! You no like!"

For Grabo was content. The pupa of his discontent, evolving through its many stages and reaching its final form, had at last sprung away, had taken wing forever. It was gone—departed—vanished.

On a summer's afternoon he sat in the porch of his store, his legs, grown comfortably fat, stretched out in ease before him. He tapped out the ashes from his pipe, and leaned back against the building, his mind and body at rest, and in the Grabo of that moment there was none of the Grabo that had waited over there beside the hill, his mind filled only with rancor, malice, and greed. The sun shone down upon him, and he grinned lazily, satisfied.

There came along the road from the north a wayfarer, walking slowly, and Grabo, his chair tilted against the porch, idly watched him. The man came nearer, and as he reached the store he took off his hat to wipe the sweat from his brow. Grabo, watching, saw his face, peered an instant at it in uncertainty, and then leaped to his feet; the chair overturned with a crash behind him. For he knew the man now; knew him as his enemy; knew him as one that had risen from the dead to mock him. There was no mistake. In the man's features, though changed by time, he saw his old enemy—the pit-boss.

The Scotchman had done well in the world; he had a hearty air of prosperity and ease. Grabo could see that, even in his reawakened hate and terror.

"What you want?" he demanded hoarsely, knowing that it was little use to flee if this man had come to hunt him down. The old pit-boss, startled by the hoarseness of his voice, stared Grabo in the face, and then dropped his eyes, unrecognizing. Resting against the railing he said something, and, at that, joy, as if with a thundering shout, sprang up revived in Grabo's breast. On trembling legs he tottered into the store, caught his breath, and then returned with the drink of water the Scotchman had asked for.

"Thanks, my friend," said the old fellow, handing back the glass; "I used to work away hereabouts, too."

Grabo leaned against the doorway. He heard his own voice speaking, and it seemed small and far away. "Mebbe you get you job by the pit again."

The other shook his head, smiling gently. "No, my friend, I'm just back for a look at the old place. I've a mine o' me own noo."

He held out his hand. "I thank ye, me lad." Grabo hesitated, thought swiftly, and thrust out his hand.

"Good-by"—and then came that borrowed hopeful expression of new life, a new world, and higher things. "Good luck!" added Grabo.

As long as he was in sight, trudging along the highway, trudging onward and out from Grabo's life, Grabo stood and watched him. Over the hill he passed, and out of sight, but gone, as Grabo knew, by the road that passed over the little bridge.

Then Grabo returned to his chair, drew in his breath deeply, and filled his pipe for a smoke. A long while afterward he smiled, and there was nothing evil in that smile.

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THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE PHILIPPINES—A NATIONAL ISSUE

What the United States Has Done for the Philippines

By WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

Why the Philippines Should Be Independent

By WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

EDITOR'S NOTE.—On the issue of the national election, fourteen days hence, hangs the destiny of the Philippines. The two great parties are definitely committed to divergent policies. The Republicans favor the retention of the Islands, extending to the natives control of their government when educated to a knowledge of the responsibilities of free institutions. The Democrats have declared for early independence and an American protectorate. Above and beyond is the greater question of national expansion. Shall we abandon the work begun and rest content within our present borders; or definitely accept the far-flung consequences of a world policy? We are singularly fortunate in being able to present at this critical moment in the campaign the arguments of the two great proponents: Judge Taft in review and defense of what the United States has accomplished in the Philippines; Mr. Bryan on the menace of imperialism.

WHEN the Treaty of Paris was ratified, which ended the war with Spain and transferred the sovereignty of the Philippines from Spain to the United States, the latter not only acquired a legal title to the Islands but assumed a solemn obligation to the Philippine people to govern them justly and wisely and in a manner most conducive to their development and prosperity. The question as to the wisdom of the acquisition of the Islands was no longer an open one. That question was settled by the treaty which made them American territory. Whatever difference of opinion may have existed upon this subject before the treaty was ratified, there could be no difference afterward, at least in the forum of conscience, as to the extent of our obligations to the Philippine people.

Party lines were not drawn in the Senate when the vote was taken on the question of the ratification of the treaty. The senators voting evidently dealt with the subject from a purely non-partizan standpoint and as involving a great question of national policy, as they should have done. Democrats were found voting for the treaty and Republicans against it, and vice versa. Mr. Bryan, the recognized leader at that time of the Democratic party and its candidate for president at the preceding election, appeared at the Capitol and was in conference with doubting and opposing Democratic senators, urging them to vote for the ratification of the treaty; and it does not admit of doubt that but for his efforts and influence the treaty would have been rejected.

It was doubtless because of these circumstances, as well as from motives of disinterested patriotism, that President McKinley appointed a non-partizan Commission, of which I was president, to establish civil government in the Islands. The course mapped out for that Commission will be found embodied in the admirable instructions which President McKinley gave it. The Commission was instructed to establish a temporary government—which should stand until the further action of Congress—in which the Filipinos were to have as much part as pos-

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sible. Local self-government in provinces and municipalities, modeled upon American lines, was to be established as far as practicable. A general public school system was to be organized. A judicial system was to be created, the judges being reputable and learned lawyers; and all these great agencies of government were to be established upon such a basis as would adequately meet the real needs of the Philippine people. Shortly after the original Commission was created, three prominent Filipino gentlemen were made members thereof.

The Commission among its earliest acts enacted a rigid civil service law of general application. An act was also passed providing for a general public free school system and for the importation of a thousand American school-teachers. A provincial government act was passed which provided for the election of the governors of provinces by the vote of the councilmen of the various municipalities in the provinces. Contemporaneously therewith a law was enacted providing for the organization of municipalities and the election of *presidentes* (or mayors) and councilmen by popular vote. The Commission also passed an act organizing a judicial system composed of a Supreme Court and Courts of First Instance having general jurisdiction, sufficient in number promptly to administer justice. A Department of Justice was also created, providing for the appointment of an attorney-general, a solicitor-general and sufficient assistants, the attorney-general of the Islands being the head of this department.

At first it was necessary to utilize the Americans in a majority of the more important positions of the various departments of the government thus established. This was so because it was vital, in order to be of any real benefit to the Philippine people, to substitute largely American methods and ideas for the Spanish system which had theretofore prevailed. It is but the statement of a simple fact to say that no consideration of partizan politics at any time entered into the question of appointing the numerous officials and employees of the government. There were perhaps as many Democrats as Republicans thus appointed. This policy has never been departed from, and to-day the Governor-General of the Philippine Islands is a lifelong Democrat. The undeviating policy of the Commission, however, has been, as fast as vacancies occurred which could be filled by Filipinos as well as by Americans, to give the former the preference. As a result of this policy, to-day three members of the Supreme Court of the Islands are Filipinos. The attorney-general of the Islands is a Filipino. Fully half of the judges of the Courts of First Instance are Filipinos. The governors of provinces and a majority of the provinical boards are Filipinos. All of the municipal officials and at least eighty-five per cent. of the officials and employees of the insular government are Filipinos.

In addition to all this, the Congress of the United States, by act of July 1, 1902, established a government to take the place of the Commission created by the President. This government was composed of the Governor-General—who was the Chief Executive—the original Commission, which was to be the upper house, and a Philippine Assembly, elected by popular vote. Under this act more than a year ago the popular Assembly was elected and inaugurated by me, as Secretary of War, in person. And this is the government as it at present exists in the Philippine Islands.

In the light of these undisputed facts, it is difficult to understand how the action of the Chief Executive, the Congress of the United States, and the Commission as above set forth can be denominated a disastrous experiment in imperialism. To characterize it thus is, to use the expression of Mr. Justice Bradley of the Supreme Court of the United States in a notable opinion, to be "inattentive to the truth." So far from its being an experiment in imperialism, it is an experiment, and a novel one, in preparing for self-government an undeveloped people who had for nearly four hundred years been under the domination of a medieval monarchy. The difficulty of this experiment is not lessened when it is considered that the Philippine people are divided into many tribes, speaking different dialects, having no common language or traditions, and of varying degrees of civilization. There is, it is true, a small proportion of the whole which is educated and possessed of considerable wealth and culture, but the great mass of the people is wofully ignorant and poor. It is from this small educated class that are drawn the Filipinos who are now filling the various positions in the government to the extent narrated. Without their influential aid real progress would be greatly retarded, if not made impossible. It is through them large-

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ly that the mass of the people is being reached and made to understand the purposes and objects of the American people in their relations to the Filipinos.

While there is a considerable diversity of opinion among prominent Filipinos as to whether the Islands are now ripe for independence, all of those who maintain the affirmative of the proposition do so upon the assumption that the United States, after setting up an independent government, will in some form or other establish a protectorate over them. In the absence of such a protectorate, however, I think it is conservative to say that no intelligent and patriotic Filipino can be found who will say that independence would be a blessing to his people. On the contrary, they understand what an irreparable misfortune it would be to them and their people to be presented now with the fatal gift of independence without such supervision. A great majority of intelligent Filipinos appreciate, as do all other thoughtful men who have made a study of conditions as they are in the Islands, how impossible it would be for the Filipinos unaided, and without a strong arm to lean on, to maintain internal order, to say nothing of their inability to protect themselves from foreign aggression.

Any one who has given the subject serious consideration must appreciate that a people cannot be prepared for self-government merely by declarations of the rights of men, nor by the adoption of a constitution, nor by the promulgation of laws, however excellent they may be in the abstract. It is equally obvious that a capacity for self-government cannot exist where the great mass of the people is ignorant and unable to understand and appreciate some, at least, of the elementary principles of government; and that a popular government to be successful must be builded upon knowledge by the people of the objects of government, respect for law, and a willingness to submit to the will of the majority—in short, that it involves the development of individual and national character, and that these characteristics are of slow growth and cannot be made to order. Finally, I think it may be truthfully stated that the Filipinos generally appreciate that what Americans have done and are now doing in the Philippine Islands is not a brake upon their legitimate aspirations, but an impulse given to their growth and development along safe and sensible lines.

An admirable school system which is already established, and is being steadily enlarged, gives promise of great things for the rising generation in the matter of education, and the increasing participation of Filipinos in all branches of the government is giving them practical experience in government and forming them for a still larger participation in their own affairs. But the crying need of the Filipinos to-day is for the material development of the vast natural resources of the Islands. They need capital to develop mines, woods, and fields; they need railroads; they need object-lessons which can be given them by Americans and others in all the various industries—in short, they need all those things which have so largely contributed to make this country what it is to-day. They cannot hope to receive the full benefit which must come to them from the investment of capital in railroads, manufactures, mining, and agriculture so long as there is any question of the permanent maintenance of a stable government in the Islands.

I cannot omit to say, furthermore, that they also need, and by every consideration of justice and fair play should have, the benefit of the American markets for their exports. Especially is this true in so far as it relates to sugar and tobacco. The effect of the change of sovereignty has been to deprive them of the Spanish market which they before enjoyed. And yet, notwithstanding the appeals made by President Roosevelt and myself in their behalf, and the strenuous efforts of many members of Congress, it has so far been impossible to obtain for the Philippine people free entry into our markets. This boon might easily be given with such limitations as not to affect injuriously any American interests; and it would be a gracious act on our part, and one which more than all others would tend to impress upon the Philippine people the altruistic character of our attitude toward them. Moreover, although I shall not at this time attempt to give undue prominence to this consideration, it would be the beginning of what I believe would be, in the not remote future, a large and mutually beneficial exchange of commodities between the people of the United States and those of the Philippine Islands. The Philippines are a long way off, and unfortunately it seems only too easy, so far as any thought whatever is given to them, to occupy our minds with academic discussions

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as to whether they are now, and if not when they will be, fit for independence, passing by the practical questions which confront us and them and vitally affect their well-being.

It has been most unfortunate for the Philippine people that the question of their future should have been made a subject of political discussion and a football of partizan politics. This is hurtful in every way. It diverts the minds of the Philippine people from those questions of practical importance which press upon them now, to the discussion of when they will be ready for independence, thereby producing an agitation tending to breed distrust between Americans and Filipinos when there should be only sympathy and cordial good-will; and it deters much needed capital from seeking the Philippines. If it were possible, no greater blessing could be given to these people, for whose future we must stand responsible before the civilized world, than that both the great political parties of this country should, by mutual consent, pretermit the question of immediate independence and agree upon an indefinite and continuous policy of non-partizan government for the Philippines along the lines projected by President McKinley and wisely continued by President Roosevelt. This would be, indeed, to give them bread instead of a stone.

Aside from the disastrous consequences which would come to the Philippine people if independence were now granted them, and leaving out of view our loss of national prestige because of our shameful abdication of duty, the idea which has been advanced in some quarters that, coupled with the granting of independence to them, the United States should establish a protectorate over them, or should enter into some international agreement with the other great powers guaranteeing their independence, is to my mind fraught with the most serious consequences. We already have a sufficiently large order on our hands in the assertion and maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine as applied to the American continents, and were we to assume the responsibility for an independent Philippine republic and warn all the great powers against interference with our bantling, we should be in effect still further enlarging the Monroe Doctrine. As a result, when internal disorder came, as it inevitably would come, we should find ourselves compelled again to intervene in Philippine affairs, the great work already partially done would be rendered worthless, and probably after much expenditure of blood and treasure we should have to begin where we began eight or ten years ago, or, should we decline again to shoulder the burden, to stand in the attitude of preventing by force other foreign powers from intervening to protect the interests of their people. Singularly enough, those who advocate this extraordinary policy at the same time are opposed to a larger standing army and think we are wasting money in building too many battle-ships.

Why the Philippines Should Be Independent

By WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

HONESTY requires that our policy regarding the Philippine Islands be announced. The Filipinos have a right to know; other nations are entitled to the information; and our own position would be strengthened by a declaration of the nation's purpose. So long as there is doubt there will be discussion; so long as there is uncertainty the Filipinos will suspect the worst, other nations will accuse us of insincerity, and our own people will be embarrassed in the advocacy of the principles of government which we apply here and refuse to apply in the Philippines. A republic cannot hold colonies, for a colonial government rests upon force, while in a republic the government rests upon the consent of the governed. To say that the Filipinos have no right to a voice in their own government and in the shaping of their own destiny raises a question as to man's inalienable rights, and the citizens of a free country cannot afford to raise such a question.

If it is said that we can help the Filipinos by governing them against their will, I answer, first, that we can lead them better than we can coerce them—that we can better inspire them by our example than drive them.

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To say that the situation in the Philippine Islands has been improved by the policy that has been followed, does not mean that a better policy might not have brought greater improvement.

But, secondly, even if it were certain that we could improve the Filipinos by denying them the right to control their own government, and by holding them in a state of vassalage, our nation cannot afford to surrender its ideals or to abandon its leadership among the nations. So long as we rule the Philippine Islands from without, the nation's voice cannot be lifted in favor of those principles of government which have given us our prominence and our prestige.

The third objection to imperialism—and this objection would exist even if it could be shown that imperialism would bring blessings to the Filipinos—is that the ignoring of fundamental principles in the Philippine Islands would react upon us. Every defense made of colonialism in the Philippines weakens the attachment of our people to the doctrines of free government just in proportion as that defense is accepted. There is in the human mind a tendency toward consistency, and one cannot permanently advocate two policies which rest upon antagonistic principles.

I hesitate to refer to the expense of colonialism, because an argument based upon money is inferior to an argument based upon morals or upon governmental principles, and yet it is only proper that attention should be called to the fact that the experiment in imperialism has been a very expensive one. Mr. Taft, in his notification speech, says that our Philippine policy costs only $6,000,000 a year. He is guilty of a strange and unaccountable mistake in arithmetic. His conclusion is reached by the elimination of the most important items in our expense account. For instance, the army has been considerably more than doubled and the appropriations for the army have been more than trebled since 1897. What excuse, except imperialism, can be given for this increase in military expenses? Nothing has happened in the United States to make an increase in the army necessary, and we have no foreign dangers except those connected with the possession of the Philippines.

The same may be said of the increase in the navy. We are at peace with the world, and there is no reason why we should enter into a rivalry with the land-grabbing nations of the Old World in the building of ships, unless we are going to enter into rivalry with them in the grabbing of land. The excuse given for the increase in the navy is that we have islands in the eastern hemisphere which we must protect, and some insist that we must have a navy two or three times as large as we have now. It might be sufficient answer to say that Japan knows how much it costs to hold the Philippine Islands, and that she would be very foolish to seek a transfer of that burden to herself in exchange for any trade advantages there might be there.

But let us, for the sake of argument, assume that Japan wants the Philippine Islands—although there is no reason to believe that she does—would we not be in a better position to defend the Islands if they were independent? If the Filipinos were in charge of their own government they could have an army and arms and ammunition. We, as a protector, could supply what they needed, and train the soldiers. The Filipinos would be willing to fight for independence, and when we remember how stubbornly they resisted us, we can appreciate the aid they would render us if any other nation should attempt to enforce sovereignty over them. By reserving coaling stations and naval bases, we should have all the advantages that we have now, without the disadvantages of our present position. And then, too, there is the likelihood, if not the certainty, that we could secure the neutralization of the Islands by agreement, and thus relieve ourselves from all expense or care.

The Democratic policy does not contemplate immediate withdrawal from the Islands, but it contemplates an immediate announcement of the nation's policy. When that policy is announced, all suspicion will be removed, all hostility will be ended, and the Filipinos will join us heartily in putting the government in such shape that our troops can be withdrawn and our officials brought home as rapidly as Filipinos can be selected to take their places. It may take a few years, but the progress will not be slow when our position is once announced. They will need Americans for counsel and for assistance, but those Americans will be voluntarily asked for and not forced upon them.

This settlement of the Philippine question is not only in harmony with our governmental principles, our national traditions, and our morals, but it is in harmony with our commercial interests. We can make our

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harbors and coaling stations centers for the spread of American influence in the Orient; we can establish schools there and open them to the young men of Asia. These students, learning of our ideals, our good intentions, and our methods of government, will go forth as friends of America to spread the gospel of freedom, and the spread of American ideas will be followed by an extension of commerce. In the life of nations, as in the life of individuals, God has linked advantage to virtue—righteousness exalteth a nation.

America's Record in the Philippines

By ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN

"I have read the following article of Mrs. Egan's with a great deal of pleasure, and fully concur in its statements. It is well worth the perusal of every one interested in one of the most interesting experiments in national altruism ever undertaken." *William H. Taft.*

EVERYBODY knows, or ought to know, the exact nature of the problem which confronted us at the close of the Spanish-American war: We suddenly found ourselves in the position of guardian of the destinies of nearly seven millions of people in a tropical, oriental archipelago, ten thousand miles from our national seat of government. Far from being a single and united people we found our wards to be an odd assortment of tribes and races of widely divergent characteristics, without a common language, or any means of intercommunication, and many of them not even partially civilized. We found a superior class, whose superiority is largely due to an admixture of foreign bloods, clamoring for the right to rule the so-called nation without themselves having learned the rudiments of the science of republican government.

We found a country filthy and diseased, a people absolutely untaught in the first principles of personal hygiene and unacquainted with the simplest rules of medical practice. Their ignorance of self-care was equaled by their ignorance along every other line. More than eighty per cent. of them was found to be absolutely illiterate. They spoke, and still speak, some fifteen or sixteen different Malay dialects. Knowledge of one dialect does not include an ability to speak or understand a single word of any other. These dialects are all so limited in vocabulary that none of them offers a means of acquiring knowledge of modern civilization.

We found the mountains of the Islands full of organized bands of professional thieves and murderers, who lived and preyed upon a people without means of resisting their depredations.

We found a great country without roads, bridges, or railroads deserving such names; without adequate postal or telegraph facilities. We found an archipelago, with its thousands of dangerous channels, almost wholly devoid of lighthouse service, and with only intermittent, insufficient, and extremely dangerous inter-island transportation.

And, probably worst of all, we found the people without title to the land they tilled and without incentive to any ambition that comprehended more than daily bread.

Let nobody seek to belittle the task with which America thus found herself confronted. Let nobody seek to belittle the achievement which America already has placed to her credit. It is unprecedented in the history of nations.

"Briefly stated, the American policy with regard to the Philippine Islands is to govern them for the benefit and welfare and the uplifting of their people, gradually extending to them, as they shall prove themselves fit to exercise it, a greater and greater measure of self-government."

Now the most prominent clause in this statement of policy is, for the time being, "the uplifting of their people." What have we done toward the discharge of this first obligation?

I believe that in this the work of the American medical corps comes first in order.

We found the sanitary situation in the city of Manila, which is in all respects but a larger example of conditions throughout the Islands, incredibly bad. There was nearly a quarter of a million people huddled together on swampy, sea-level land, without any sort of sewerage or other system for the disposition of waste. The water supply was inadequate

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and filthy. There were no doctors—for the people—and no hospitals. Dangerous tropical diseases were rampant. Plague, smallpox, beriberi, leprosy, and other loathsome diseases were common, while such maladies as cholera, typhoid fever, and various forms of dysentery carried off thousands every year. Sixty per cent. of all infants born died before they reached the age of one year.

Among the first things that America did was to establish a Bureau of Science for the careful investigation of tropical diseases and their experimental treatment. Then the water supply was amplified and purified. A new reservoir was built in the hills about fifteen miles above Manila on the Maraquina River. It has a splendid watershed, entirely free from human or animal contamination, and a capacity for a sufficient supply of as good water as can be obtained in the tropics. In addition to this there is now a daily output in the city of Manila of more than 50,000 bottles of carbonated water, as well as a supply of more than 20,000 gallons of distilled water per day. We have built the finest cold storage and ice plant in the Orient. We are just completing a splendid system of sewers which embraces the entire city. We have built many hospitals and are building more, though even now, after only ten years, with a serious lack of funds, the hospital capacity is sufficient for the inhabitants under ordinary conditions. This would not be so perhaps if the work of the medical corps had not been so successful along preventive lines. Through their efforts the fear of frightful epidemics has been almost, if not entirely, eliminated.

Cholera, for instance, although for the time being it is probably endemic in the Islands, can never again make serious headway unless every preventive and destructive measure known to medical science should prove inefficacious. Moreover, the plague is no longer to be feared any more than it is in San Francisco or Seattle. Beriberi has been eradicated to such an extent that doctors can no longer procure cases of it for observation. Leprosy, which used to stalk the streets in its naked horror, is coming under perfect control, the authorities having been engaged for years in gathering up all those afflicted with this frightful malady for the purpose of segregating them upon an attractive island to the south of Luzon which has been set aside for their permanent occupation. Smallpox has been controlled by wholesale compulsory vaccination, and a well-equipped hospital has been built on the outskirts of Manila for its treatment and the treatment of other contagious diseases.

Finally, there has been established a medical college for Filipino students, and it will not be long before its graduates will be found in all parts of the Islands, carrying to their own people the unfamiliar gospel of cleanliness and health.

Simultaneously, the general educational problem has been met and dealt with. It was inevitable that many mistakes should be made at first, but the wonder is that the American pioneers in this work did not become discouraged at the outset and call the whole plan an ideal impossible to realize. Here were more than six millions of people, speaking different dialects and scattered over three hundred islands in a tropical sea. Even Spanish, which in three centuries should have become the language of the people, was known to only about seven per cent. of them, and to this seven per cent. by no means perfectly.

The first thing to do evidently was to give these various clans and tribes a common language, a medium of communication, and to give them the rudiments of a common education through which they might learn to calculate to some extent their own personal worth, their civic rights, and the value of their efforts in the world. This is being done. It could not be done in ten years, although in ten years we have installed public schools in every part of the archipelago, and have at the present time nearly six thousand Filipinos who are themselves teaching the English language to the youth of their own various tribes. And these Filipino teachers were trained in the American high school of Manila.

In addition to this, we have started agricultural and manual training schools all over the Islands, and have also taken up the problem of educating the Philippine women along thoroughly practical lines, having established schools of domestic science, nursing, and other things for which women should be naturally adapted.

About the only work that has been done in the Philippines to which the American people have given sufficient attention is that of our army. We all know the brave record of our soldiers who went into those tropical islands and faced worse dangers than bullets in their successful endeavor to bring order out of chaos, peace and hopefulness out

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of rebellion and misery, and concerted nationalism out of intermittent tribal dissension and civil strife. Now it is finished. Peace, bordering on placidity, reigns throughout the archipelago, and with peace has come such security of life and property as has never before been known in the history of the Islands.

The last notable work of the American army was the organization of the Constabulary Corps of five thousand Filipinos, who have freed the Philippines of the remaining bands of *ladrones*, or organized plunderers and murderers, and who are to-day engaged in patrolling all the Islands. There probably never existed a more efficient or more popular body of men banded together for purposes of establishing peace and order, and the people of the Philippines have a right to be, as they are, inordinately proud of them.

Material prosperity in the Philippines has kept pace with progress along other lines. The most important problem which confronted the pioneers of development, as it did the teachers in the agricultural and trade schools, was the difficulty of impressing upon the heart and mind of the Filipino a sense of the dignity of labor; for the better class Filipino has always considered any kind of physical effort degrading. But, in spite of this, there is to the credit of American capital and enterprise the making of deep-water harbors where no harbors were before; the perfecting of the coast survey and the lighthouse service, which renders navigation comparatively safe in all parts of the archipelago; the development of inter-island transportation, which gives the producer in all the Islands regular opportunity to market his produce; the building and maintenance of roads and bridges; the beginnings of the development of the country's splendid mineral resources; the construction and extension of railways, and the survey of new lines in various parts of the Islands; and, finally, the furthering of agriculture.

Successful agriculture is, of course, the foundation upon which the Philippine nation must build itself. And since the productiveness of the soil is almost unlimited, since almost anything will thrive luxuriantly that is given ground in which to root itself, there is no reason why the nation should not build itself strongly and arrive at a time in its history when its own resources will be such that it will no longer need the protection or guidance of any other people. This is the end we are striving for.

To quote from the report which Mr. Taft made to the President upon his arrival from the Philippines at the beginning of this year: "The efforts of the American government to teach the ignorant their civil rights and to uplift them to self-governing capacity finds only a languid sympathy from many of the '*ilustrados*.' In arguing that the Philippines are entirely fit for self-government now, a committee of educated Filipinos once filed with the civil governor a written brief in which it was set forth that the number of '*ilustrados*' in the Islands was double that of the officers, —central, provincial, and municipal,—and therefore the country afforded two 'shifts' of persons competent to run the government. This, it was said, made clear the possibility of a good government if independence was granted. The ignorance of the remainder of the people, admitted to be dense, made no difference."

I quote this for the purpose of emphasizing the necessity for general prosperity and education before we begin to talk about "granting the Filipinos independence and guaranteeing the neutrality of powers." The "guaranteeing" of such neutrality would be a simple matter compared with maintaining tranquillity, under existing conditions, in the Islands themselves.

Whenever it has been possible to appoint a Filipino to any public office, it has been done. And it has been done in spite of the fact that before the era of American control the Filipino knew nothing whatever of popular government. To quote again from Mr. Taft's report to the President: "Very little practical political education was given by the Spaniards to the Filipinos. No responsibility for government, however local or unimportant, was thrust upon Filipinos in such a way as to give them political experience; nor were the examples of fidelity to public interest sufficiently numerous among the office-holders to create a proper standard of public duty. The greatest difficulty that we have had to contend with in investing Filipinos with official power in municipalities is to instil in them the idea that an office is not solely for private emolument."

But the results we have already attained justify us, as a people, in believing with Mr. Taft that there is no reason why the success of our national policy of fitting the entire Filipino people for popular self-government should not eventually be realized.

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"THERE'S NOT A JOB FROM BROADWAY TO THE MOON THEY WOULDN'T JUMP AT."

COWBOYS OF THE SKIES

By ERNEST POOLE

Photographs by Arthur Hewitt and Frederic Colburn Clarke

HE was standing out on a steel girder, with a blue-print map in his hands. He wore brown canvas trousers tucked into his boots, a grimy jumper, a shirt wide open at the throat, buckskin gloves frayed by hard use, and an old slouch hat on the back of his head. His lean, tanned face was set in a puzzled scowl as he glanced now at the map and now downward at the steel frame of the building. I came cautiously nearer, looked over, and drew quickly back, *for there was a sheer drop of five hundred feet between him and the pavement.* A gust of wind blew the map up into his face. He swore, leaned slightly out to brace himself, and impatiently struck the map open. Then he jammed his hat over his eyes and continued his looking and scowling.

This was on the thirty-fifth floor. The building, the "Metropolitan Life," was to rise fifty "tiers" in all, seven hundred feet, the highest of all the skyscraper cluster. Other Manhattan giants towered around us. To the north the *Times* building rose slender and white, the roof of the famous "Flat-iron" lay close below us, and down in the

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COWBOYS THEY ARE IN JOB AND IN SOUL, THESE MEN WHO WORK ON THE PINNACLES.

Wall Street group loomed the "Singer," forty-seven stories, the "Hudson Terminal," the "City Investing," and a score of others, the largest office buildings in the world.

From our perch the eye swept a circle some sixty miles across, with Greater New York sprawled in the center. Northward over Harlem, the Bronx, and far up the Hudson; to the west across Jersey City and Hoboken out to the Ramapo Hills, Orange Mountain, and Newark Bay; southward down into the harbor crowded with vessels and tugs; and eastward over the end of Long Island out to the misty gray ocean, black here and there with the smoke of the ships endlessly coming and going.

Even through the noise of the wind and the steel you could hear the hum of the city below. And looking straight down through the brisk little puffs of smoke and steam, the whole mighty tangle of Manhattan Island drew close into one vivid picture: Fifth Avenue crowded with carriages, motors, and cabs, was apparently only a few yards away from the tenement roofs, which were dotted with clothes out to dry. Police courts, churches, schools, sober old convents hedged close round with strips of green, the Tenderloin district, the Wall Street region, the Ghetto, the teeming Italian hive, lay all in a merry squeeze below: a flat, bewildering mass, streets blackened with human ants, elevated trains rushing through with a muffled roar. And from the North River a deep shaking bellow rose from the ocean liner that just at this moment was swinging out into the stream.

Down there humanity hurried and hummed. Up here the wind blew fresh and clean and the details of life dropped off into space, and above me on the open steel beams that bristled up into the heavens some two hundred grimy men clambered about. Silent men in the roar of the steel, seemingly careless and unconcerned, in this every-day job of theirs up in the skies.

Between their work and the world below are two connecting links, the blue-print map and the beam of steel.

The maps represent long months of arduous labor by scores of engineers. First conceived as a whole by the architect, they are elaborated, enriched by his draftsmen; turned over to the building contractor, to be drawn over and over in ever-increasing detail, first floor by floor, next room by room, and finally beam by beam. There are hundreds of maps, and they bear a staggering mass of figures, intricate calculations as to the stress and strain upon every beam and rod according to "dead weight," "live weight," "impact," and "wind pressure." Here is careful figuring, checked and rechecked by many vigilant eyes. For human lives depend upon its exactness.

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Meanwhile the iron ore has been dug from the Lake Superior mines; in the Pittsburg mills it has been blasted, the white-hot ingots have been rolled out into beams and plates, and, with the blue-prints as patterns, the beams and the plates have been shaped and trimmed into columns and girders and trusses, the rivet holes punched, and the rivets welded in tight—all but those connecting the joints. And when at last the maps and the beams, the brains and the matter, come together up to the skies, the maps show exactly where each mass of steel is to be fitted and riveted into the frame.

"All we do is to put 'em together," said the man with the blue-print. "Easy as rolling off a log, only rolling off wouldn't be pleasant. Look here," he added, "here's one of the girders just starting up."

There was a creaking and straining over our heads as the ponderous derrick swung round. Its "mast" of steel was lashed by cable guys to the center of the building's frame. Every week or two, as the building rose, it had been moved farther up. From the base of the mast the steel "boom" reached upward and outward, extending some twenty feet over the canyon below; and from the boom's upper end two cables, looking like mere silken threads but in reality one-inch ropes of woven steel, dropped five hundred feet to the pavement. Slowly the boom swung out to position, the cables grew taut and began to move. The journey had begun.

Looking over the edge I could see the girder leave the street, a twenty-ton beam that looked like a straw. Slowly, moment by moment, its size increased. Now you could see it swing slightly, and tilt. It was steadied by a guy-rope that curved out into the wind like a colossal kite string, and far down in the street a tiny man lay on his back with the rope wrapped under his armpits. A crowd stood round with upturned faces. The journey took five minutes in all. At last the beam rose to the rough concrete floor on which we stood. There were no walls around us.

A man beside me gave a sharp jerk to the bell-rope. This rope ran thirty-five stories deep into the bowels of the building. In his closet down there the engineer jerked a lever; his engine stopped. Up here the great girder stopped and hung motionless before us. An hour before I had been down with the engineer; I had been surprised at the strained look on his face as he listened for the stroke of the gong. But I understood now. Up here we could do nothing, powerless as so many monkeys. He had to do all the moving from his closet below. And lives hung on his promptness.

Another jerk on the bell-rope, an instant's

Courtesy New York Evening Journal

WITH ONLY A GLANCE NOW AND THEN DOWN INTO THE TANGLE OF CIVILIZATION.

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SILENT MEN, SEEMINGLY CARELESS AND UNCONCERNED, IN THIS EVERY-DAY JOB OF THEIRS UP IN THE SKIES.

pause, then the boom swung in and the girder came toward us. Another sharp jerk, and it stopped in mid-air. A man leaned forward, took a tight grip on the cable, and stepped out on to the tilting mass. It swung out over the street. Still another jerk on the rope, and it started on up with its puny rider. He stood with feet planted firmly in the chains that wound it round, his hands on the cable, his body swaying in easy poise. Once he glanced at his feet and the void below, then gave me a humorous wink and spat off into the universe.

For the floor two tiers above us the upright columns had already been placed, pointing straight up, silhouetted against the blue vault above. Near their tops were the "beam seats," supports into which the girder was to be fitted. More and more slowly it rose and moved into position. The signals came now in rapid succession, till at last it hung just between the two columns.

Its rider crept out to one end. He might have been a fly, for all the effect his weight had on the balance. With his left hand clinging tightly to the steel, his eyes fixed steadily straight ahead, suddenly with his right hand he reached out, seized the column, and as the girder slipped into its seat he snatched the long tapered "spud wrench"

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EVEN THROUGH THE NOISE OF THE WIND AND THE STEEL YOU COULD HEAR THE HUM OF THE CITY BELOW.

from his belt and jammed it through two rivet holes. The mass was safely anchored. Back he crept to the other end, and there the job was repeated.

The new floor, or "tier," was now started. Later, when the columns and girders were fitted together on all four sides of the building, the flimsy wooden scaffolds would go up and the riveters would begin.

These riveters were already at work on the floor just above us. Up there on a platform three feet wide was a stout, fiery little forge where the rivets were being heated white-hot. The forge-tender plunged in his long, slender tongs, pulled them out with a flaming rivet clinched in their jaws, whirled them round in two sweeping circles, let go—and the rivet went sailing a hundred feet, to be caught in a keg by a man who stood poised on a beam to receive it.

It looked easy enough. But had the catcher dodged back from the flaming thing flying into his hands, he would have dodged all the way to the curb below. Nobody misses up here, though—at least only once in a very long time—and between misses nobody thinks. If men stopped to think, the accident rate would be doubled. So all is done in an easy, matter-of-fact sort of way.

Once, just as the man with the tongs had

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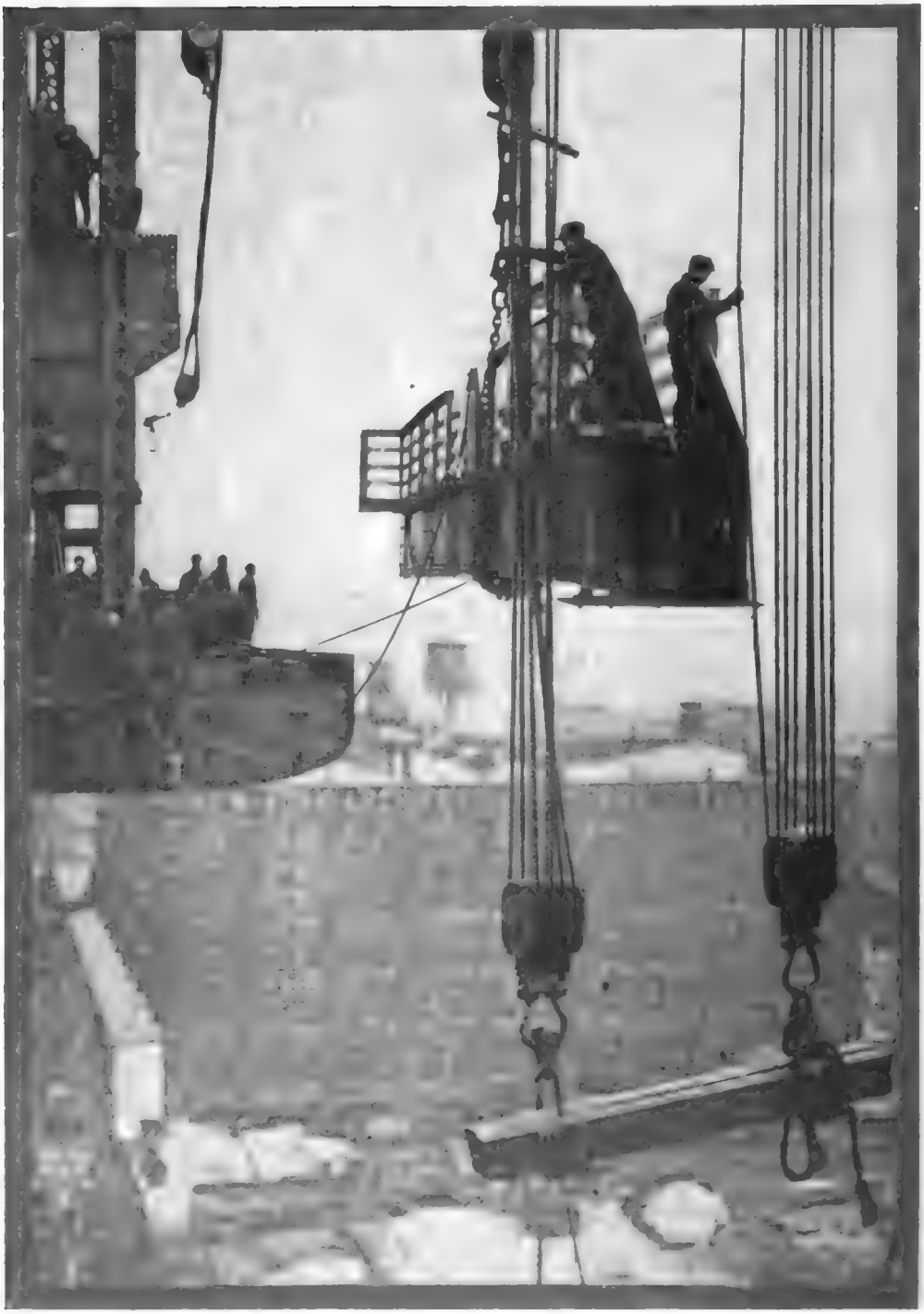

DOWN THERE HUMANITY HURRIED AND HUMMED. UP HERE THE DETAILS OF LIFE DROPPED OFF INTO SPACE.

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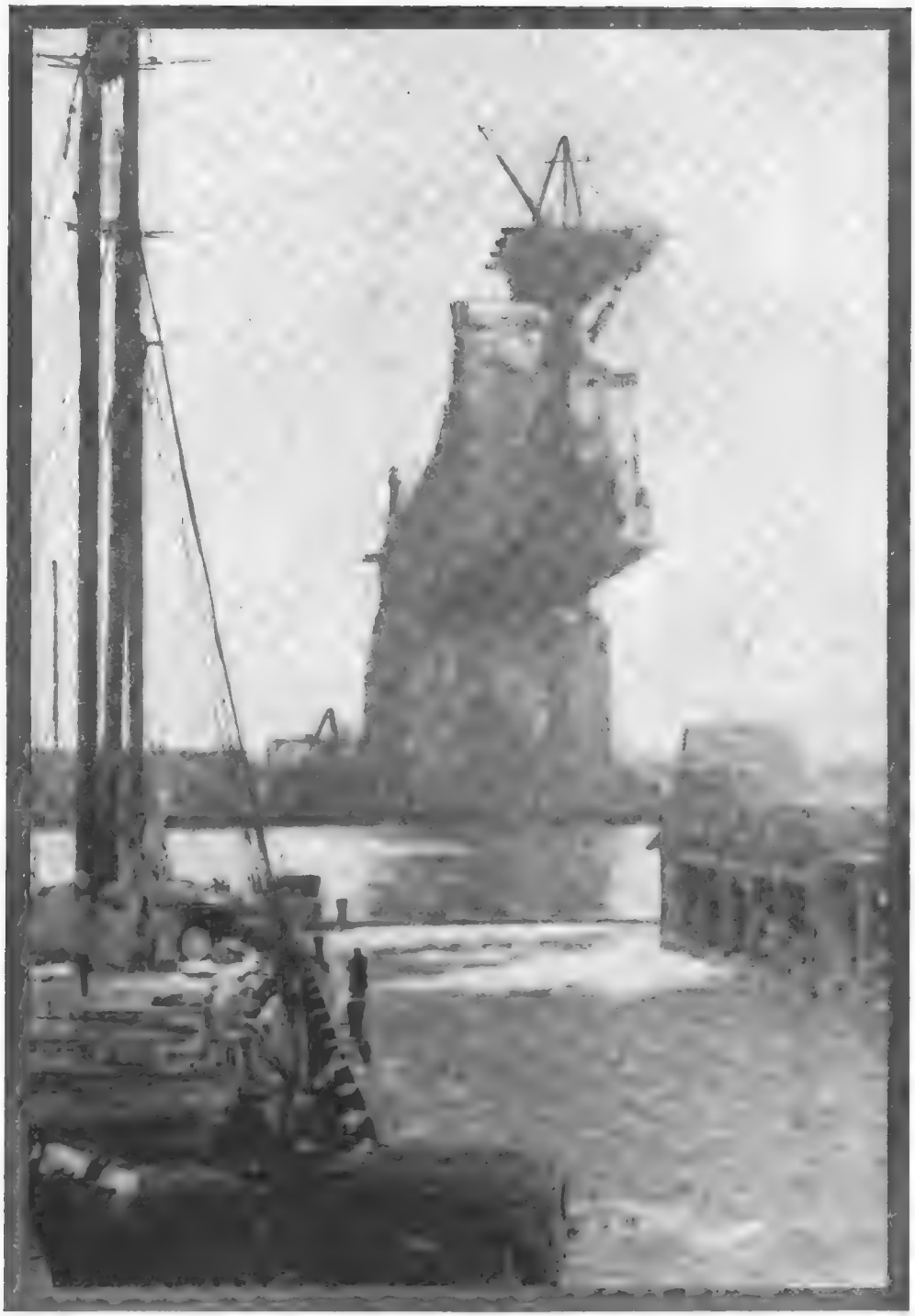

"MEN CLIMBING OUT OVER THE WATER, TAKING ALL KINDS OF DAREDEVIL RISKS—THIS GAME BEATS THE CIRCUS."

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BETWEEN THEIR WORK AND THE WORLD BELOW ARE TWO CONNECTING LINKS, THE BLUE-PRINT MAP AND THE BEAM OF STEEL.

started to whirl them to toss off his missile, the man with the keg threw up his hand as a signal that he was not ready. And then, as though doing just what he had intended, the man with the tongs let the rivet fly straight up into the air with a throw so precise that a moment later it dropped down toward his upturned face. Like a ball player catching a "fly," he watched it come, made a quick step aside, caught it adroitly in the jaws of his tongs, and plunged it back into the forge, just as a bit of byplay.

On the outer side of the girder to be riveted, a narrow scaffold was hung by ropes from above. On this scaffold stood a man who received with his tongs the rivet, still flaming, from the man who had caught it in the keg. A moment later he jammed it into its hole, connecting the girder with a huge column. On the inner side a third man lifted a tool called a "gun," a ponderous pneumatic hammer, the compressed air that drives it coming through a five-hundred-foot hose from the world below. He held the tube firmly against his stomach, while with a deafening rat-a-tat-tat the hammer began its fierce pounding, welding the red-hot end of the rivet flat against the steel. Meanwhile, looking over the beam, I could see the man on the scaffold outside with a "Dolly bar," one end pressed on the rivet head, the other end tight against his waist. So he held the rivet in place, taking the rapid succession of shocks from the stroke of the "gun" inside, his feet braced firmly on the planks, his body bent forward to meet the blows that were bucking him off into space. This is called "bucking up with the Dolly bar." On a three-foot scaffold out in the air!

Cowboys they are in job and in soul, these men who work on the pinnacles. Like the men on the plains, they come from all over the world. Americans, English, Irish, French-Canadians, Swedes, now and then an Italian. And in the New York gangs this year two full-blooded Indians are at work: cool-headed and sure, a stolid pair who have little to say, climbing about on the

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dizzy heights, with only a glance now and then down into the tangle of civilization, into the land that once was theirs.

Some have been sailors in the past, in the days of the old sailing vessels. That was splendid training, but not half so exciting a job as this, for out on the sea a man climbs only a hundred feet or so into the rigging, and if he drops there is always the chance of falling into the waves, which are so much softer than curbstones.

I heard of one case, of a surly old salt who had come ashore some ten years ago, had spied a crew at work on the steel, had asked permission to go aloft, had watched the job with grim satisfaction—and the next week his ship sailed without him. But as the years went by, little by little the ugly part of the forecastle life dropped out of his mind; he saw the past in a rosy light. And he grumbled and longed for the good old days, till at last his companions profanely begged him to go back and try it.

He quit work that very night, and spent two weeks down along the East River, where sailing craft are still to be seen. He eyed them carefully one by one, and at last he shipped on a voyage to Rio Janeiro.

In the months that followed, the gang used to chuckle now and then at the picture of "Bill the Grouch" in the forecastle mess, cracking what few teeth he had as he gnawed on tough old pork and hardtack.

Four months passed, the building had reached the twentieth floor, and still no Bill. Then one morning his shaggy head appeared up the ladder. At the roar of derision that met him he only muttered soft maledictions. He went silently to work. And it took weeks of chuckles and grins to wring from him a word.

"Look 'ere," he growled at last, "jest you 'old yer bloomin' tongues! I said I'd try it, didn't I?—an' I did, didn't I?—an' that's all! It wasn't the pay, nor the grub that stunk, nor the bunks that ate a man alive—it was the bloody bossin' I got!" From his perch he looked off over Manhattan to the sparkling harbor beyond. "No more of the bloomin' blue sea fer me!" And that was the end of a sea-dog.

"Better recruits than the sailors," said an engineer on the Singer building, "are the boys from American farms. Here is how we get 'em: A big railroad bridge is being built over a river. The boy from the farm comes to watch it. He sees the men climbing out over the water, using ropes for staircases, taking all kinds of daredevil risks. And pretty soon his jaws fall open, and he says to himself that this here game beats the circus all hollow.

"He ends by getting a job, an easy job at first, inshore, carrying the water-pail or shoveling sand. All this time he's watching the circus out over the river. He watches his chance; he gets out there himself, learns how to tie ropes and to sit on air. In a few months he is one of the gang. And then good-by to the farm. It's a roving life after that, from Maine to the Rockies. High pay, a free hand, and excitement every minute. It's rarely you'll find a man on the steel who isn't glued for life to his work. It's a kind of a passion.

"Some of our boys, bridge builders and skyscraper workers alike, are forever moving all the way from 'Frisco to New York. Often a bridge builder goes on a skyscraper job, and again it's the other way round. But the skyscraper work is the hardest, and it's getting to be more and more a trade all by itself."

Later I had a long talk with one of the men who directed the work on the "Singer."

"Cowboys," he said, "is about the right word. The more you see and hear, the better you like 'em. There's not a job from Broadway to the moon they wouldn't jump at. The higher it is, the windier, the more ticklish, the better. The only trouble is, they take *too many* chances. In our firm we check 'em up as much as we can. When the Singer building was half-way up I called in the foreman.

"'Look here,' I said, 'you've made a record job so far. Keep it up, finish it without killing a man, and it's worth a hundred dollars. We'll call it pay for good luck.'

"He got the money."

The danger comes not only at the spectacular moments. It is there all the time. The girders, before they are riveted tight, have a way of vibrating in a strong wind; the men walk along them as on a sidewalk, and more than one has been snapped into space. Here is a story I heard from a man on the Whitehall building, down at the tip of Manhattan:

"It happened like this: Mac had picked up a coil of rope an' t'rowed it over his shoulders an' was startin' out on a girder. This was eighteen stories up, an' the wind was blowin' guns straight in from the har-

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bor, an' the girder wa'n't extra steady. So I yelled over to him:

"'Heigh, Mac! Why don't you coon it?' To 'coon it' is to get down on your honkeys an' straddle. But that wa'n't fast enough for Mac. He laughed kind of easy.

"'Well,' he said, 'if I go down I'll go down straight, anyhow.' An' out he walked.

"When he had about reached the middle, there come a gust of wind that hadn't stopped since leavin' England. An' Mac he was top-heavy because of the rope, an' when the gust caught him he leaned 'way out into the wind to balance. So far, so good. But you see he was leanin' on the wind, an' the wind let up so unexpected he hadn't time to straighten an' not a blamed thing to lean on.

"Poor old Mac. He went down straight all right, you bet."

In the same easy spirit of unconcern a man often jumps on a girder down in the street, when the foreman's back is turned, and rides on up with the load. And cables sometimes snap. In the airy regions above, when you want to come down or go up a few "tiers," it is far easier to grab a rope and slide, or go up hand over hand, than it is to go round by the ladders. Only now and then the rope is not securely tied. Up on the thirtieth floor of the "Metropolitan Life" I saw a man walk out on a plank that protruded some feet, the first plank of a scaffold to be built. He seized a rope that dangled from two floors above him, gripped it with only one hand, and then *jumped up and down* on the plank to make sure it was solid.

On the pinnacle of the Singer building a lofty steel pole was erected with a brass ball on the top. The foreman, who wanted that "hundred dollars for luck," used all the powerful words he knew to keep men from climbing up. But in vain. He could not be in all places at once, and time and again on returning he would find some delighted man-monkey high up by the big brass ball, taking a look out to sea.

But this is only half the story. As you watch them at work on the girders, clinging to massive steel corners, perched on the tops of columns, or leaning out over the street far below, *it is not the recklessness, but the cool, steady nerve* that you notice most. Under all the apparent unconcern you can feel the endless strain. It shows in the looks of their eyes, in the lines of their faces, in the quick, sudden motions, in the slow, cat-like movements. Endlessly facing death, they are quiet and cool by long training.

Up on the "Metropolitan Life," some twenty-five tiers above the street, an enormous circle of stone was being built in as a frame for the clock. A dozen men were at work on the scaffold that hung outside, and projecting from overhead was the boom of the derrick that hoisted the massive stone blocks. Suddenly the cable caught, and the full power from the engine below was brought to bear on the derrick. All this in an instant, but in that instant somebody saw what was going to happen. With a quick, warning cry he made a leap from the planks to the solid steel beams of the building. There was a rending and tearing above, and, just as the last man leaped in to safety, the derrick crashed down, bearing with it the scaffold and part of the stone. One empty, breathless moment, then a roar from far below, and a cloud of gray dust came slowly drifting upward to the group of tiny men still clinging to the girders. For a moment longer nobody moved. Then some one broke the spell with a husky laugh, another gave an explosive halloo—and the gang set about repairing the damage.

Down in the city the evening papers ran front-page stories describing it all in vivid detail, with eloquent praise for the "hero" who, by seeing one instant ahead, had saved a dozen lives. But some days later when I went up to the scene, hero hunting, I was met with expressions of deep disgust.

"Naw," said a workman, "nothin' at all but a derrick an' a few planks an' maybe a little stone. Them fool reporters said there was 'giant blocks of it thunderin' down to the street.'" One of his eyes showed the ghost of a twinkle. "Jest to prove what liars they are, I saw that stone on the street below, an' there wasn't one chunk as big as your fist—nothin' but *little* pieces. . . . Hero? Hell! Was any one killed? Naw. Then leave it alone. We don't want any heroes or hairbreadth escapes in our business. What's the use of these yarns that get men to thinkin'? That's what smashes their nerve!"

"Queer what nerves can do," said a man I met in a steel plant. "I used to work on skyscrapers. I fell forty feet one day, and broke a rib, but I got up and went back to the job, because I knew if I didn't tackle it then I'd likely lose my nerve for good. It's the same in the circus with the boys up on the trapezes.

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"That time it worked all right. But another time, in October, when night was coming on, I stepped into the air by mistake. I only fell about twenty feet then—down a shaft—but I broke a leg, so I couldn't go back up. And besides, the way it happened, unexpected-like in the dark, kind of got me. Anyhow, when at last the hospital let me out and I came back to the job, they had got to the fifteenth floor, and I was worse than a baby. I had no head at all. Twice I came within an ace of getting killed. At last I just missed killing one of the gang. And then I quit. Nerves is a mighty queer thing. You can shut yer teeth as tight as you please. No use. Nerves, you can feel 'em by hundreds from head to toe, all pulling tight. And then it's time to knock off fer good."

"Here's one thing you want to remember," said a foreman I talked with. "You climb up to the thirtieth tier and it strikes you all in a heap. You feel kind of worried over your health, and you forget that these boys have been rising tier by tier, getting used to it week by week. The thing that I hate worse'n poison is to take on a new man when we're near the top.

"Speaking of new men," he went on, with a twinkle, "comical things happen even up here, the same as in a theayter. Sometimes in rush seasons there ain't enough hands to go round, and we have to take 'em green as the hills. I had one once, a kid from Vermont, a whale of a kid, with bones like a horse and eyes awful anxious to please—eyes that made you like him. He's one of the best men I've got now, but then he was green as God made him." The foreman stopped to chuckle.

"'Go up to the eighteenth floor,' I told him one day, 'and bring down an old man.' I was busy at the time, and when I saw the kid stare, I said kind of sharp that if that old man wasn't here in five minutes the whole blamed building would probably go to smash. This was just my way of making him hustle, but he thought I meant it word for word. He went up on the run, and in a few minutes he came down with a sputtering, clawing old feller held like a vise in his arms.

"'He was the only old man on the floor,' said the kid. 'And he wanted to stop and argue about it, but from what you said I knew what it meant, so I just grabbed him and came.'

"You see," the foreman added kindly, noting my puzzled expression, "an old man happens to be the name of a tool we use.

"Another time I sent up a slow-minded Swede to get something. I forget just now what it was. The Swede forgot before he was up. He went wandering round on the beams trying to hunt up his thoughts. And about a half hour later he stuck his big red head out of a window three floors above me.

"'Say,' he called down, 'what was it yo' want me do?' He held out a coil of rope, hoping that was it.

"'Tie that rope round your neck,' I yelled. You see, I'd been waiting some time. The Swede tied it round.

"'Now jump!' You ought to have seen his face. It took him about twenty seconds to think it out. Then he yanked off the rope and disappeared, and about one minute later he shot down the ladder right by me on his way to the ground. We could see him down on the street, walking off fast, only stopping to look up and shake his big head. He had left his coat, but he never came back to get it.

"If a man stays green long," he concluded, "we can't afford to keep him. It ain't fair to the others. You see, in these jobs men depend on each other. A rope badly tied, a signal given too soon, a slip in a tight place, may send some other poor devil off into the open—head over heels."

Here's a story in point: A man named Dave McRay was working out on a 900-foot railroad bridge over a river. The bridge was built and the trains were already running across. McRay was down on a scaffold some thirty feet under the middle. His helper, a green country recruit, had tied the ropes that held it. There were two ropes, one from each end. The first rope the helper had tied round a wooden beam between the tracks, and next in a dreamy kind of a way *he had tied the second round one of the rails*. Then he slid down, and the pair began peaceably working.

Some moments later a train came thundering out. All of a sudden McRay heard a snort. He looked round, and saw the youth staring straight up at the track, with his mouth wide open, a calculating look in his eyes. His freckled face grew slowly white. McRay seized his arm.

"Say," he demanded, "wot's eatin' *you?*"

His helper looked round, gave one frantic shout, and dived for the river seventy feet below. Just then the train roared overhead, cut the rope in two, and down went McRay,

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grabbing the scaffold tight. He hung by the other rope, and said a good deal. When the train had gone, he went up hand over hand to a steel truss, and from there, looking down, he saw the head of the youngster, who was swimming hard for the shore. He made some quick calculations. Then he climbed up to the track and ran like a deer. But by the time he got to the river bank his helper was already ashore and had lit out over the fields. The bridge never saw him again.

These airy crews are a generous crowd. They earn high pay. When working full time they make twenty-seven dollars a week, and, like their rough brothers out on the plains, they are quick to give of their earnings. On Saturday afternoons when they line up at the pay window, the Sisters of Charity are always there, and quarters and dimes jingle merrily into their little tin boxes.

Behind this generous giving is a superstitious belief that amid risks like these it is well to propitiate Fate all you can. For Fate is a relentless old machine, and when once its wheels begin grinding, no power on earth can stop them. The "Rule of Three" is centuries old. You may hear of it out on the ocean, in the steel mills, in the railroad camps, and down in the mines. And you find it up here on the jobs in the skies.

"Believe it?" said an old foreman. "You bet they believe it."

"Do you?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "all I can say is this: It may be a spell or it may be because of the way the whole crew is expecting it. But anyhow, *when two accidents come close together, you can be sure that the third ain't very far off.*"

The story of Patsy O'Day is only a rumor. The man who gave it to me could not even tell what city it came from. But rumors do not float so far without some wings of truth. Whether true or not, the same thing or something like it has happened time and again.

"Patsy O'Day had an ugly laugh, an' the more enemies he made the better he was pleased. The only thing he liked was his job, an' he liked it hard. When he was drunk he blowed of it like a ten-year-old kid, an' when he was sober the jobs he did ain't never been beat. Them's the kind that make a skyscraper stand in a gale of wind. His jobs were scattered all over the country. So were his enemies. He kept meetin' 'em wherever he went. An' when Patsy met an old enemy he was as pleased as if he'd met an old friend.

"On this particular job, in two months he had made the whole gang sick of his eyes an' his laugh, all but Big Mike, the foreman. Mike was as quiet a man as ever bossed, an' fair, an' he treated O'Day like all the rest. An' this was tough on Patsy. He never quite enjoyed his job till he had every last man ag'in' him.

"I won't go into no details. You don't know enough to take in the fine points. But it's queer how those same fine points have traveled along with the story. It's them that make me think it's real. Anyhow, there was two steel columns stickin' up from the seventeenth floor, an' a girder was to be planted between 'em, an' it was the devil's own job.

"It was a windy day even down on the street, an' *that means wind up here.* When the girder was hoisted, a man climbed up to the top of one column to meet it. He was just gettin' to work when a gust of wind took him off. He struck on a beam only one floor below, and by good luck a man was there to yank him in. So only his leg was broke.

"That wasn't so bad. Good luck rather than bad. But when a second man went up, an' the girder, blown for'ard suddenly, broke his right hand like as if it was paper—*then the gang knew what was gettin' ready to happen.*

"Now put yourself in the foreman's place. Nice job, eh, to pick out the third man an' order him up? Big Mike had a long look down into the city. When he turned back there was O'Day close behind him, lookin' up like a dog who is achin' hard for a scrap. Big Mike studied him a minute. No use denyin' that Patsy was the one for that job. There wa'n't a man who could touch him. So Mike nodded to go ahead.

"For about ten minutes nothin' was done on the floor. The whole gang was lookin' up, waitin'. Even the riveters turned off their guns. Only the wind kept up its tune.

"Patsy was leanin' out for the girder. All of a sudden he noticed the noise of the guns had stopped. He glanced down over his shoulder an' saw all the faces, an' he gave that laugh of his. It sounded uglier than ever.

"'You made up yer mind to fix me, eh?' he called to Big Mike. 'Been hidin' it all along, the grudge you got ag'in' me. An' now I'm to be fixed, eh?' Before Mike had a chance fer a word, Patsy laughed again,

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this time long an' happy. You see he had the men an' the winds an' the steel an' about everything else in sight all ag'in' him, includin' that same old Rule of Three.

"So Patsy laughed, an' leaned 'way out as the girder swung in, an' with that amazin' snap of his he got it just at the one second when the thing could be done. The girder slid into its seat, Patsy jammed in his spud wrench to hold it, an' then he looked down again, an' he laughed an' laughed till the tears came out in his ugly eyes.

"An' it was part from the laughin' an' part from the gust of wind that came that he slipped, an' gave one yell, an' went down seventeen tiers before he struck.

"He had broke the spell, Patsy had, an' the work went on without even the smash of a finger. But they say Big Mike was sick that night. How'd you like to have been in his place?

"That yarn may not have been true, but it's real enough. If you don't believe it, ask some of the boys what they think of the old Rule of Three.

"But how'd you like to have had Patsy's job? That was real enough, eh? Kind of beats *your* job, don't it? The old rule an' the wind an' the steel all ag'in' him. An' he laughed an' put it through. Patsy's job was better than Patsy. An' jobs like that you can find all the way to 'Frisco. *Them's the jobs that gives the backbones to skyscrapers.*"

So they are. While I was up on the "Metropolitan Life," twenty-five stories below us the offices were already completed, the business firms were moving in. In the floors between worked over a thousand men of a score of trades. But the men on the top looked down on these others as cattlemen out on the plains might look upon butchers and tanners. For only on top were the "real jobs," the jobs in the world's open places: riveting tight the mighty trusses and girders and beams, the whole "backbone" of the building, which reaches down unseen, seven hundred feet to the ground below, and far under the ground to the concrete base and the anchor rods that hold it firm to the solid rock of Manhattan.

Rough pioneers are these men of the steel, pushing each year their frontier line up toward the clouds. Wanderers, living for their jobs alone. Reckless, generous, cool-headed, brave, shaken only by that grim power of Fate, living their lives out fast and free—the cowboys of the skies.

To a Skyscraper

By a Workman Out of Employment

COLOSSAL and austere! Through the sooty veil
Of the ebbing night thy uncouth form,
Steel-skeletoned, immune to Time and Storm,
Looms like a fragment from a world beyond hail.
Now gleams the day upon thy brow. The wan night
About thy breast creeps out to space. The winds kiss
Thy sounding dome, and from that harp of light
Loud rise the matins of the Metropolis.
Symbol of the age! The selfsame hand
That shaped thee grips my throat. But at the sight
Of thee, whom it wrought of the rolling sand,
Vanish all hatreds in the hope of future light,
And in my heart is the pride of the "Wider Clan"—
Man made thee Giant and I am a Man.

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HE WORSHIPED FROM AFAR, AND I WAS CRAZY TO HAVE HIM SPEAK TO ME.

THE SEAT OF THE SCORNFUL

By EDWARD SALISBURY FIELD

Illustrations by Will Grefé

IF Dad had been a coal baron, like Mr. Tudor Carstairs, or a stock-watering captain of industry, like Mrs. Sanderson-Spear's husband, or descended from a long line of whisky distillers, like Mrs. Carmichael Porter, why, then his little Elizabeth (that's me) would have been allowed to sit in the seat of the scornful with the rest of the Four Hundred, and this story would never have been written. But Dad wasn't any of these things; he was just an old love who had made seven million dollars by the luckiest fluke in the world.

Everybody in southern California knew it was a fluke, too, so the seven millions came in for all the respect that would otherwise have fallen to Dad. Of course we were celebrities, in a way, but in a very horrid way. Dad was Old Tom Middleton, who used to keep a livery-stable in San Bernardino, and I was Old Tom Middleton's girl, "who actually used to live over a livery-stable, my dear!" It sounds fearfully sordid, doesn't it?

But it wasn't sordid, really, for I never actually lived over a stable. Indeed, we had the sweetest cottage in all San Bernardino. I remember it so well: the long, cool porch, the wonderful gold-of-Ophir roses, the honeysuckle where the linnets nested, the mocking-birds that sang all night long; the perfume of the jasmine, of the orange-blossoms, the pink flame of the peach trees in April, the ever-changing color of the mountains. And I remember Ninette, my little Creole mother, gay as a butterfly, care-free as a meadow-lark. 'Twas she who planted the jasmine.

My little mother died when I was seven years old. Dad and I and my old black mammy, Rachel, stayed on in the cottage. The mocking-birds still sang, and the linnets still nested in the honeysuckle, but nothing was ever quite the same again. It was like a different world; it was a different world. There were gold-of-Ophir roses, and peach blossoms in April, but there was no more jasmine; Dad had it all dug up. To this day he turns pale at the sight of it—poor Dad!

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When I was twelve years old, Dad sold out his hardware business, intending to put his money in an orange grove at Riverside, but the nicest livery-stable in San Bernardino happened to be for sale just then, so he bought that instead, for he was always crazy about horses.

To see me trotting about in Paquin gowns and Doucet models, you'd never think I owed them to three owlish little burros, would you? But it's a fact. When Dad took over the livery-stable, he found he was the proud possessor of three donkeys, as well as some twenty-odd horses, and a dozen or so buggies, buckboards, and surries. The burros ate their solemn heads off all winter, but in May it had been the custom to send them to Strawberry Valley in charge of a Mexican who hired them out to the boarders at the summer hotel there. Luckily for us, when Fortune came stalking down the main street of San Bernardino to knock at the door of the Golden Eagle Stables, both Dad and the burros were at home. If either had been out, we might be poor this very minute.

It is generally understood that when Fortune goes a-visiting, she goes disguised, so it's small wonder Dad didn't recognize her at first. She wasn't even a "her"; she was a he, a great, awkward Swede with mouse-colored hair and a Yon Yonsen accent—you know the kind—slow to anger, slow to everything, without a "j" in his alphabet—by the name of Olaf Knutsen.

Now Olaf was a dreamer. Not the conventional sort of dreamer, who sees beauty in everything but an honest day's work, but a brawny, pick-swinging dreamer who had dug holes in the ground at the end of many rainbows. That he had never yet uncovered the elusive pot of gold didn't seem to bother him in the least; for him, that tender plant called Hope flowered perennially. And now he was bent on following another rainbow; a rainbow that, arching over the mountains, ended in that arid, pitiless waste known in the south country as Death Valley.

He wouldn't fail this time. No, by Yimminy! With Dad's three burros, and plenty of bacon and beans and water—it was to be a grub-stake, of course—he would make both their fortunes. And the beautiful part about it is, he did.

No doubt you have heard of the famous Golden Eagle mine. Well, that's what Olaf and the three burros found in Death Valley. Good old Olaf! He named the mine after Dad's livery-stable in San Bernardino, and he insisted on keeping only a half interest, even though Dad fought him about it. You see, Dad didn't have the reputation of being the squarest man in San Bernardino for nothing.

My little mother's family had never approved of her marriage with Dad, but Dad poor and running a hardware shop or a livery-stable, and Dad with a fortune in his hands were two very different people—from their standpoint, at least; so as soon as Olaf and the three burros struck it rich, Dad sold his livery-stable, and mammy Rachel and I were bundled off to Ninette's relations in New Orleans. I didn't like it a bit at first, but one can get used to anything in time. Ninette's maiden sister, Miss Marie Madeline Antoinette Hortense Prévost, was awfully nice to me; so was grandmère Prévost. I lived with them till I was sixteen, when I was sent to France.

If I wanted to (and you would let me) I could personally conduct you to Paris, where, if you were ten feet tall and not averse to staring, you could look over a certain gray stone wall on the Boulevard des Invalides, and see me pacing sedately up and down the gravel walks in the garden of the Convent of the Sacred Heart. That is, you could have seen me three years ago. I'm not there now, thank goodness! I'm in California.

And just one word before we go any further. I don't want you to think for a minute that I came back from Paris a little Frenchified miss. No, indeed! I'm as American as they make them. When I boasted to the other girls, whether in Paris or New Orleans, I always boasted about two things: Dad and California. And I've an idea I'll go on boasting about them till my dying day.

Of course, when I returned from Paris, Dad met me in New York. It was a good thing he was rich, for it took a lot of money to get me and my seven trunks through the custom-house. It might have taken more, though, if it hadn't been for a young man who came over on the same boat.

He was such a good-looking young man; tall and broad-shouldered and fair, with beautiful light-brown hair, and the nicest eyes you ever saw. It wasn't their color so much (his eyes were blue) as the way they looked at you that made them so attractive. He was awfully well bred, too! He noticed me a lot on the boat (I had a perfect love of a Redfern coat to wear on deck), but he

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didn't try to scrape acquaintance with me. He worshiped from afar (a woman can always tell when a man's thinking about her), and while I wouldn't have had him act otherwise for the world, I was crazy to have him speak to me.

Our boat docked at Hoboken, and by tipping right and left I managed to be the very first passenger down the gangway. I half ran, half slid, but I landed in Dad's arms.

My boxes and bags passed through the custom-house with flying colors. But my trunks—I couldn't even find them all. Five of them were stacked in the "M" division, but the other two. . . . Then there was my maid's trunk to look for under the "V's" (her name is Valentine). Dad and I were commencing at "A," prepared to go through the whole alphabet, if necessary, when the nice young man stepped up, and, raising his hat, asked if he might be of any service. He asked Dad, but he looked at me.

"Oh, if you please!" I said, "I've lost two trunks. My brand is a white 'M' in a red circle."

"I noticed them in the 'R' pile," he replied. "I'll have them moved to the 'M's' right away."

"Now that's what I call being decent," said Dad, as soon as the young man had left us. "Did you notice, he didn't wear a uniform? Probably an inspector, or something of the sort, eh, Elizabeth?"

"Well—er—not exactly," I managed to say. "The fact is, Dad, he came over on the boat with me, and——"

Dad looked thoughtful.

"He never spoke to me once the whole trip," I added hastily.

Dad looked less thoughtful.

"It was nice of him to wait till I had you with me, wasn't it?"

Dad smiled. "If you think it was, it probably was, my dear," he said.

The nice young man did more than find my missing trunks; he found a custom-house officer, and, after asking me privately which trunks contained my most valuable possessions and how much I had thought of declaring, he succeeded in having them passed through on my own valuation without any undue exposure of their contents.

By this time Dad had grown very respectful. To see his little Elizabeth treated like a queen, while on all sides angry women were having their best gowns pawed over and mussed, was a most wholesome lesson. He paid the thousand and odd dollars duty like a little man.

We'd been saved a lot of bother, and nobody hates a lot of bother more than Dad. So when the trunks were locked and strapped and ready to be sent to our hotel, Dad went up to the nice young man and said: "I'm Tom Middleton, from California, and this is my daughter Elizabeth. We're both very grateful to you, and if you should ever happen to come to California, I hope you'll look us up."

That's Dad all over!

I never saw anybody look so pleased as the young man. "My name's Porter," he said, "Blakely Porter. If my mother were in New York I would ask if she might call on Miss Middleton, but, as it happens, she's in California, where I intend to join her, so I shall look forward to seeing you there."

Then Dad did just the right thing. "What's the use of waiting till we get to California?" he said. "Why not dine with us to-night?"

Mr. Blakely Porter dined with us that night at the St. Regis. We dined with him the next night at Sherry's. He went to California with us in Dad's private car.

The more Dad saw of Blakely, the better he liked him. He liked his being a civil engineer; he liked the stories he told of Mexico and Peru. Why, do you know, Blakely had built two railroads already, and he was only twenty-eight years old! It was the more to his credit because his mother was a rich woman, and he was an only son.

But the thing Dad liked best about Blakely was the way he adored me. When we started from New York we were Mr. Porter and Mr. Middleton and Miss Middleton to one another; at Chicago it was Tom and Blakely and Miss Middleton. I became Elizabeth in Colorado (I made him call me that), and by the time we reached Nevada, Blakely and I were engaged. It seems a short time to you, perhaps, but, you see, we'd loved each other from the very first.

You never saw anybody so delighted as Dad was when we told him, for by this time he was almost as crazy about Blakely as I was. So we flew down the grade into California, little thinking there were any rocks ahead. Everything seemed settled; we were going to Santa Barbara, where Dad was building a little palace for his Elizabeth as a grand surprise (Blakely's mother was at Santa Barbara); we would take rooms at the same hotel; I would be properly intro-

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MR. BLAKELY PORTER DINED WITH US THAT NIGHT AT THE ST. REGIS.

duced to Mrs. Porter, and as soon as the palace on the hill was completed—a matter of four or five months (it was now November)—Blakely and I would move into it. Only, first, we were going to San Bernardino on our wedding trip.

Wasn't that sweet of Blakely? When I told him about San Bernardino, and the livery-stable, and the cottage where Dad and I used to live, he said he'd rather spend our honeymoon there than any place in the world. Of course Dad had never sold the cottage, and it was touching to see how pleased he was with our plan.

"You'll find everything in first-class condition," he said; "I go there often myself.

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I built a little house in one corner of the garden for the caretakers. You should see that gold-of-Ophir rose, Elizabeth; it has grown beyond belief."

When we reached Oakland—where our car had to be switched off and attached to a coast line train—we found we had four hours to kill, so Dad and Blakely and I (it was Blakely's idea) caught the boat across to San Francisco.

What do you suppose that dear boy wanted us to go over there for? And where do you suppose he took us? He took us straight to Shreve's, and he and Dad spent a beautiful two hours in choosing an engagement ring for me. So when we finally landed in Santa Barbara I was wearing a perfect love of a ruby on the third finger of my left hand. I was wearing my heart on my sleeve, too; I didn't care if all the world saw that I adored Blakely.

We arrived at Santa Barbara in the morning, and it was arranged that Blakely should lunch with his mother and devote himself to her during the afternoon, but he was to dine with us in our rooms. Naturally, I had a lot to do, supervising the unpacking of my clothes, and straightening things about in our sitting-room so that it wouldn't look too hotelish. Then Dad wouldn't be happy till I'd inspected my new palace on the hill.

It was an alarming looking pile. If anybody but Dad had been responsible for it, I should have said it was hideous. Poor old Dad! He doesn't know any more about architecture than a cow. But of course I raved over it, and, really, when I came to examine it closer, I found it had its good points. Covered with vines, it would have been actually beautiful. Virginia creeper grows like mad in California, and with English ivy and Lady Banksia roses to help out, I was sure I could transform my palace into a perfect bower in almost no time. I was awfully glad I had seen it first, for now I could break the bad news gently to Blakely. If I were a man, I couldn't love a girl who owned such a hideous house.

But I didn't have a chance to talk house to Blakely for some time. When he came in to dinner that night he looked awfully depressed; he brightened up a lot, though, when he saw me. I had on my most becoming gown, and Dad had ordered a grand dinner, including his own special brand of Burgundy. If Dad knew as much about architecture as he does about wine, they'd insist on his designing all the buildings for the next world's fair.

All through dinner Blakely wasn't quite himself—I could see it; I think Dad saw it, too—but I knew he would tell us what was the matter as soon as he had an opportunity. One of the sweetest things about Blakely is his perfect frankness. I couldn't love a man who wasn't frank with me. That is, I suppose I could, but I should hate to; it would break my heart.

Well, after dinner, when Dad had lighted his cigar, and Blakely his cigarette, it all came out.

"Tom!"

"Yes, my boy." (I think Dad loved to hear Blakely say Tom almost as much as I loved to hear him say Elizabeth.)

"Tom, I've got you and Elizabeth into a deuce of an unpleasant position. I've told you what a fine woman my mother is, and how she'd welcome Elizabeth with open arms, and now I find I was all wrong. My mother isn't a fine woman; she's an ancestor-worshiping, heartless, selfish snob. I'm ashamed of her, Tom. She—she—*she refuses to meet Elizabeth.*"

I never was so sorry for anybody in my whole life as I was for Blakely just then. I would have done anything to save him the bitterness and humiliation of that moment. As for Dad, he couldn't understand it at all. That Blakely's mother should refuse to meet his Elizabeth was quite beyond his comprehension.

"This is very strange," he said, "very strange. There must be some mistake. Why shouldn't she meet Elizabeth?"

"There is no reason in the world," Blakely answered.

"Then why——?"

"She probably has other plans for her son, Daddy dear," I said. "And no doubt she has heard that we're fearfully vulgar."

"Well, we ain't," said Dad in a relieved voice; "and as for those plans of hers, I reckon she'll have to outgrow them. Buck up, my boy! One look at Elizabeth will show her she's mistaken."

"You don't know my mother," Blakely replied; "I feel that I haven't known her till now. It's out of the question, our staying here after what has happened. Let's go up to Del Monte, and let's not wait four months for the wedding. Why can't we be married this week? I'm done with my mother and

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with the whole tribe of Porter; they're not my kind, and you and Elizabeth are.

"Tom, I never felt that I had a father till I found you. Elizabeth, girl, I never knew what happiness was till you told me you loved me. My mother said she would never consent to her son's marrying the daughter of a man who has kept a livery-stable. I say that I'm done with a family that made its money out of whisky. My mother's father was a distiller, her grandfather was a distiller, and if there's any shame, it's mine, for by all the standards of decency, a livery-stable is a hundred times more respectable than a warehouse full of whisky. You made your money honestly, but ours has been wrung out of the poor, the sick, the ragged, the distressed. The whisky business is a rotten business, Tom—rotten!

"It was whisky that bought the ambassadorship for my mother's brother; it was whisky that paid for the French count my sister married; it was whisky that sent me to college. Whisky, whisky — always whisky!

"I never thought twice about it before, but I've done some tall thinking to-day. I'm done with the Porters, root and branch. Elizabeth and I are going to start a little family tree of our own, and we're not going to root it in a whisky barrel, either. We're —we're——"

"There, there!" said Dad. "It's all right, Blakely, boy. It ain't so bad as you think. You ain't going to throw your mother over, and your mother ain't going to throw you over. I take it that all mothers are alike; they love their sons. Naturally, you're sore and disappointed now, but I reckon that mother of yours is sore and disappointed, too. As for our going to Del Monte, I never heard of a Middleton yet that cut and ran at a time like this, and Elizabeth and I ain't going to start any precedent.

"No, my boy, we're going to stay right here, and you're going to stay here with us. There's lots of good times ahead for you and Elizabeth, and, in the meantime, I want you to be mighty sweet to that mother of yours. She's the only mother you've got, boy. You don't know what it means for us old folks to be disappointed in our children. Now, don't disappoint me, lad. You be nice to that mother of yours, and keep on loving Eliza-

THE DUKE WAS PRESENTED TO ME THAT VERY AFTERNOON.

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beth, and it will all come right, you see if it don't. If it don't come one way, it will come another; you can take my word for it."

As if Dad knew anything about it. He thought then that every woman possessed a sweet mind and a loving heart; he thinks so now. But one glimpse of Blakely's mother was enough for me. She had a heart of stone; everything about her was militant, uncompromising; her eyes were of a piercing, steely blue; the gowns she wore were insolently elegant; she radiated a superb self-satisfaction. When she looked at you through her lorgnette, you felt as if you were on trial for your life. When she ceased looking, you knew you were sentenced to mount the social scaffold. If it hadn't been for Blakely and Dad, I should have died of rage during the first two weeks of our stay in Santa Barbara.

It was a cruel position for me, and it didn't make it easier that before we had been there three days the whole hotel was talking about it. Of course, every woman in the hotel who had been snubbed by Blakely's mother instantly took my part, and as there were only two women who hadn't been snubbed by her—Mrs. Tudor Carstairs and Mrs. Sanderson-Spear—I was simply overwhelmed with unsolicited advice and undesirable attention.

Indeed, it was all I could do to steer a dignified course between that uncompromising Scylla, Blakely's mother, and the compromising Charybdis of my self-elected champions. But I managed it, somehow. Dad bought me a stunning big automobile in Los Angeles, and Blakely taught me how to run it; then, Blakely was awfully fond of golf, and we spent loads of time at the Country Club. And of course there was the palace on the hill to be inspected every little while.

Poor Blakely! How he did hate it all! Again and again he begged Dad to give his consent to our marrying at once. But Dad, as unconscious of what was going on round him as a two-months-old baby, would always insist that everything would come out all right.

"Give her time, my boy," he would say, "give her time. Your mother isn't used to our Western way of rushing things, and she wants a little time to get used to it."

"What if she never gets used to it?" Blakely would ask.

Then Dad would answer: "You're impatient, boy; all lovers are impatient. Don't I know?"

"But things can't go on this way forever."

"Of course they can't," Dad would agree. "When I think things have gone long enough, I'll have a little talk with your mother myself. She's a dashed fine-looking woman, your mother—a dashed fine-looking woman! Be patient with her, boy, just to please an old man."

Poor Dad! Blakely and I were resolved that he should never have that little talk he spoke of with so much confidence. Ideals are awfully in the way sometimes, but nobody with a speck of decency can bear to stand by and see them destroyed. Dad's ideals had to be preserved at any price.

And so another two weeks passed. Then, one day, a comet of amazing brilliancy shot suddenly into our social orbit, and things happened. That this interesting stellar phenomenon was a Russian grand duke, a nephew of the Czar, but added to the piquancy of the situation.

The hotel was all in a flutter; the manager was beside himself with joy; bell-boys danced jig steps in the corridors; chambermaids went about with a distracted air—and all because the grand duke, Alexander Melovich, was to arrive on the morrow. It was an epoch-making event. It was better than a circus, for it was free. Copies of the *Almanach de Gotha* appeared, as if by magic. Everybody was interested. Everybody was charmed, until——

The rumor flew rapidly along the verandas. It was denied by the head waiter, it was confirmed by the chief clerk; it was referred to the manager himself and again confirmed. Alas, it was true! The Grand Duke Alexander was coming, not to honor the hotel, but to honor Mrs. Carmichael Porter; she would receive him as her guest, she would pay the royal hotel bill, she would pay the bills of the royal suite. Yes, Blakely's mother had captured the grand duke.

A wave of indignation swept the columns of the rank and file. They didn't want the grand duke themselves, but they didn't want Blakely's mother to have him; Blakely's mother, and Mrs. Sanderson-Spear, and Mrs. Tudor Carstairs. In a way, it was better than a comic opera; it was fearfully amusing.

The grand duke, accompanied, according to the newspapers, "by the Royal Suite and the Choicest Flower of San Francisco Society," arrived on a special train direct from Del Monte. Having captured a grand

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duke, these "Choicest Flowers" (ten in number) were loath to lose him, so they accompanied him. They did more; they paid for the special train. Blakely's mother greeted them, one and all, in a most friendly manner. There was an aristocratic air about the whole proceeding that was distinctly uplifting.

And now began a round of gaieties, the first being a tea where real Russian samovars were in evidence, and sandwiches of real Russian caviar were served. Real Russian cigarettes were smoked, real Russian vodka was sipped; the Czar's health was drunk; no bombs were thrown, no bonds were offered for sale, the Russian loan was not discussed; the Japanese servants were not present, having been given a half holiday. Oh, it was a little triumph, that tea! Blakely's mother was showered with congratulations. The "Choicest Flowers" vied with one another in assurances of their distinguished approval.

Indeed, they were all crazy about it—except the grand duke. Blakely said the grand duke was bored to death, and that he had led him off to the bar and given him a whisky-and-soda out of sheer pity. From that time on the duke stuck to him like a postage stamp, so that Blakely had an awful time escaping that night to dine with Dad and me. He told us all about the tea at dinner, and I was surprised to learn (I hadn't seen him yet) that the duke was just Blakely's age, and, as Blakely put it, "a very decent sort." Not that there is any reason why a grand duke shouldn't be a decent sort, but Rumor was busy just then in proclaiming that this particular grand duke was a perfect pig.

The next day I had a chance to judge for myself. It seems the duke noticed me as I got into my automobile for my morning ride, and after finding out who I was, he sent for Blakely and demanded that I be presented to him.

Blakely was awfully angry. He said: "Look here, I don't know what you've been used to, but in this country, when a man wishes to meet a young lady, he asks to be presented to her. Not only that, but he doesn't take it for granted that she'll be honored by the request. Miss Middleton is my *fiancée*. I don't know whether she cares to meet you or not. If she does, I'll let you know."

The duke was terribly mortified. He apologized beautifully.

Then Blakely apologized for getting angry, and they became better friends than ever, with the result that the duke was presented to me that very afternoon.

The Grand Duke Alexander was short and fat and fair, with a yellow mustache of the Kaiser Wilhelm variety. It was rather a shock to me, for I had expected a dashing black-haired person with flashing eyes and a commanding presence. No, he wasn't at all my idea of what a grand duke should look like; he looked much more like a little brother to the ox (a well-bred, well-dressed, bath-loving little brother, of course) than a member of an imperial family. Not that he didn't have his points: he had nice hands and nice feet, and his smile was charming.

You should have seen his face light up when he found I spoke French. The poor fellow wasn't a bit at home in the English language, and the eagerness with which he plunged into French was really pathetic. Luckily, Blakely spoke French, too—not very well, but he understood it lots better than he spoke it—so we three spent a pleasant hour together on the veranda. Of course, in a way, it was a little triumph for me; the women whom Blakely's mother had snubbed enjoyed the sight immensely, and when she appeared, accompanied by Mrs. Sanderson-Spear and some of the "Choicest Flowers," and saw what was happening to her duke, she was too angry for words. Heavens, how that woman did hate me that afternoon!

The next morning six more "Choicest Flowers" arrived from San Francisco (rare orchids whose grandfathers had come over from Ireland in the steerage). The third son of an English baronet who owned a chicken-ranch near Los Angeles and a German count who sold Rhine wines to the best families also appeared; for that night Blakely's mother was to give such a dinner as had never before been given in Santa Barbara.

Under the heading:

SANTA BARBARA NOW THE MOST COSMOPOLITAN CITY IN AMERICA

an enterprising Los Angeles newspaper devoted a whole page to the coming event. Adjective was piled on adjective, split infinitive on split infinitive. The dinner was to be given in the ballroom of the hotel. . . . The bank accounts of the assembled guests would total $400,000,000. . . . The terrapin had been specially imported from Baltimore.

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. . . The decorations were to be magnificent beyond the wildest dream. . . . The duke was to sit on the right of his hostess. . . . Mr. Sanderson-Spear, the Count Boris Beljaski, intimate friend and traveling companion of the grand duke, would appear in the uniform of the imperial guard. . . . The Baroness Reinstadt was

THE DOOR OPENED SLOWLY, AND THERE WAS—BLAKELY'S MOTHER.

Pierpont Morgan of Pennsylvania, who would arrive that morning from Pittsburg in his private car, would sit on her left. . . . hurrying from San Diego in her automobile. . . . As a winter resort, Santa Barbara was, as usual, eclipsing Florida, etc., etc. . . .

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Blakely and I read the paper together; we laughed over it till we cried.

"It would be lots funnier if it wasn't my mother who was making such a holy show of herself," Blakely said. "Do you know, my dear——"

He was silent for a moment. When he did speak, there was a wicked gleam in his eyes. "By Jove," he cried, "I'll do it!"

"Do what?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing much. I'll tell you all about it later—if there's anything to tell. Now I must run away. Good-by, dear."

At four o'clock I received a telephone message from Blakely saying it would be impossible for him to come in to tea as he had planned. It was the first time he had ever broken an engagement with me, and I was a wee bit unhappy over it, though I knew, of course, there must be some good reason why he couldn't come. Still, his absence rather put me out of humor with tea, so I sent Valentine for a box of chocolates. When she returned I sat down with them and a novel, prepared to spend the rest of the afternoon alone.

The novel wasn't half as silly as some I've read—the hero reminded me of Blakely—and the chocolates were unusually good; I was having a much better time than I had expected. Then some one knocked at the door.

"Bother!" I thought. "It can't be anybody I wish to see; I'll not let them in."

The knock was repeated. It suddenly occurred to me that maybe Blakely had changed his plans and had come for tea after all.

"Come in," I called.

The door opened slowly, and there, standing on the threshold, was— Had I gone quite mad? I rose from my chair and stared unbelievingly—at Blakely's mother.

"May I come in?" she asked in her even, well-bred voice.

"Why—yes," I faltered.

Closing the door behind her, she walked over to the fireplace.

"Won't you sit down?" I asked.

"No, I thank you. This is not an afternoon call, Miss Middleton, it is— But of course you understand."

I didn't understand at all, and her manner of saying I did made me furious.

"Perhaps I am very stupid," I said, "but I cannot imagine why you are here."

"Do you know where my son is?"

"I do not."

"You have no idea?"

"I have no idea where your son is, nor why you are here."

She eyed me intently. How cold and determined she looked, and how handsome she was!

"If I thought you were telling the truth——"

"Mrs. Porter!"

She handed me a letter. "Please read that," she said.

"I will not read it," I replied. "I must beg that you leave me."

"There, there, child, I didn't mean to be rude."

"You are more than rude, you are insolent."

"I am distracted, child. Please read the letter."

"Very well," I said, "I'll read it."

This was the letter:

"My dear Mother: This will be handed to you at five o'clock. At that hour I shall be in Ventura, accompanied by the Grand Duke Alexander, and, as we are making the trip by automobile, it may be that we shall neither of us return in time for your dinner this evening.

"If, however, on reading this you will wire me at Ventura your full consent to my marriage with Miss Middleton, I think I can guarantee that your dinner party will be a success.

"I shall be in Ventura till six. Should I fail to hear from you by that time, we shall continue our journey toward Los Angeles as fast as our six-cylinders will take us.

"It grieves me more than I can tell you to employ this cavalier method against you, but my softer appeals have been in vain.

"While not a party to the plot, the duke, I find, is something of a philosopher; I do not look for any resistance on his part. If he does resist, so much the worse for him.

"Your affectionate son,

"Blakely Porter.

"P. S. Please do not think that Miss Middleton has any knowledge of this plan. She has not.

"P. S. Remember! We leave Ventura for Los Angeles at 6 P. M. sharp."

"Mrs. Porter," I said, when I had finished reading the letter, "I am deeply humiliated that Blakely should have done this."

"Still, I suppose you would marry him if I gave my consent."

"I would not," I replied hotly. "I might marry him without your consent, for I love him dearly; but I would never consider you had given your consent if it were forced from you by trickery."

"You wouldn't?"

"I would not."

"But if he doesn't bring the duke back my dinner will be ruined."

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"I will telegraph him myself," I said.

"Supposing he won't come?"

"Blakely will come if I ask him to."

"And you will do this for me?"

"No; I am not doing it for you."

"Then why——?"

"Because I can not bear to have Blakely act so ungenerously toward his mother."

"He has but used my own weapons against me," she remarked thoughtfully.

"Your weapons are quite unworthy of him, Mrs. Porter."

"The telegram must be dispatched at once," she announced, glancing impatiently at her watch.

"If you will call the office and ask them to send up a boy with some forms, I will think over what I wish to say," I said.

When the boy arrived I had decided upon my message. It was:

"BLAKELY PORTER,
Ventura.

"If you do not return at once with your captive I shall consider that we have never met.

"ELIZABETH."

I wrote it out on a form and handed it to Mrs. Porter. "Will that do?" I asked.

She read it at a glance. "Yes," she said, "it will do. Here, boy, see that this is rushed."

"I'm glad it was satisfactory," I said. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Porter."

"My dear girl . . . ."

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Porter."

Still she did not go. I realized her predicament, and was childish enough to enjoy it, for Blakely's mother could not bear to accept a favor from a social inferior. Had I been a child, she would have patted me on the head and presented me with a sugar plum. As matters stood she was quite at sea; she wished to do something gracious—she didn't know how.

To make her position more impossible, who should come stalking into the room but Dad—dear, unsuspecting Dad. When he saw Mrs. Porter he immediately jumped at a whole row of conclusions.

"Well, well, well!" he said. "This is a sight that does me good. I'm very glad indeed to see you, Mrs. Porter. Your son has had an idea that you were opposed to meeting Elizabeth, but I knew he couldn't be right. And here you are, calling on her. Well, well, well! Elizabeth, haven't you any tea to offer Blakely's mother?"

"Mrs. Porter was just leaving," I managed to say. "She has been here some time."

Dad beamed on us both.

"I told Blakely Elizabeth couldn't marry him until you consented," he blundered on, "but now I suppose it is all arranged. These children of ours are wonderfully impatient. I'm as fond of Blakely as if he were my own son, and you'll feel the same about Elizabeth, when you've known her longer."

"Don't let Dad keep you, Mrs. Porter," I said. "I'm sure you have many things to attend to."

Blakely's mother, who had been standing like one in a dream, now woke up.

"Yes," she said, "I must be going. I called informally on Elizabeth to beg you both to come to my dinner to-night."

"I told her we couldn't possibly come," I began.

"Nonsense! Of course we can come," Dad declared.

"It will quite upset Blakely if you don't come, and I shall be so disappointed."

"There, there," said Dad, "you're not going to disappoint Blakely's mother by refusing."

"No," I replied. "If Mrs. Porter really wants us we shall be proud to come."

"If either of you fails me it will make me most unhappy," she said, and there was a note of sincerity in her voice that was unmistakable.

"Thank you," I murmured. "We shall not fail you."

When Blakely returned with the grand duke he came straight to me. He expected an explanation; what he actually received was the worst scolding of his life. But the poor boy was so apologetic and so humble that I finally relented and kissed him. Just the same, I think the bravest thing I ever did was to go to his mother's dinner that night—and Blakely thinks so, too.

All this happened over a year ago; to-day Blakely's mother, now my mother-in-law, is devoted to me. But I don't want you to think because his mother found room for me on the seat of the scornful that Blakely and I sit there. No, indeed! We sit in the bleachers with the rest of the world, and are too happy for words.

Dad says it isn't so much where you sit as how comfortable you are that counts—and Dad's right.

Dear old Dad!

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The "Shadow World" Prize Winners

Edited by HAMLIN GARLAND

Author of "The Shadow World," etc.

IF it had been the design of the editors of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE to prove that beneath the commonplace stream of human affairs there runs, even here in America, a mystical sub-current of psychical events, my own personal correspondence following the publication of "The Shadow World" would furnish sufficient evidence of its existence. I have received hundreds of letters from all parts of the country and from all ranks of society, filled with statements of the marvelous and calling upon me for explanation and guidance.

I have had several offers of cooperation from professional mediums, and nearly a dozen private psychics have volunteered to put themselves into my hands. But the most singular and interesting phase of the whole correspondence has been the testimony on the part of those who profess to be the *unwilling* mediums of the transmission of most disturbing communications. The number of these is astonishingly large, and they are by no means confined to women. I have also had many letters from the leaders of little circles (like my own Amateur Psychical Society) whose members for a year or two have been experimenting among themselves with perplexing results.

In short, the mass of my correspondence proves that side by side with the humorous, hustling, cynical America exists another world, a world of the Oriental type, a region of shadow, of vague abysses filled with whisperings of unknown intelligences, a world of mystery, inexplicable and occult.

But these letters, important as they are, were merely a by-product of the correspondence which followed the prize offer made by the editors of this magazine. The editorial office has been deluged with manuscripts entered for the contest; from every state and territory have come articles containing detailed statements of marvelous happenings. These have been accompanied in most cases by affidavits testifying at least to the good faith and the reliability of the writers. Among the number are many accounts, long and vastly entertaining, of haunted houses and of the jocular doings of "poltergeists." Visions and premonitions predominate, but a great deal of evidence has developed which sustains the Italian scientists in their hypothesis that certain individuals are able to disengage from their organisms a temporary double, belonging (as Lombroso says) to the radiant state of matter. This fund of evidenee makes it certain that the human body is a much more complex and marvelous machine than any of us had hitherto imagined it to be, and it has given all its readers a profounder realization of the essential mystery of life.

But, unfortunately, a very large part of these citations of portents, visions, telepathic communications, and "flights of the astral" is dependent for proof on memory. They are, in nearly every case, embodied in reminiscence, and though the good faith of the witnesses is not questioned, their papers do not come within the scope of the plan outlined by the editors, whose intent was to encourage practical experiment, and to further a cold, keen, calculating analysis of spiritualistic phenomena. They hoped that out of this competition a considerable body of new and absolutely authentic information might come. But though they have been deeply interested in all of these papers, which contain accounts of an immense number of suggestive, corroborative experiments, they find that very few of the experiments were conducted systematically, with careful notations at the time of the happenings. The contest narrowed down to about twenty-four papers, out of which six were finally judged worthy as prize winners. On account of limitations of space, only the first four, and these necessarily condensed, can be given. The final decision was reached after careful consideration of all the facts in each case

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by a jury of five entirely unprejudiced readers, my own vote being counted merely as one of the five.

I

THE report which has taken first prize is one of the most remarkable stories I have ever read. The writer, "Fate Medley," is a woman of cultivation and high social position in one of our inland cities, and has furnished us with affidavits and references which establish her sincerity and good faith. The circle was private and composed of her own immediate friends, whose standing is equal to her own. The psychics were members of this circle, and in no case was a professional medium employed. The method is modern and free from any bias. Notwithstanding the amazing phenomena which these ladies and gentlemen produced, they kept a perfectly sane and wholesome attitude toward life. Tested from every point, this is a wonderful story, and was unanimously voted first place.

During the course of a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Emmett Leigh, at their town house, in ———, seven or eight years ago, the conversation chanced to turn upon the physical phases of psychic phenomena. Mrs. Edward H. Drayton expressed a wish that she might delve into the subject herself.

"Then why don't you?" queried our host. "In any assemblage of men and women, however small, may be found one or two, perhaps several, who possess unsuspected psychic force. If this is true, and I do not doubt it, you may be able, my dear Mrs. Drayton, to see something of psychic manifestation to-night, if Mrs. Leigh will be so good, after dinner, as to have this table 'cleared for action.'"

There was an instant and excited clamor of assent, and an hour later the dinner table had been cleared, and was ready for "action." The table, I should say, is a very massive piece of mahogany, beautifully polished and carved, which weighs nearly four hundred pounds.

The men and women who grouped themselves around it for this séance were all congenial friends, and the seats we eight took at that first séance became ours permanently during the following eight years of experiment, and we still retain them.

Our very first "sitting" gave such interesting results that we decided to continue our meetings. Our progress was not rapid, and in the first year the manifestations were restricted to the table itself—which would vibrate at times more rapidly than an induction coil; then it would seem as if unseen forces possessed it, which had the strength and power to draw it apart to its longest possibility of extension and suddenly to close it again. In that year, also, we received by raps and knocks, when the alphabet was repeated, many remarkable messages from those on the "other side," all of them correct in orthography and syntax.

One evening Mrs. Drayton impulsively asked: "If there are any spirits present, *won't* you tell me if there is not some way by which we may get quicker communication with you?"

"Yes," was rapped loudly and emphatically.

"Oh, thank you," she said; "and won't you be good enough to explain to us the method?"

Almost instantly the table seemed to be seized with a convulsion, so violent was the vibration that possessed it, growing in force till it was deafening. It lasted for fully five minutes; then the character of the vibration began to change. It became slower and more regular, and a distinct rhythm was established, which was accompanied by a sharp, ticking, staccato sound. So pronounced and unmistakable did this become that I cried out: "This is wonderful! Don't you understand what it means? It is an illustration of a telegraphic machine in operation, and I believe this is to be the mode of our more rapid communication."

As if to confirm my statement, one leg of the massive table was lifted and pounded three times heavily on the floor.

Directed by Mr. Drayton, Miss Hampton asked, "Were we right in assuming that the spirits would communicate with us by telegraph?"

"Yes," was the answer, by means of the alphabet, "if any among you understand the code."

"None of us knows the code, unfortunately," replied Mr. Drayton, "but if you will promise to come to-morrow night, I will bring an expert operator with me, who will interpret the messages for us. Will you come?"

"I will be here," was the response.

With that the meeting closed. The next evening the same heavy vibration was repeated, and finally this question was asked:

"Well, Drayton, why didn't you bring your operator?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I have been busy to-day and the matter entirely slipped my mind. But I will forget no more. Will you come again to-morrow night?"

"I will not," was the uncompromising reply. "I have no time for triflers; but I am sorry, for it was a great chance for your rapid development, and you would have gained much knowledge. You, none of you, are serious enough in this investigation. Be serious! be reverent, and with the material in this circle you will achieve results worth working for."

Never from that moment have we had any message from our unknown telegraph operator.

One evening I had taken dinner with the Leighs, and later, as we sat in the library awaiting the coming of the other members of the circle,

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Mrs. Leigh amused herself by playing solitaire. Finally, when all had assembled, she finished her game and announced that she would never use that pack of cards again, for they were becoming worn. She opened a drawer of the library table, and placed them in the left corner, and then, closing the drawer, she idly turned the key in the lock. I had been watching her game and noticed that the special pack was of art cards, and of the "Good-night" series.

An hour later we were in séance in the dining-room, which was across a wide side-hall from the library, and the doors from each room, going into the hall, were closed. We had been receiving messages and other interesting minor phenomena, when, suddenly, we heard a rushing noise in the air and something fell on the table with a sound as if it had been thrown there from a distance.

Mr. Leigh said quickly, "It is singular that those cards could have moved so rapidly through the air and have fallen with such force on the table and yet remain unscattered as they are."

"What cards?" asked Mrs. Leigh, to which our host replied: "Those which have just been thrown on the table," and he arose and switched on the light.

Then we saw on the table a deck of cards, face down, which was divided into two neat packs, the edge of one slightly overlapping the other. They were in front of me, so I lifted one pack and found that it contained exactly twenty-six cards and the bottom one was the King of Diamonds. The other pack also contained twenty-six cards, and its bottom card was the Five of Spades.

"They are your cards," I said to Mrs. Leigh, "the very ones you were playing with after dinner; here is that torn Jack of Clubs which you needed so badly an hour ago in your game, and there is the very Ace of Hearts, with the dagger which Annette inked through it," and I handed the cards to her for her inspection.

"They are certainly mine, or seem to be," she answered, "but I know that I put my cards in the table drawer, which I now remember that I locked."

"Then let us see," said Mr. Leigh, "if they are there," and we followed him into the library, opening both doors as we went.

Finding the table-drawer closed and locked, Mrs. Leigh said, "Of course, my cards are in here." Then she pulled the drawer open, only to discover that *the cards were not there.*

We were confronted by the startling fact that this old deck of cards had been taken from a *locked drawer and through two closed heavy oak doors*, and flung violently upon the table, and that they were not only arranged in two exact, neat packs, but that the deck of fifty-two cards had been evenly divided into packs of twenty-six cards each; and all this had been done by some strange unseen force. For there was *no one in the house that night but those in the seance.* No one had entered the room; no one had left the circle; each hand of every one in the circle was accounted for by being clasped by the hand of a neighbor. It was, therefore, manifestly impossible for any one in the séance to have put the cards on the table without every one in the circle knowing it; for in the tense quiet and darkness in which we sat we were each instantly aware of the slightest movement or noise made by the others. And while we never went to extremes in insisting on "test" conditions (because we were merely investigating for our interest and pleasure and had no desire to "prove" anything to any one), nevertheless the very conditions under which we sat had been rendered strictly "test" by the unwritten rules we honored.

If any one of us moved in our chair, or changed the position of hand or foot, or if a woman's ring or bracelet struck table or chair, or any noise or sound, however slight, was made, the responsible person immediately explained it.

That night we also saw astral lights for the first time. And very beautiful they were. Many of us saw the same things at the same time—tiny dancing lights, like miniature moons; then drifting stars, in groups of three, and sudden, flashing crescent-shaped flames, which paled and glowed again, till the whole room became faintly illuminated. Then to my own amazement, against a field of opaque blackness, I saw a heart—a human heart, which shone with a pale phosphorescent sheen—entirely surrounded by luminous poniards, which followed the shape of the heart and the hilts of which were turned outward.

About a month after this, when the entire circle was in séance, Mrs. Kent, who was rapidly developing psychic qualities, especially clairvoyance, interrupted a very strong movement of the table by saying excitedly:

"Mr. Leigh, please go at once to the library; there is some one there who needs you."

"You are mistaken, Mrs. Kent; there is no one in the house to-night save those in this room, and I saw personally to the closing of the doors and windows, for I take every precaution against the possible annoyance of practical jokes."

"Oh, but you *must* go to him!" Mrs. Kent pleaded. "He has come so far and needs you, for he seems to be suffering."

"Certainly, if you wish it," said our host, rising from his chair.

He opened the door and we heard him cross the hall and open the library door. After a moment we heard him call to us from the library, asking us to come at once. We all trooped in wonderment to the library, where he met us at the door, which he held shut behind him. "Before I open this door," he said, "I request you, individually, not to become nervous at whatever you may see, and, at the same time, to tell me, each one of you, exactly his or her impressions."

Here he threw wide the door, and we entered in a body. But the instant we crossed the thresh-

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old of that stately room we were assailed by a most frightful and horrible odor. It was simply awful, and unlike anything that could be imagined. Several were seized with sudden and acute nausea and fled precipitately. But the others remained, for we had seen a truly astounding sight. The lights in the library, in both halls, and in the drawing-room across the hall were all out, but the draperies at the great French windows in the library were drawn aside and the electric lights from the street shone in through the tall windows and illuminated that end of the room. Before one of the front windows, where the street lights were reflected in a great splotch of white light on the floor, was a luxurious, sleepy-hollow chair of dark green leather. Across this chair lay the figure of a man. His head hung limply over one arm, and his feet dangled over the other, and they were plainly silhouetted against the strong light. His attitude was that of either complete exhaustion or unconsciousness.

Mr. Leigh sprang across the room, but Mrs. Kent caught his arm, crying in the intense excitement she had exhibited from the first:

"Oh, please don't move, Mr. Leigh; he wants you near him, for your presence gives him strength; but if you go nearer to him he will vanish."

With the gentlest courtesy our host said to Mrs. Kent:

"This may be a genuine manifestation of peculiar character, or it may be that, in spite of my precautions, some one has gotten into the house; therefore, we must be sure of physical conditions before we can possibly admit psychic phenomena," and with those words he flooded the room with light.

The chair was empty. We examined the fastenings of every door and window to the house: they were all securely locked, and nowhere in the house was there the slightest evidence of any invasion. But when we returned to the library the appalling odor in the room remained, so we hastened to the dining-room and took our seats in séance again. Almost instantly on the table was sounded the signal for the alphabet, and the following message was received in the usual way:

"*The manifestation in the library was a genuine psychic phenomenon. The man in the chair was an undeveloped spirit who needed assistance, so he was brought here. Though you may not know it, he really was benefited by his visit, and from now on his development will be rapid.*" But when questioned about the terrible odor in the library, our informant would deign no reply.

The phenomena, at this time, were advancing so rapidly and changing character so often that we met every evening. It was in the early autumn, and the next evening, when I entered the Leigh residence, I felt slightly chilly and remembered that I had forgotten to bring a wrap with me; so I glanced around to see if a certain scarf of Mrs. Leigh's, which I often wore when I had forgotten my own, was in evidence, but it was not. Once again, before we went into séance that night, some trivial thing brought this same scarf to my mind. And this time I looked for it all through the lower floor of the house, and finally came to the conclusion that some one had taken it up-stairs. I did not mention it at the time to Mrs. Leigh, for she was engaged with some formal callers in the drawing-room, and when they left we went at once into séance.

The usual manifestations were taking place when Mr. Leigh went to "sleep," "psychologized" himself, as we knew he could do. We maintained absolute silence.

In ten minutes Mr. Leigh took a deep, indrawn breath, and we knew that he had "returned"; he broke the deep silence by asking Mrs. Leigh if she knew where her Scotch scarf was. (The very scarf that I had twice tried to find, and that, as I learned later, Mrs. Reed had also hunted. It was a Highland plaid silk scarf.)

"Yes," responded Mrs. Leigh; "it is up-stairs in the wardrobe in my dressing-room. When I returned from my drive, just before dinner to-night, I saw it in the hall, so I picked it up and took it up-stairs and placed it, with my hat and gloves, in the dressing-room, as I told you. It is there now."

"No," said Mr. Leigh, "it is not there now, for it is lying in a crumpled ball on the console in the hall. I have just seen it there."

"But you have not left the room," insisted Mrs. Leigh.

"It is perfectly true that my body has not moved from this chair; but all the same, when I was 'quiet' a moment ago, something attracted me to the library, and while there I distinctly saw a man of small stature run down the steps and through the hall into the library; when he discovered me there he waved the scarf at me mischievously, then he darted from the room, threw the shawl in a tumbled heap on the console in the hall, and disappeared through the front door. It is there now."

"I can't stand this suspense any longer," I cried. "Come, Mrs. Reed, let us look for the shawl in the hall," and, turning on the lights, we ran into the hall. The Highland plaid silk scarf was certainly lying in a crumpled heap on the console.

The next night, almost immediately after we went into séance, Mr. Leigh grew silent and went into a trance. In the tense quiet that we invariably observed when our host was in this state, we distinctly heard an unusual noise issue from the library. "What did it sound like?" asked Mrs. Norton of me, and I answered:

"It was metallic, as if some one had taken a knife from its sheath and struck a blow on the panoply of arms in there."

"Yes," was her low rejoinder, "it was just that."

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When Mr. Leigh "returned," he said at once, "There is a dirk on the table."

But Mrs. Leigh immediately said:

"No, there is nothing on the table."

"I have just placed it there myself," he calmly announced, "for I went into the library, and as I took it from its sheath I accidentally struck it against something which gave back a loud noise. Then I returned here and put it on the table." At that he flashed on the lights.

And on the table glittered a particularly deadly-looking little dirk. No one had either left the room or entered it after we went into séance, and the knife was not on the table at that time, nor was it in the dining-room at all. Mrs. Kent and I had held Mr. Leigh's hands all the time. The knife had been brought from the library, where it always lay, and the amazing part of it was that it had been brought through two heavy doors, *which were closed*. But by what mysterious agency?

After the episode of the dirk, for many nights manifestations centered entirely about Mr. Leigh. This made our host take unusual precautions. He would request four extra people—a lady and a gentleman on either side of him—in addition to Mrs. Kent and myself—who always kept our places to his left and right respectively—to place their two hands over his hands and wrists, so that *each of his hands* was held by three pairs of hands; and at the same time he arranged that the circuit should remain unbroken.

With his two hands held thus by twelve other hands, we have frequently known coins, from silver dollars to twenty-dollar gold pieces, to be taken from Mr. Leigh's pockets. He always named the object that had been extracted. The things thus purloined would be held a few minutes, and then would be flung on the table in a manner which indicated they had fallen from quite a height. Sometimes, instead of a coin, it would be his wallet or his cigarette case or match-safe that was taken, and these were never in the least injured.

[All of these performances are singularly like those of a young man psychic with whom I sat last April, part of my experiments with whom were recorded in the September EVERYBODY'S. H. G.]

Sometimes Mr. Leigh would say: "Hold my left hand carefully now, for my ring is being taken off," and the owners of the six hands holding his left would say: "It cannot be—we feel nothing." But for all that the ring would be off, and when we flashed on the lights it was always found lying some distance away on the table. Once it was found on *my thumb*. I felt it the moment it touched me, and called out: "Mr. Leigh's ring is being put on my thumb," although at the time both my hands were holding his right hand, and the width of the table was between his left or ring hand and my right. The other two people who were holding Mr. Leigh's right hand with me did not feel the ring being put on my thumb, although Billy Banks's hand covered mine at the time.

Again, one night, when our host was held in the grasp of those twelve human hands his coat was taken off. We found it, neatly folded but turned inside out, hanging over the back of a chair at the far end of the room.

[The psychic I have just mentioned went Mr. Leigh one better. While we held his hands his undershirt was taken off! H. G.]

Our circle had now attained its third birthday, and we felt we had seen some remarkable phenomena, but they paled into insignificance before the strangeness and weirdness of others just dawning. For already Mr. and Mrs. Drayton, who sat in séance to the right and left of Mrs. Leigh, and Mrs. Reed had mentioned several times that they had felt something brush past them under the table, and Mrs. Reed once insisted that the pet house-cat was in the room. To satisfy Mrs. Reed, the lights were turned on, but a thorough search of the room and butler's pantry failed to reveal the cat.

About this time Mrs. Reed's sister, Mrs. Park Herndon of New York, was visiting her, and she came constantly to our circle meetings with Mrs. Reed. She proved to be a decided acquisition, for she possessed wonderful mediumistic power. The first evening she "sat" with us the pins were unceremoniously taken from her hair and thrown in a little heap on the table, while her heavy, dark tresses were shaken down like a veil all around her. (Of course, at this time, both her hands were accounted for.) Her brooch was taken from her throat, and later was found pinned in the center of her bodice in the back, while her lace collar was found on the sideboard. On the same evening, too, her boots were unbuttoned, removed, and thrown with a loud noise across the room, while the thin silken stocking on her left leg was deftly removed and was found, neatly folded into a flat little roll, *inside the stocking on her right leg, down near her ankle*, while the hose fastenings were neither disturbed nor disarranged.

At the same time, a low, square stool on which Mrs. Leigh always rested her feet at table was hurled with a crashing noise against the wall, while an irresistible force pulled her suddenly out of her chair, and the chair itself was sent spinning away down the length of the room. Almost instantly Mrs. Leigh's silk skirts began to rustle, and she said that something was tugging at them as if determined to tear them from her. Then Mrs. Reed was heard to scream, and she declared that an animal, covered with soft fur, was butting at her *under the table*, like a goat. The lights were turned on, but nothing was to be seen.

The next night the experiment was tried of seating Mrs. Herndon between Mrs. Drayton and

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Mrs. Leigh, for we had long ago decided that our hostess was our "sensitive," and we were eager to see the result of their being next each other.

As soon as the lights were off, Mrs. Herndon began to laugh excitedly and then to scream, as she called out that something was pulling her by the feet *under the table*. And she was literally dragged by her feet from her chair to the floor and under the table, where she was kept for fully five minutes; Mr. Drayton and Mrs. Leigh, who still held to her hands, exerted their whole strength to assist her to her chair, but it was impossible to move her. Then she called out, "Here I come," and she was shot out from under the table with a force that carried her and those still clinging to her hands far into the center of the room. She was not in the least made nervous by it and, after the first shock, seemed rather to enjoy it as an exhilarating sport.

During her visit of a month, she spent two thirds of her evenings in séance with us at the Leighs', and many times each night she was drawn under the table from her chair, and then shot forth with the precision and speed of a ball from a cannon.

[This seems to be a confirmation of the wonderful performances of Slade. H. G.]

And a most singular thing about this manifestation was that Mrs. Herndon's skirts were always carefully wrapped about her closely at her ankles, and were never disarranged in the slightest. But, for all that, there seemed to be danger of her head being hurt against some object as she came shooting out from under the table. So Billy Banks and Mr. Drayton and the remaining men of the circle tried to prevent her from being drawn down to the floor. But they were unsuccessful, and when she was shot up again, we broke circle and the six men took her to a far end of the room, and took hold of her firmly by the arms, in the full glare of electricity.

They might as well have tried to control a whirlwind, for suddenly the unseen force took possession of Mrs. Herndon and, despite their struggles, these six men were cast aside as so many straws, and the lady was carried some distance beyond them.

In the meantime, the members of the circle who sat to the hostess's right and left were receiving constant evidence of the developing power and strength of that something under the table which for want of knowledge we had christened "The Thing." It always made its appearance at Mrs. Leigh's end of the table, and rarely ever went farther beyond her than the second person on each side. It never came except when she was present, and it certainly followed her wherever she went and sat in séance—even when she was hundreds of miles from her home city. It possessed enormous strength, and had power, apparently, to change its shape at will, for it seemed a different kind of animal to nearly every individual whom it touched. It could be *felt* and *heard*, but in the five years since it made its first appearance no one has ever *seen* it. Many unsuccessful efforts have been made to catch glimpses of it, and on one occasion a young surgeon, Dr. Barnes, who felt he had a plan by which he could not fail to see the mysterious and horror-giving "Thing," was invited in.

[The only possible explanation of this most extraordinary materialization of an animal is that the etheric emanations from the medium were modeled into these shapes by the subjective minds of the sitters. This is in accordance with the theory of De Rochas, who claims that the psychic is able to externalize his etheric self and model it as a sculptor models wax. H. G.]

Instead of joining in the circle, he requested to sit on the floor, *under the table*, at Mrs. Leigh's feet, and, as soon as "The Thing" came, he flashed his electric pocket-lamp full on it. He saw absolutely nothing, but at the same time he felt "The Thing" as soon as it made its appearance, and continued to feel it, for "The Thing" gave all its attention to the doctor in a fusillade of fierce blows. The young man was game and fought valiantly, but the odds were against him, and finally he retired from the unequal contest.

Personally, my experience with "The Thing" is limited to four occasions, and three of these were when I left my accustomed place, where it never ventured, to sit nearer Mrs. Leigh. The first time that it touched me it seemed like a huge gray cat; the second time, I felt that the heavy paw of a great yellow tiger was laid upon my knee; and the third time I was sure the long, slender forearm of a black monkey touched me. Why I should have got the effect of color each time I never understood. My fourth experience with "The Thing" was different altogether. Two young girls and I were visiting Mrs. Leigh for a week, and one evening we four women went into séance alone. "The Thing" came immediately and, after diverting itself with the others, it turned its attention to me by touching me with what seemed a man's enormous hand. I instantly repulsed it and, without breaking the circuit, I arose to my feet. Then two heavy hands were laid on my shoulders, and I was rudely forced down into my chair and, at the same time, an enormous man seemed to seat himself beside me. I would not submit to that, and I sprang up again, when, instantly, Mrs. Leigh became possessed of a strange and remarkable power, for she drew us suddenly up from our chairs and from the table to a distant corner, where the force seemed to expend itself and we were free. But I will never forget the sense of shuddering horror that possessed me each time that "The Thing"

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touched me in séance. Sometimes it comes in full light at the Leighs' dining-table, and then it is not so terrible. Still, I never like it. Mrs. Leigh and Mr. and Mrs. Drayton do not object to it at all, but seem rather amused by it.

One remarkable incident must not be omitted. Judge George Nelson, a kinsman of Mrs. Leigh and one of the most distinguished criminal lawyers in the country, was taking lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Leigh one day, when he abruptly asked his hostess if all the nonsense he had been hearing of her "circle" were true, and added that he would like to see some of the fun.

"We will accommodate you," was her laughing reply.

We were all amusedly eager that night to see how this hard-headed interpreter of the law would receive "The Thing's" vigorous and unceremonious onslaught. We had not long to wait, for at our second trial almost instantly loud knocks were heard on the table. Then "The Thing" caught Mr. Drayton by his trouser-leg and beat his foot up against the under part of the table until we who listened feared his foot would be pounded to a jelly.

"Why, Drayton," cried the judge, "why are you making all that racket? You will smash all the bones in your foot."

"No," answered Mr. Drayton, "my foot will not be hurt, but I am not making the racket, and I simply cannot control my leg. It is held up against my will."

"Against your will? Why, man, what the devil do you mean? Nothing could hold my leg against my will," fumed the irate judge.

"Hold on, judge, you don't know what you're talking about! You needn't be too sure," laughed Mr. Drayton, "for——"

"But I am sure," roared the judge. "I know I can at least control my own legs, and I— why, *hello!* what's this? Let go my leg!!! Why, Nell, Nell Leigh, some one is playing a joke on me! Some one—doubtless it is Drayton—is under the table holding my leg up."

"Judge," called Mr. Drayton from across the table, "I am in my seat, and my leg—can't you hear it?—is still pounding on the table. But you, judge, can control——"

"I say, Nell," called the judge, interrupting Mr. Drayton, "what is the meaning of this? A big dog is under the table! No—it's a wolf! No —it's a bear!" and with that the judge kicked vigorously and then fought valiantly. Between our paroxysms of laughter we heard the sounds of a great struggle, and then finally Judge Nelson pulled himself from the table, and exclaiming, "I wouldn't stay in this house a minute longer for my life!" ran from the room and dashed out of the house. The next day he sent word to Mrs. Leigh, telling her that he ran the night before from her house to the station, where he caught the late train to his country home at P——; that "The Thing" followed him all the way, got into bed with him, and tormented him so that he finally had to sit up for the remainder of the night. Since then our circle has seen the judge no more.

For five years "The Thing" has been a regular visitor to our circle, and it usually monopolizes each séance. When it is not amusing itself with a never-ending series of mischievous pranks, a regular "rough house" is raised. The great heavy table is made to spin around like a top; a small side-table of old-fashioned mahogany, with drop leaves, is put through many stunts, from the banging of its leaves to its following the larger table in its mad dance around the room; chairs in the far ends of the room are overturned; knives, forks, and spoons are flung in silver showers from closed sideboard drawers; and a great bronze gong is rung.

When this clamor has reached its climax, a sudden silence falls, which is followed by a swift, rushing noise, and then we know that the marvel of marvels has happened. For Mrs. Leigh has been lifted bodily from the floor, placed on the table, and shot across it with great force and speed.

All she knows, Mrs. Leigh says, is that one moment she is sitting or standing at the table, the next she is on the table itself, and is being shot across it. On being asked what is her sensation when in transit through the air from chair to table, she answers positively that the change is so swift that she is conscious of no passage through the air. Mr. and Mrs. Drayton, who invariably cling desperately to Mrs. Leigh's hands when this manifestation takes place, say that she is lifted up with apparently no expenditure of force, just as a feather seems to be blown upward, and yet their combined strength has never been sufficient to prevent the manifestation.

Sometimes she is seated on the table tailor-fashion, and is shot across it, either backward or face forward. Again, she comes hurtling over, either lying full length, on her face, or, as often, on her back, and once, when she had been jerked up from her seat and the chair itself sent spinning down the room, she was lifted from the floor and placed upright on her feet on the table; and as she stood there with her head near the electrolier, a beautiful melody was played on the globes, somewhat after the fashion of the old-time Swiss Bell Ringers. Once when, after a long illness of Mrs. Leigh's, as we sat for the first time in séance, she was again lifted and hurled across the table, Mr. Leigh interposed, because he feared the result in her weakened state; so she left the circle and seated herself at the end of the room. A few moments later we heard the familiar rushing sound and, in spite of her being out of séance, Mrs. Leigh was borne ten or twelve feet through the air and forced across the table anyhow.

For years Mrs. Leigh has been a sufferer from rheumatism, and is so lame from it that frequently she is unable to rise from her chair without great difficulty and pain; it would be physically im-

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possible for her, therefore, to lift herself so lightly and swiftly to the table, and this is proved by the fact that when the force which puts her there is withdrawn, as it usually is at the very edge of the table, she always has to be lifted down to the floor. FATE MEDLEY.

II

THE winner of the second prize is a well-known business man in a Western city. The psychic was his daughter, and his assistant (who worked quite in the spirit of Sir William Crookes) was his son. The whole article is deliberate and careful. Its one weakness lies in the fact that it is written from memory.

Several years ago my son, who was a student at the ——— University, was spending the evening in a schoolmate's home, when the little instrument called "planchette" was introduced, and, becoming much interested, he bought one the next day. We tried it that evening with vague results, amounting really to nothing, and I said, "There's nothing in it." Our daughter, a school-girl of fourteen, said, "Let me try it." To our surprise and suddenly increased interest, with her hand on "planchette" she could write on a sheet of paper about as rapidly and smoothly as if she held the pencil in her hand. As a matter of interest, my son and myself would remove some small article from our pockets unseen by her, hold it under the table, and ask "planchette" to write what the article was. The answer was promptly and correctly written.

We followed this up many evenings as a matter of interest and amusement, always in our own exclusive family circle. We asked, "Who is doing this?" and the reply was, "*Look at a photograph you have of a grade of boys attending the Intermediate School, in which your son appears.*" The "power," as I will call it for lack of a better name, indicated that he himself was in that grade of ten-year-old boys, and said he was now dead. *That was the only reason we ever had to think a spirit had anything to do with the manifestations.** Written communications in great number and variety were received, some claiming to be from dead and some from living persons, *but as a rule all were of a trivial character.*

So we progressed gradually to more wonderful manifestations. Let me say right here that in my judgment the most convincing thing was that, from first to last, every manifestation was in the bright light in our home during the day or night, and occasionally in the brightest sunlight. The results were always the same, the power never asking for darkness nor making any conditions except that we were to turn our faces from the place from which any article was to be moved.

One evening we discovered on the mantel a pack of cards (something we never had in the house). We asked where they came from. The power wrote, "*I brought them.*" When asked, "Can you remove them?" it replied, "*Yes, if you will all look at a picture on the wall*"—specifying which one. In an instant the cards were removed to a table twenty feet away.

I had that evening brought home two small grip-sacks, two inches different in length, that my wife might make a choice. The heavy brown paper package had been opened and was lying on the piano, with the small grips side by side. The query was made, "If we put the cards in one of the satchels, and close it, can you remove them to the other?" The reply was, "*Yes, if all but Mr. F—— and grandfather leave the room and they do not look at the grips.*"

My wife, son, and daughter placed the cards in the smaller grip, closed the snap lock and end catches on both grips, my son buckling a school-book strap around the grip containing the cards, and then left the room, closing the door after them. Grandfather and I sat there without speaking, with all the gas burners lighted, both looking in the open grate fire. My nerves were so on edge that I would have heard the slightest sound. It so happened that all was still as the grave. Had a mouse touched the stiff paper on which the grips were I should have heard it. In about ten minutes the three returned.

There was not a doubt in my mind as to the experiment being an absolute failure, so much so that I did not even look up until my son said, "Where's that grip gone?" referring to the smaller one in which the cards had been placed. Looking up I noted that one was gone, the larger remaining. Investigation showed that the cards had been changed to the larger grip, and the smaller was lying on the floor under the piano and open. The strap was found an hour later, neatly coiled, lying upon a wash-stand in the upper hall. *It had certainly passed through a closed door to get there.* We tried many experiments with the cards, and they were removed from one room to another through closed doors many times. One evening, the cards being up-stairs, my son said, "I wish I had the cards without going after them." A sound was heard in the hall, where we found the cards scattered around the floor, as though they had been thrown down by the ever willing and obliging power.

My son, who contemplated making electrical engineering his occupation, was a sort of student-mechanic, and had a shop in the basement with a gas power-engine. To start the engine it was necessary to turn on the gas, light it with a match, and give the fly-wheel a few vigorous turns to start it. More than once, while my son

*The italics are mine. H. G.

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was at school and only my wife and daughter were at home, the engine was started and necessarily allowed to run until my son came home, as neither knew how to start or stop it. The power was finally asked not to do that again, and graciously complied.

My son was an amateur photographer, and it occurred to him that there was a bare possibility of securing a negative through the assistance of the obliging power. When asked, the power said, "*Certainly, if you will tell me what to do.*" He was told that the camera would be focussed on a chair and the power was to push the button on the camera after my son had locked the door, placed the key in his pocket, and left the room. When asked by the power what kind of a picture he would prefer, not thinking it possible to secure any under such conditions, my son said, "Any old conglomeration."

He returned to the room in about ten minutes, and finding the camera had been sprung, he reset it and again left as before, and when he returned found it had again been sprung. He developed the negatives that evening, never dreaming he had a picture. When he found one showing, he said it made his hair rise on his head.

In one a thin, bony arm, bare from the elbow to the hand, appears, while the other represents the figure of a woman of middle age, clad in diaphanous robes, sitting in the chair, while the chair and the pictures on the wall show distinctly through the figure.

My son, being of an ingenious and scientific turn of mind, conceived the idea of making an elaborate test of the claims of the self-styled "control." As he is more familiar with the experiment and better qualified to describe the details than I, I have asked him to write it out for you.

He says: "The claim was made that objects were moved from place to place, in and out of locked closets, not by ordinary human methods, but by dissolving them in a secret liquid and then passing the dissolved objects through the closed door, and then by immersing them in another liquid restoring them to their normal form and condition. The experiment was designed to demonstrate the correctness or incorrectness of that claim. The control, through the automatic writing, was informed of the details of the proposed experiment and entered heartily into carrying it out on the lines laid down.

"A glass jar was sealed with cork and wax and a private mark stamped in the wax. The jar was full of a dilute solution of potassium sulphocyanide. Inside the jar, immersed in the solution, was a glass tube sealed at both ends. The jar had a strip of tin-foil pasted on the bottom, and this rested on two electric contacts. It was placed on the shelf of a locked closet. A closed circuit battery and the necessary wires actuated the armature of a relay placed in a locked closet in another part of the house. From this relay wires were run to another battery and an ordinary vibrating electric bell. The keys of both closets were carried in my pocket during the test. The control was to put a piece of paper with a message written on it inside the glass tube immersed in the solution in the jar, without breaking the tube or in any way disturbing the seal or the apparatus. The purpose of the sulphocyanide solution was to reveal the presence of any iron, if such was contained in the secret solution claimed to be used by the control. Iron is present in many solutions, and the slightest trace of it would be revealed by coloring the sulphocyanide solution red.

"Nothing occurred until the third day. I was at school and my young sister and other members of the family were in the house. Suddenly the bell used in the experiment began ringing. It became so annoying that my sister resorted to her automatic writing, and asked the control to stop it. He said the experiment had been successfully carried out and he did not know how to stop the ringing of the bell. He was asked if he could not disconnect one of the wires at the battery in the locked closet. The ringing stopped instantly. Everything was left as it was until I returned from school.

"I unlocked the closet with my key and found the jar had been moved slightly so that the electric contact was no longer intact. The wax seal and one end of the glass tube were broken, but the solution was unchanged. In the tube was a folded paper containing a written communication. On the paper was what seemed to be a small drop of blood. I insisted on inspecting the hands of all in the family, and found no trace of any wound.

"I have related here exactly what happened, and while the results were negative, and not what was expected, yet enough was done to demonstrate that some peculiar force was exerted.

"Telepathy or mind-reading tests were carried on by my young sister and myself until great proficiency was attained. My sister was always the sender and I the receiver. Results were immediate and no mistakes were made."

And now, Mr. Editor, you may ask, "And what followed all this?" I answer, "Nothing." Here was the end. My daughter was young—barely fourteen, and after every sitting showed signs of weariness, falling asleep in her chair. We feared physical injury by continuing this, and perhaps feared still more that the story of our mysteries would leak out among our acquaintances and be talked about to the children's detriment, as the stories would surely be exaggerated.

For those reasons only we discontinued the manifestations. My daughter is now a happy

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wife and mother, and never refers to the subject. Your articles in the magazine revived the old and seemingly only slumbering interest of my son and myself. F. M. G.

III

REPORTERS are notoriously disinclined toward any mystical interpretation of life, are, indeed, quite habitually exposing spiritualistic mediums. Therefore I take a peculiar pleasure in the following exposé, where the joke is on the newspaper expert. It is important to notice how closely this account, which has won the third prize, tallies with Bottazzi's experiments. The writer has furnished proper credentials, and, besides his skeptical turn of mind (which we like), has made good his claim as a careful and trustworthy observer. The article is lively and somewhat irreverent, but it has the ring of truth in it.

In 1901-02 I was a reporter and special writer on a morning newspaper in the city of Worcester, Mass. One evening, Jones, a fellow reporter, came into the office accompanied by a thin man of medium height, not more than twenty-four years old and evidently a foreigner. I looked up from my typewriter, and Jones asked me to stop working long enough to meet Mr. Karouse, a spiritualistic medium who was making some stir in the city. After we had been talking some minutes Karouse, who was a very pleasant and affable fellow, said:

"Mr. G——, I am told that you do not believe in spiritualism and that you think you could expose my 'tricks,' as you call them, if given the opportunity. Is that true?"

I was somewhat embarrassed. Karouse was not one of the bewhiskered, awe-inspiring class, but a very plain, ordinary, smooth-shaven young man, not much older than the writer. And he was making a fortune while I was making a living, and from the box-office standpoint alone I was inclined to take off my hat to him, faker or no faker. However, it was not exactly my part to back down, for I had made the challenge in Jones's hearing.

I admitted it, and the result of the conversation that followed was that a series of private séances was arranged for my especial benefit. I was to have full directing power.

That night a party of six or seven of us, all men from the office, visited Karouse in his apartments. He greeted us cordially, being especially gracious to me. His apparatus consisted only of the cabinet. Trap-doors for the convenience of the "spirits" had been discovered in some raided houses in Providence, and as he showed us his cabinet I looked very closely at the floor. Noting this, Karouse smiled and asked:

"Are you looking for trap-doors?"

I replied that I was, whereupon he walked to another part of the room, pulled up a large rug, moved away the cabinet, placed the rug over the spot it had occupied, and pulled the cabinet back on the rug.

"That disposes of the trap-doors," he observed, laughing. "Does it not?"

But I was there to investigate and expose, and I dropped to the floor and pushed away the cabinet. Taking the rug firmly from the top and from underneath, I made sure there were no concealed rents in it. Then I admitted that that settled the trap-door proposition.

The medium's working suite comprised two large parlors with an archway between. The cabinet was located in the rear room, standing perhaps three feet away from the wall. Karouse offered to leave the light on in both rooms, but I told him if he could perform better without the light in the cabinet room to "douse" it. It had been my experience to note that better "effects" could be produced in the dark. He availed himself of this and turned out the gas, leaving the jet on, but well turned down, in the other parlor. Though there was no light in the cabinet room, we could see one another plainly, even to the expressions on faces.

Scarcely had the light been turned out when I felt some one touch me on the temple. I turned to see who had touched me, and there was not a man within three feet of me. Karouse was across the room. I gave no sign to the others that I had already been the victim of "spirit manifestation," waiting to see if one of them would not speak up to ask who was hitting him.

Finally all was in readiness. "Now," Karouse said, "we shall await the pleasure of our guiding spirit." Then, addressing his "control" by name, he said:

"If it be thy will, manifest thy presence and come to us."

In the silence that followed the spirit hand that I had felt before took my head in a firm grasp and turned it toward the cabinet. Out of the blackness of the cloth covering protruded a white hand and forearm. It was a slender arm and looked to be that of a woman. The hand twitched for a few seconds, then was still.

[Note that the author of No. 4 obtains precisely this same phenomenon through his friend, the professor. I have repeatedly secured the same results with K——. H. G.]

Karouse walked out into the front room, took from a table a small bell, with a black polished handle, that I had noticed, and, bringing it in, extended it to the spirit hand. The hand grasped it gingerly, shook it, and threw it with a clatter to the floor. When I had recovered from my astonishment the hand had disappeared.

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"Mr. Karouse," I interrupted, "am I free to do anything I may wish?"

"Certainly," he replied. "Go ahead."

"Very well," I answered. "Can you call back the hand?"

"I will try," he replied.

I then asked all present if they had felt a hand touch or hit them upon the head or body. They all replied in the negative.

"Have you, Mr. G——?" asked Karouse quickly. I replied that I had been rapped with some force on the temple by some unseen hand.

"It is no more than I expected," he replied. "Naturally you would be singled out for manifestation. You will be convinced before we are through that there are spirits all about us."

Suddenly the hand appeared through the cabinet curtains. There was no movement of the cloth. The hand simply appeared without motion. It had no phosphorescent glare about it. It seemed to be a natural flesh substance. I rose from my chair and walked over to the cabinet. Picking up the bell from the floor, I handed it to the spirit hand, meanwhile watching it closely to determine if it were flesh and blood. The hand received the bell from me, shook it loudly as before, and threw it at my feet. It struck my leg with a force that convinced me that no spirit could hurl a bell in such a manner. Suddenly I made a quick motion to grasp the spirit hand with my own. But my hand closed over space and the white, mysterious hand was gone. It simply faded away. Karouse was standing behind me and to one side, perhaps ten feet from the cabinet. I turned to him bewildered.

"Your friend wishes to shake hands with you again," Karouse said, and his voice contained an unmistakable chuckle.

I turned back to the cabinet, and there was the white hand wiggling again before me in invitation to shake. The boys had gotten up from their chairs and were crowding about me. I put forward my hand, expecting again to close my fingers on atmosphere. But my surprise was great at being suddenly gripped by a hand as human feeling as any I have ever touched. That apparently frail, white, woman's hand gripped mine till I felt the power go out of it. Then it gave me a quick jerk forward that nearly pulled me off my feet from its suddenness. Before I had recovered it shot out, and I was released and thrown back against my friends.

By this time I was firmly convinced that a confederate was concealed in the cabinet. I said:

"Will you shake hands with me again?"

In response the hand appeared before the curtain. I waited not one second, but with a quick motion dropped my head and dived for the cabinet, grasping low where the ankles and shins should be, and fully expecting to go rolling upon the floor with the confederate, man or woman. But instead I dived into an empty cabinet and sprawled full length on the floor—alone.

Karouse jumped to my aid and tried to help me to my feet. He said as I came up:

"I'll give you credit for being game, but I'm sorry, because the spirits are getting angry at you, and I fear they'll give you some harsh treatment before the night is over. I am losing control of my Indian spirit [his "control"]. He seems to be getting farther away from me."

I laughed at this, but I was the only one in the room that laughed.

"There's just one thing more I want to do," I said. "I want to go into the cabinet and then have the hand appear on the outside where the rest can see it."

Jones protested violently, but the medium parted the curtains and I entered the cabinet. After I was inside I said:

"Now let the hand appear." Of course I could see nothing, but in a few seconds I heard the bell ring without.

"Is that the hand?" I asked.

"Yes," came back the answer from some of the boys.

"Can you all see it?" I asked.

They chorused an affirmative. The bell went banging to the floor. That was all I cared to know. I was more mystified than before I went in. I then came out of the cabinet. They said that the hand "melted away" as I parted the curtains to come out. I then went scouting about the two rooms for "mirrors." I knew that a celebrated magician's "decapitation" stunt was done by the use of mirrors. But I could find none.

Karouse next took an ordinary chair and placed it with the back toward the cabinet. He then requested one of the boys to sit in it. He had been in it but a few seconds when the chair rose slowly from the floor until it was perhaps three feet in the air. Then it dropped suddenly, letting its occupant fall to the floor with a thud. After quiet was restored Karouse said that I could now sit in the chair if I wished. I sat in it in the same position as had the previous occupant. As I sat there waiting for the chair to rise I was struck a terrific blow on the side of the head. It was with an open palm, and it was sharp enough to bring from me, I fear, a "cuss" word.

"Did you get it, too?" asked Karouse.

I replied that it had been handed to me on no silver platter. Karouse said the spirits were evidently angry that there was a doubter in their midst, and he feared I might suffer real bodily harm if the work went on. But it was up to me to be a "hero" before my friends, and I insisted that the big show continue.

At about this point I began to ascend. The chair rose right into the air, carrying me with it.

"Going up," I said, trying to make a joke of it. But I did not stop going up at the point

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where the other fellow was dropped. The rooms were high-studded, and I began to wish that I had slipped a parachute into my pocket. However, I held my body in readiness to jump to break my fall when the chair should drop from under me. But here a surprising thing happened. Instead of dropping, I felt myself suddenly whirled into space, and I landed clear out on the floor of the front room, the chair on top of my body. That none of my bones was broken is even to-day a marvel to me. I was thrown probably twelve feet. It was just as if a giant had picked me up, held me above his head, and thrown me into the next room.

As I picked myself up there was but one thought in my mind. It was this:

"I am hypnotized. I have not fallen, nor have I been thrown. I simply imagine this thing has happened to me. I am surely hypnotized."

I turned quickly to my companions.

"Did you all see me thrown?" I asked.

They described my aerial journey, and it tallied with my feelings to the point of reality. It then flashed across me that my office mates were also hypnotized and believed they saw the same things that I believed I saw. It was all very mystifying and creepy, but I ordered the séance to proceed.

Just as I spoke, something punched me full in the face. I fell to the floor as if hit by a sandbag. Every man in the room saw it. But I was not hurt. The blow hurt as it struck me, but there was no sore spot on my face. Had a man hit me such a blow, my face would have stung for half an hour. Furthermore, I began to realize that there was not a sore spot on my body from my recent fall. It occurred to me that I could therefore undergo a repetition of the process. I requested that I be thrown again. But Karouse protested.

"Wait until to-morrow night. I'm really afraid to do any more to-night," said Karouse, lighting the gas in the room. Every one, I think, gave a breath of relief.

On the following night the performance of the evening before was repeated almost to the letter. I was thrown just as hard, cuffed on the ears, beaten with the spirit fist in the face three times, and knocked down once. I again held hands with the spirit of the cabinet and a moment later saw the hand fade into space as I attempted again to get familiar.

For six nights our séances continued. I spent my days reasoning and thinking, trying to determine upon explanations of the phenomena as produced by Karouse, and devising means to catch him in his "tricks." Until the last night nothing happened more startling than has already been told.

On the sixth night, however, I took in my pocket from the office a small bottle of red ink. When no one was observing, I smeared with ink the handle of the bell that the spirit hand was accustomed to ring. The handle was of black polished wood, and the ink did not show upon it in the semi-darkness. I then called for the "spirit hand trick," and Karouse obliged me. Taking the bell by the flange, I handed the handle to the spirit hand. The hand took it, as was its wont, shook it, and threw it to the floor.

"Turn on the light!" I commanded quickly to the man whom I had every night stationed at the parlor gas jet.

"Now light this one," I bade one of the men.

The gas was lighted in the cabinet room.

"Now, Mr. Karouse, hold out your hands," I said.

Karouse held out his hands, and there was the right hand smeared up and down from fingertips to wrist with red ink.

"But what did that prove?" you ask. I ask it, too. *For all the time that the spirit hand was ringing the bell Karouse, the medium, stood in my plain sight, fully eight feet away from the cabinet.* It was a blind grand-stand play on my part that accidentally worked out. I was more mystified at the dénouement than at the process of the "trick." Vaguely I had suspected that the spirit hand and Karouse's hand were one and the same. But what right had I to think this, when it would have been impossible for the medium to touch the cabinet from his position in the room?

Still, in a blind way I felt that I had scored a point against him, and the rest of the men in the room thought so, too. Karouse could see that we thought so, and he became suddenly flustered and nervous. In a confused way he kept repeating that the red-ink incident proved his point and not mine. I asked him for an explanation, and he said:

"It is simply that I am in such close touch with the spirit in control that the ink, a material substance, was communicated through space to me, lodging upon my body in the same position in which it would have appeared on the spirit body had it been possible for the spirit body to accept the impression. Had you been able to smear the neck or the face of the spirit body, that identical portion of my body would have been smeared in the same manner."

[Here is an incident almost precisely like that wherein the etheric face of Paladino impressed itself upon a dish of clay—except that in her case there was no stain. The conditions absolutely precluded her reaching the clay with her ordinary material face. H. G.]

Later I told my experiences to a hypnotist—one, mind you, who scoffs at spiritualism, a very rare case. I told him my theory of the whole affair was that I had been hypnotized by the medium, Karouse. I told him how the thought came to me after I had been thrown with the

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chair from one room to the other. His reply was:

"No, you were not hypnotized. For if you had been hypnotized, the thought that you were under a hypnotic spell could not have come to you while you were in the influence. It might have come later, but while you were being put through your 'stunts' your mind could not have become cognizant nor even suspicious of its hypnotic state."

So much for theories. I have had many, but they have each failed as a case-builder in some vital point. G. W. G

IV

THE winner of the fourth prize is a man in government employ, well authenticated as an officer, and his account of a series of experiments made by himself and a well-known professor present almost the ideal conditions. No professional psychic was involved, and the participants were all, seemingly, of deliberative temperament. The one point against it lies in the fact that the experiences date back some fifteen years. However, the writer, though inclined to the spirit hypothesis, evinces care in his story, and the results of his investigation, though negative in total outcome, afford some very singular and interesting confirmations of my own experiments. I have had several sittings with K——, and, although unconvinced at the time, I am inclined now to think his work a genuine exhibition of etheric hands.

In December, 1892, it was my good fortune to form the acquaintance of a leading professional gentleman of this city who was interested in psychical research. He and I, together with a common friend, a pharmacist, formed ourselves into a committee of investigation, determined to prove all things and hold fast to whatever truth might be vouchsafed us.

Our first experiences with the various mediums which our city afforded were far from satisfactory until we came in contact with Mr. K——. From him we received the first intimation that our friend the professor was possessed of the marvelous psychical gifts which were later on developed in our private sittings.

Acting upon the suggestion of K——, we at once commenced a series of sittings in the pharmacist's rooms. From the first we obtained table-tippings, rappings, etc.

The principal actor upon the unseen stage gave the name of "Jarvis James," but to all inquiries as to his earthly history he was noncommittal, invariably replying that it was sufficient for us to know that *he was* and *could communicate* with us in the manner he did.

After we had been sitting at the table for a week or more, Jarvis suggested that we sit at a curtain similar to that used by Mr. K——, claiming that he (Jarvis) could duplicate all the phenomena which are produced through K——, under the supposed direction of the American minstrel, George Christie, who has long since joined the great majority.

The curtain, or rather curtains, which we used were of black muslin. There was a plain black curtain with flaps, which was stretched across the corner of the room, falling to the floor. Its height when in position was about four and a half feet. In front of it were placed three chairs, and the sitters were seated with the medium, the professor, at the right. A second curtain was added after the sitters had taken their seats, which was pinned at each end of the first curtain, and also between each two sitters, thus entirely covering the persons sitting in front of the stretched curtain up to their necks; and when the flaps were pulled down over their shoulders nothing could be seen but the head of each. Before this last curtain was fastened over them the professor placed both hands upon the left forearm of the gentleman sitting next to him, one hand at the wrist and the other just below the elbow, while the second gentleman grasped the left hand of the third gentleman with his right, the right hand of the last named passing through an aperture in the second curtain, and being exposed to the view of all. Thus we formed what is known in spiritualistic parlance as a battery, at the same time establishing a test condition, for all the hands between the curtains were joined, and it was the duty of each to see that they so remained. All through our sittings strictly test conditions were adhered to. In the space behind the curtains there was placed a small table, and on this a tambourine, a bell, a pad of marked writing-paper, and several *black* lead-pencils.

The professor, the pharmacist, and myself had been sitting for some little time without any decided results, although we had felt and heard movements behind the curtain; they were very feeble, however, and it was quite evident that the elements in the battery were not of the proper kind to produce the desired results. So one night, after closing the curtain sitting, we decided to sit at the table and endeavor to ascertain through automatic writing the cause of our failure. Almost immediately after we had taken our places at the table the professor's hand was controlled, and there was written the following message: "*Hello, folks. G. C.*" This we at once recognized as coming from Mr. K——'s familiar spirit, and, what was more startlingly convincing, the handwriting was the same as that which came through Mr. K——. I had retained many of the slips received at K——'s, and subsequent comparisons with these proved the correctness of my judgment.

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After we were well under way I interrogated George as to the cause of our failure. He replied: "*K—— has a patent on that. Ask your smart Aleck Jarvis.*" Upon my expressing some surprise that he should show such a hostile spirit, he remarked: "*Jarvis said he could duplicate our tricks. Now let us see him do it. G. C.*" To which I rejoined that I felt quite sure he misjudged Jarvis, and believed Jarvis would be very glad of any assistance Christie might be able to lend us. Christie answered: "*No. But he thought he could do it by himself without any help. When he asks my assistance I will help you out. G. C.*" I then remarked that I hoped they would shake hands and work together to give us something great. To which came the following: "*We will be here Monday night together. We shake hands. G. C. and J. J.*"

One evening, about 10 P.M., an elderly gentleman, a chance acquaintance of the pharmacist, appeared at the pharmacist's store, and astounded him by asking him if he knew anything about spiritualism. Our sittings always had been in secret, and the pharmacist in surprise inquired as to the reasons for asking such a question, to which the elderly gentleman replied that he had been thinking upon that subject all day, and, judging from what he had seen of the pharmacist that he was a well-read man, he had decided to come and put the question. So the elderly gentleman was invited to be present at our next sitting; and from the moment that he took his seat in the center of the battery the phenomena produced were of the most startling and suggestive order.

Hands were exposed to our view over the curtains; the instruments on the table were manipulated, keeping perfect time with a gentleman present who played on a harmonica; messages were written in response to suggestions or questions asked and thrown over the curtains, often being written in different colors, although there was but *one* kind of a pencil on the table behind the curtain, and that *black* in color; the writing and the tearing of the sheets from the pad were distinctly heard by all present.

Another man now appeared upon the scene, a friend of mine, who was a phonographer in this city. This gentleman was well up in all that pertains to legerdemain. In my many conversations with him concerning the phenomena produced through Mr. K——, he had always claimed that they simply fell under the head of very clever tricks. So after we were fairly under way I sent my phonographic friend an invitation to investigate what I had to offer.

At our next sitting the phonographer, accompanied by a friend of his, who is a physician, was present. During the interval of delay in starting, due to the absence of the professor, who had been detained by his professional duties, we discussed Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena" pro and con. After the séance had begun, the very first message which came over the curtain was to this effect: "*I use the professor's subjective brain as well as his subjective arm and hand. Jarvis James.*" This was so very much to the point that I suggested to Jarvis that he write us a book, to which he replied: "*Wait for the book.*" And then, almost instantly, there was thrown over the curtain a sheet of paper numbered 1, on which were written seventy-six words, and before I could finish reading this to those assembled, five other sheets, numbered from 2 to 6 inclusive, came over the curtain together. This message, an intelligent argument containing several hundred words, was written in less time than I could read the first sheet; the reading, however, was somewhat delayed, owing to the dimness of the light and the rather ragged writing on the first sheet. The subsequent sheets were more clearly written, indicating that as the writing proceeded the power became stronger, and so continued until the last sheet, when the writing again became uneven.

The original message, as received, is still in my possession, and it was received on the evening of May 29, 1893.

At this sitting Jarvis agreed to try to manifest at my residence when next we assembled. My wife, who was present, inquired of him if he were fond of flowers, to which he replied in the affirmative; whereupon she promised him a bouquet of roses when he came to our home.

On the evening in question, June 2, 1893, the party met at my house, and in arranging the articles on the table behind the curtain I placed among them an American Beauty rose. Immediately after we had gotten in working order Jarvis remarked that he feared somebody had forgotten the promise made to him at our previous sitting. This remark recalled to my wife's mind the promise of a bouquet, whereupon she took a bunch of *white* roses, which she had gathered before the opening of the séance, and passed them to the hand extended over the top of the curtain, and they disappeared. Then it was that Jarvis inquired if we would like some of his favorite flowers. And upon receiving a reply in the affirmative, he said: "*Wait until I go to Rochester, New York, for them.*" There followed a silence not exceeding two or three minutes, and then, with three ringing raps, there were thrown over the curtain three pinks, or carnations, one dark red, another light red, the third variegated, followed at once by a message which read thus: "*One for each of the three ladies present,*" which statement was correct, there being three women in the circle. I then asked Jarvis if he could not get another for a niece of mine, to which he replied that he had not the power necessary to make a second trip, but that he would try to transform one of the roses into a pink. No sooner said than done, and with three ringing raps there came over a fourth pink, this time a pure white.

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The flowers in question were perfect of their kind, were preserved for many days, and the last one passed safely through the mail to my niece, covering a distance of 250 miles, as a memento of a most remarkable experience. After the séance was concluded, and the curtain had been pulled aside, it was found that the American Beauty had disappeared, but in its place there lay on the table a beautiful rosebud of a variety only recently introduced, the name of which I do not at this time recall, while the bunch of white roses was literally torn into snips, and lay scattered all over the floor in the rear of the curtain.

At this point our sittings were disturbed by gossip, and Jarvis decided to call a halt until fall.

Along about the middle of September we made a trial with the curtain, and Jarvis was on hand to receive us. The first message received was as follows: "*Here we R again. We come with Septembe—R and the oyste—R.*" But it was evident from the first that something was wrong, as he did not seem to be able to hold the forces, and the manifestations were decidedly weak. Jarvis, indeed, intimated that our curtain sittings were drawing to a close. Here he was questioned as to his identity, and his replies follow: "*I am not sure as to just what and who I am myself. I do not know whether I ever had an independent physical or bodily existence. I am the latent energy, a reserve vital and intellectual force. The professor can exist without me, but I cannot without him. I am the principal satellite of the professor; and that is all that I can say. Good night, and happy dreams. J. J.*"

[This is very suggestive. It would seem to be the subjective mind of the professor talking to itself. H. G.]

Our curtain sittings continued until September 25th, 1893, on which occasion Jarvis bade us adieu in the most abrupt manner. At this last sitting his first message was as follows: "*It seems good to be able to communicate with you again.*" This was followed by another to the effect that "*Our communion has been and must be short and sweet.*" And then after stating that the forces seemed to be disintegrating, that adverse influences were at work to frustrate his plans, he finally threw everything over the curtain, together with the following message: "*This, I am sorry to say, is our last successful meeting. We must drop the curtain. Good-by. Jarvis.*"

On the evening of the 27th of September, 1893, we again assembled for a table sitting. By means of automatic writing, we got a message from Jarvis in response to a question as to the professor's mediumistic powers:

"*The professor is not a medium except as he, in combination with others, furnishes the required qualities. He may sometime become one without assistance from others. A medium is not one person but a combination of forces. You each go to make up the requisite conditions, and in this manner you participate in the mediumship, and are thus mediums. J. J.*"

The sitting closed with the following:

"*It would be well for you to scatter, no two together, and through other associates get new and better results. Your sitting together weakens the very powers you are trying to cultivate. You have misjudged my motives. It was only to protect you from imposition on this side and from gossip on that that I thought it best to discontinue our sittings. If you would follow my suggestion and form new circles with new associates you would get better results. This is the same old battery and the same ingredients, and they seem to be wearing out. Get new material, or, in other words, renew the battery. J. J.*"

And from that night to the present writing we have never again heard directly from Jarvis.

The professor has never permitted himself to engage in further experiments along those lines, due largely to the fact that they involved a serious drain upon his nervous system, and the additional fact (and this needs to be emphasized and impressed upon the minds of all investigators of these phenomena) that in opening the door to these unseen and unknown influences great and grave dangers confront the neophyte.

O. P. C.

And now in concluding this series of prize-winning essays, let the reader note that though these articles run the gamut of spiritistic phenomena, they represent but a small part of the immense body of testimony which the competing hundreds of manuscripts have brought to EVERYBODY'S office. No reasonable mind can fail to be impressed by the weight of this evidence. It profoundly deepens and widens the reach of the physical universe—even if it does not map out the geography of heaven or satisfy us of the return of our dead.

H. G.

The announcement of the awards in the "Shadow World" contest will be found in "With EVERYBODY'S *Publishers," page 719. Owing to the lack of space, the account of a recent séance with Mme. Paladino, which was promised for this number, has been postponed. In a later issue Mr. Gilman Hall, one of the editors of* EVERYBODY'S, *and Dr. Herbert R. Moody, of the College of the City of New York, will give their reports of this interesting experiment.*—THE EDITORS.

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The Players

IT has come to pass that, in New York, the theatrical season has neither beginning nor ending. So far as the greater part of the country is concerned, the theatres end their season with the spring. Traveling companies begin closing in April, and the end of May sees most of them disbanded. A few highly successful plays continue into June, but usually all of that month is dead, in a theatrical sense, as are July and August, unless there is a stock company in the city.

It used to be the same in New York, but now conditions are different. The spring productions are more and more important each year, and while those plays that have had long runs usually succumb to hot weather, and the theatres they occupied are closed during the dog days, the later productions often have vitality enough to last through the hot weather without a break. Last summer "Paid in Full" and "Girls" had this distinction, and "The Witching Hour" could have continued had not the actors demanded a month's vacation. With these spring productions overlapping the winter ones, with the increasing number of musical "summer shows," and with the many "autumn" productions made in the midst of the hot weather in the hope that they will run all the year, the theatrical season has become virtually year-long.

But if it is thus impossible to fix the opening with any exactness, it is at least noticeable that nowadays the season in New York is in full swing a month or six weeks earlier than was the case four or five years ago. This year, however, a great many important productions have been delayed until after the election. A lively political campaign makes the theatres suffer.

The explanation for the advancement of the important openings is simple enough. It is chiefly a recognition of the mercantile buyer and of New York's popularity as a summer resort. The "summer shows" are supported principally by out-of-town people, supplemented by a considerable percentage of New Yorkers who will go to a theatre under any possible condition, if the show is talked about. But the August productions are for the great army of merchants and their employees from all over the country who are in New York to buy their season's stocks. They crowd the hotels; they swell the number of New York's transient visitors to 300,000. These buyers are inveterate theatre-goers, and the immediate harvest theatrical managers reap from them is enormous. If the merchants and their buyers are pleased, they become so many advance agents, from whose voluntary advertising the manager of the show has large returns when he takes his company on tour.

So far as the dramatic shows that continue through the summer are concerned, the problem is largely one of expense. These, with a small cast, or an inexpensive one, can make money even during the very hot weeks, when the audiences are bound to be small.

But the summer musical show must draw the crowd, and it will if it is good of its kind—which means that it must be very frothy, with many gaily caparisoned, energetic young women, as much fun as possible, and lively music. It seems to be especially important that, in these summer shows, which are all very much alike, the members of the company should have a vast amount of physical energy and opportunity to display it. It is extraordinary how many people are willing to pay for the privilege of sitting still in a very hot theatre, to watch the paid cavortings of other folks, whose activities must make them even warmer than those in the sweltering audience.

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LILLIAN RUSSELL IN "WILDFIRE."

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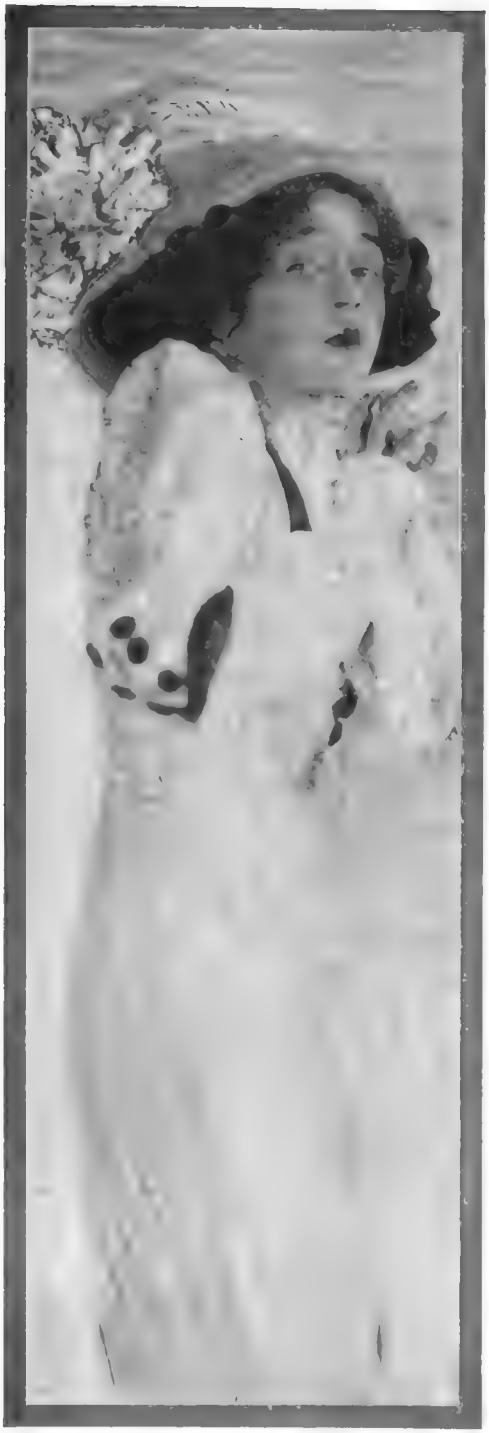

Photograph by White, New York.

MAE MURRAY IN "THE FOLLIES OF 1908."

Photograph by Strauss Studio, Kansas City.

GRACE GEORGE IN "GIVE AND TAKE."

"The Follies of 1908" is a typical summer show. It was a roof garden entertainment that is now touring the country. Last season a similar conglomeration was presented on a roof garden without any thought of its lasting beyond the hot weather. It was decided to experiment with it in regular theatres, and it made so much money that the owners of it were dazed. This season's attempt to satirize those things which had engrossed public attention during the year was far more elaborate, and the entertainment is far better than its predecessor. As usual, vaudeville performers carry off the honors—really it is a vaudeville show with a chorus background. Harry Watson, George Bickel, Billie Reeves, Nora Bayes, Lucy Weston are all names familiar to those who like vaudeville, and many of them do the same things they did in the vaudeville theatres.

One of the features that stand out prominently in "Three Twins," is Clifton Crawford's monologue, which has placed him in the front rank of individual entertainers. Mr. Crawford first became known as the author of "Nancy Brown," the song Marie Cahill took up. While he was agreeable in musical comedy, it was not until he made his hit in vaudeville (a hit that more than trebled his salary) that he came to be recognized as a finished light comedian, with a genuine sense of humor and a delicacy and sureness in acting skill. For one thing, he is an evening-clothes comedian, and he really lives up to them.

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

LOTTA FAUST IN "THE MIMIC WORLD."

There are in reality two stars in "Three Twins," the other being Bessie McCoy, who would be ever so much better if she never spoke at all, but merely confined herself to singing and dancing, especially dancing. In some mysterious fashion she has acquired the most awful travesty of an English accent, unlike anything ever spoken by anybody else anywhere. But when she sings "The Yama Yama Man," assisted by the grotesquely dressed chorus, one forgets her defects. It is a real novelty, that song, and it takes up most of the last act because of the many encores it always gets. Incidentally, there are other things about "Three Twins" that make it a real success. It is an adaptation of "Incog.," a successful farce written by Mrs. Pacheco several years ago, and it has capital situations that provoke real mirth. There are always welcome interruptions in the way of songs, which are tuneful, at least —familiarly so. And there is one portrayal in addition to that of Mr. Crawford which is really remarkable—that of Frances Kennedy as a cheerful weeper. It is extraordinary how much humor she extracts from tears.

"The Mimic World" is also a typical summer show, but its world is not very big nor is its mimicry overwhelmingly amusing. Sometimes it approaches too closely to vulgarity. It seeks to present a series of burlesques of theatrical successes, of which the best are those on "Girls" and "The Thief."

In vaudeville they used to be known as "The Four Cohans." Now they are "George

Photograph by White, New York.

IDA BROOKS HUNT IN "ALGERIA."

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Cohan and His Royal Family," so securely does kingship rest upon the youngest member of the now reunited family. "The Yankee Prince" is quite as lively, if not so tuneful nor so funny, as its predecessors. On the other hand, it is in ever so much better taste.

Of course, as in his other plays, Mr. Cohan clings to the melodramatic notion in this musical play, but he admirably curbs his blood-and-thunder tendencies, and it is good enough to be a real success even if Mr. Cohan himself were not the star. His personal popularity would make almost any play a success. His really wonderful dancing, his fearsome nasal twang, and his familiar antics are greatly beloved of theatre-goers. As an author he has a genuine gift for satire and a sure sense of humor. As a composer he can always be depended upon to send forth melodies that will be whistled. But what is really best about young Mr. Cohan is his tireless energy. In any one of the different fields in which he has distinguished himself, as a comedian, as a librettist, as a composer, as a producer, and as a manager, he has won success that would satisfy any ordinary man who devoted himself exclusively to any one of these activities. But he finds time for all of them, and to do each well.

Although their combined age is not much more than sixty, he and his partner, Sam H. Harris, are real factors in the theatrical world. When Cohan was a youthful prodigy in vaudeville, Harris was a waiter on the Bowery. Later Harris became a manager of prize-fighters, and from that he graduated into the theatrical game. Now he is recognized as one of the shrewdest and ablest of the younger managers.

Richard Carle, who is the only rival of young Mr. Cohan in the point of versatility, turned a French farce into a musical comedy that he called "Mary's Lamb" and that affords him opportunity to be far funnier than in anything in which he has yet appeared. Beyond the opportunity that Mr. Carle gave himself, the lamb is rather lacking in fleece, but Carle is funny enough to keep people from noticing the bare places. He manages to stay on the stage the greater part of the time.

Photograph by Bangs, New York.

FLORENCE WALTON IN "THE FOLLIES OF 1908."

When "The Man from Home" came to New York, audiences immediately endorsed the Chicago verdict that it is one of the cheerfulest, wittiest, and altogether most delightful comedies presented in a long time. And people in New York and Chicago don't always agree about shows.

"The Man from Home" is bound to make Americans laugh, and to please them as well, no matter where they may be. Its real humor, which sweeps along in an unbroken chain, has substance in it. Its satire is at once so obvious that the simplest intelligence can grasp it, and so keen and penetrating, so sound in its underlying philosophy, that it commands the attention of persons with high and expansive brows. Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson may not have much skill as playwrights, but they know human nature and they portray it marvelously well. Also, they write brilliantly effective lines. They have at least one really dramatic situation in the comedy and several situations that have a certain value.

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Photograph by White, New York.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS AND ADELAIDE MANOLA IN "ALL FOR A GIRL."

Furthermore, the comedy has the always dependable appeal to national prejudice. The hero is a shrewd, far-seeing country lawyer, wise and humorous, full of homely, witty anecdotes and illustrations—a sort of modern version of Lincoln. Above all, one feels that he is a man. The Russian grand duke, whom he meets through an automobile accident, recognizes this, and the two fraternize on the most familiar basis, the lawyer having not the slightest suspicion of the other's exalted rank. The *Earl of Hawcastle*, who is willing to have his bounder of a son marry the foolish American girl because of her money, is drawn to suit popular notions. Of course there are English noblemen of that type, but the percentage is not so large as playwrights and novelists would have us believe. Still, English authors even up the score when they introduce American characters into their plays and stories. They are equally alive to the commercial value of national prejudice. In "The Man from Home" the brilliant Mr. Tarkington from Indiana and the able and forceful Mr. Wilson from Omaha are aggressively American. They

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Photograph by The George R. Lawrence Co., Chicago.

ARNOLD DALY IN "THE REGENERATION."

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contend, in the comedy, that as a living-place America is superior to every other place under the sun, and prove it conclusively by living abroad themselves.

It is finely acted, this play. William Hodge, the star, plays *Daniel Voorhees Pike* with a lazy, drawling simplicity and naturalness that are irresistible, and with the liveliest appreciation of the humor of the lines. In fact he is so admirable that he seems not to be acting at all—which is about the highest praise that can be given a player—and yet not a single point escapes him. Some five years ago Mr. Hodge attracted attention to himself as *Mr. Stubbins* in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"; but though he has done excellent things since, it was not until he came forth as *Pike* that he proved how fine his acting skill really is.

Photograph by Moffett, Chicago.

BESSIE McCOY IN "THREE TWINS."

All of the parts are exceptionally well acted, and especially that of the son of the *Earl of Hawcastle*—the "silly ass" type of English bounder, portrayed by Echlin Gayer. Usually this familiar rôle is made a grotesque, impossible burlesque, but Mr. Gayer makes *St. Aubyn* a human being. The smaller parts of the Italian servants are so real that they give more "atmosphere" than does the scenery.

Robert Edeson specializes in many American rôles, and these are admirable characters for a player to be identified with. Latterly he has leaned toward dramas with a primeval setting or background. His new play is "The Call of the North," and the action takes place at the most northerly post of the Hudson's Bay Company. George Broadhurst made the play from Stewart Edward White's story, "Conjuror's House." The dramatization is wholesome and harmless, with some scenes of great strength and others that drag dolefully. Unfortunately, the really strong scenes do not come in the right place, so that there is a sense of anticlimax.

George Broadhurst has fixed formulas, working along old-fashioned lines with modern material, and in "The Call of the North" it is not difficult to dissociate the work of the author of the story and that of the maker of the play. Mr. White knows the wilds and the spirit of the people who inhabit them. When he dominates "The Call of the North" it throbs with the strength of the elemental. In his story the chief interest centered in the clash between the factor of the Hudson's Bay Company and *Ned Trent*. Mr. Broadhurst believes that no play can be really successful unless it revolves about the love of a man and a woman, which is true in a way, but unfortunately he seems to know only one method of expressing the idea, and in consequence usually makes the love interest uninteresting.

The playwright's characters are hopelessly urban, and therefore seem unreal. That which was expected to be the big scene is discounted in advance, and it seems purely artificial and theatric, because of the futile effort to make the love interest dominant. "The Call of the North" has all the elements of a strong play, but its handling makes it only passable. It will depend on the acting and the personal following of Robert Edeson for financial success. But it is admirably acted. Mr. Edeson has naturalness, intelligence, and sincerity. Also, he has the repose that comes from real strength. His art ripens with experience. The most remarkable acting in the play was that of a beginner—a girl of seventeen, Beatrice Prentice, who portrayed *Julie Bagneau*, a little French girl, and who is on the stage only a few minutes all told. She looked the *habitant*. Of all those on the stage none was made

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up so artistically, so faithfully. And she carried a scene, in which she learns of the murder of her father, with a strength and passion that took audiences by storm.

"The Traveling Salesman" is another of those lively entertainments which depend upon their incidental scenes, not too strongly related, and their bright lines to carry them. It isn't so good as James Forbes's former comedy, "The Chorus Lady," not nearly so good, but it is bound to make an appeal to a sufficient number of people to keep it running for a long time. Mr. Forbes has a gift of humor as well as of satire, and an extraordinary skill in making his characters individual and real.

Much of the success of "The Traveling Salesman" rests with Frank J. McIntyre, who plays *Bob Blake*, and who made such a hit last season as the fat boy in "Classmates" with Robert Edeson. He has the unctuous humor that is usually associated with avoirdupois, and has also a naturalness, a keen appreciation of fun, and an offhand way of scoring his points that make him highly effective on the stage. The other traveling men are types, and seem to belong to the road. Gertrude Coghlan plays the heroine sweetly, which is all she has opportunity to do, while the *Mrs. Babbitt* of Sarah McVickar is exceedingly droll in its eccentricity.

If the whole comedy of "All for a Girl" were as good as the lines, it would be a very remarkable play, instead of being merely a very cheerful, very sprightly humorous romance. It is essentially an entertainment for girls of all ages, with a particular appeal to those whose thoughts are chiefly on matrimony, or rather on courtship. Rupert Hughes has taken a good, old, thoroughly tried notion of young people falling in love with each other while masquerading; has placed it in a very modern environment, and extracted from it about all the humor and interest possible.

It exploits Douglas Fairbanks as a star. He is a good-looking young man, with a wide smile, irrepressible spirits, and a consistency in his acting that passes for much greater skill than he really possesses. He attracted some attention in "Frenzied Finance," a farce that was short-lived, and made a big hit in "The Man of the Hour." He belongs to the type of actor that used to be known as the matinée idol, and his admirers were really excited when it was announced that he was to marry the daughter of the Mr. Scully who made a fortune in cotton, to quit the stage, and make soap. But he is back again, although he did marry Miss Scully.

In this comedy he is called upon to depict the extremely fashionable New York man. He wears very fine clothes with much grace, but he is smart in the sense in which the word is used in the country, rather than in the New York sense, which is something quite different. No one who knows would accuse *Harold Jepson* of being a member of the "smart set," as Mr. Fairbanks plays the character. On the other hand, Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh, as *Mrs. Van Espen*, is an aristocrat to her finger-tips, and her portrayal is a constant delight. Adelaide Manola, daughter of Marion Manola, the once famous light opera singer, is *Antoinette Hoadley*, the girl with ten millions, and she is very lovely and charming in the rôle.

THE "YAMA YAMA GIRLS" IN "THREE TWINS."

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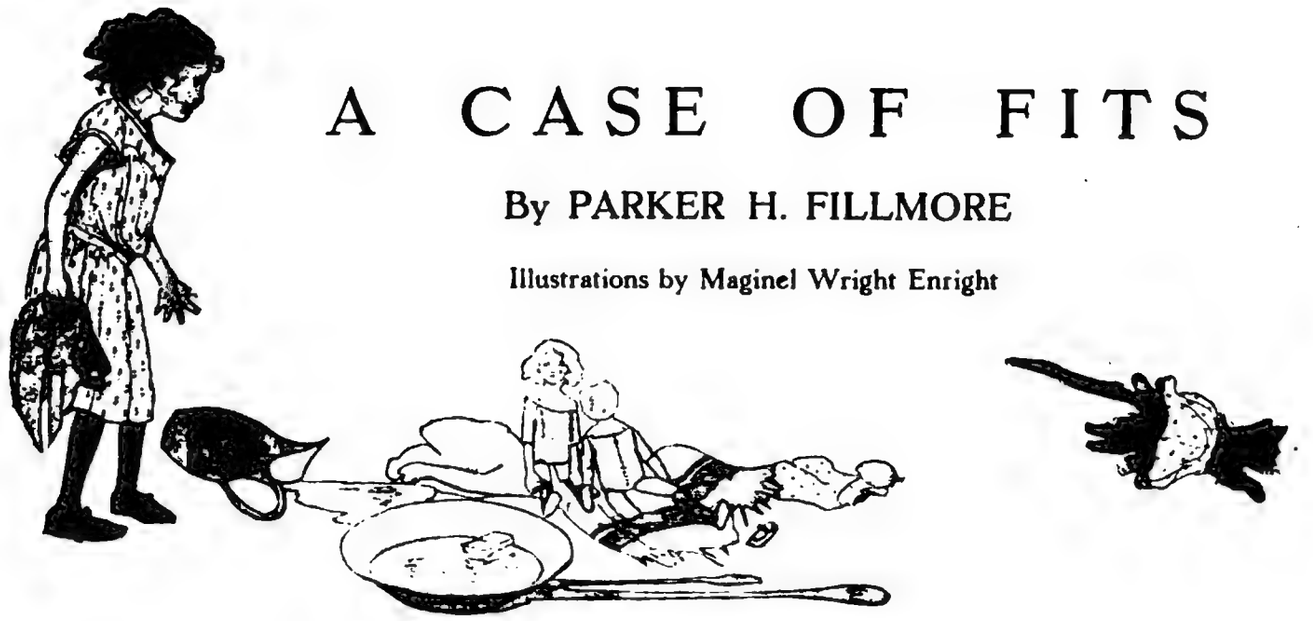

A CASE OF FITS

By PARKER H. FILLMORE

Illustrations by Maginel Wright Enright

"IF I had my way," Aunt Allie began, emphatically, "not a child should be allowed an animal for a pet. All they do is torture them. It's an outrage!"

"Is that so?" the Blair father murmured, his attention divided between breakfast and a letter that had just come in. "What's the matter now, Allie?"

"It's Margery, of course. You'd know what it was if you would only listen to me. That unfortunate little cat! If Margery were a baby, I could excuse her. But a great big girl eight years old! I told you how she nearly choked it dressing it up in doll's clothes. I told you how she nearly cut its leg off trimming its hair. I told you how she nearly drowned it washing it in soap and water. And yesterday—yesterday—" Aunt Allie shut her lips and elevated her chin as though yesterday's conduct were too scandalous for words.

"You know very well, Nesbit," she continued, opening the attack, as it were, from another quarter, "I would do anything in the world for poor Kate. If my coming here and taking care of the children will give her a rest, I'm willing to come. Before her marriage I saved her in every way. She never had anything to interfere with her music and reading. And now—now—what with the worry of housekeeping and bringing up four children, no wonder she's on the verge of breaking down."

"From this letter," the Blair father remarked, dryly, "she seems to be feeling pretty well again. Last week she went to three bridge parties and four musicales."

"It isn't the twins," Aunt Allie went on, ignoring her brother-in-law's insinuation. "They're quiet, well-behaved girls. And Henry's a good boy, usually."

Margery looked at her brother and sisters savagely. Katherine and Alice were eating their breakfast as though unconscious of the discussion of their elders. They reminded Margery of white rabbits, the way they munched, munched, munched, with blank, expressionless faces. Henry was a little better, for the intentness with which he was regarding his oatmeal showed that at least he knew something was happening.

"But Margery, Nesbit—Margery! And who's that nasty little boy she plays with? That Jones boy—Willie Jones?"

"Do you think this a good time to deal in personalities?" the Blair father ventured.

"As good as any, Nesbit. Besides, I never can get you in the evening. You always slip away. If I had any authority—but of course I haven't—I should not allow that Jones boy inside the yard. Just wait till I tell you the cruel——"

"It seems to me a trifle odd," the Blair father interrupted, "that a nature like yours, which sympathizes so keenly with all the rest of the animal creation, should so little understand the workings of the young human." The four young humans at the table instantly pricked up their ears. When a grown-up uses unintelligible phraseology like that, depend upon it he's trying to talk over your head. What he says, therefore, deserves attention. So the Blair father's meaning, if not his words, was very generally understood by the time he concluded. "Believe me, Allie, they repay a little kind-

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ness far more than the most responsive dog or cat you've ever had."

"Cat, yes. It's just about that poor little cat I'm trying to tell you."

The Blair father, seeing his sister-in-law determined to speak, said no more.

"Yesterday morning Margery rushed in and, in the greatest excitement, dragged me out to see—what do you suppose? That unfortunate little cat in a fit! She and that Jones boy were dancing about, clapping their hands and shouting. In good faith the little Jones villain confided to me, 'Gee whiz! it was the best fit Pinkie ever throwed.' Such grammar, too! And think of their glorying in the poor little creature's fits!"

The Blair father seemed to be thinking, but only of his eggs. Undiscouraged, Aunt Allie went on:

"It seems that he has some young white rats, and he and Margery were amusing themselves dangling one of them by the tail in front of the cat's nose. Imagine the feelings of that poor little white rat! Oh, what wretches children are! They got the cat so excited that, finally, they had him walking round on his hind legs with his mouth open. Then the little Jones villain began dropping the rat a little way into the cat's mouth and pulling it back. One time he was not quick enough. The cat gave a jump and a gulp and the rat was gone—swallowed whole and alive! Ugh! It makes me shudder to think of it! A fit followed, of course! I got there before it was over, and the little Jones villain had the impudence to ask me if I didn't think the show was worth a white rat! If I had had my way I shouldn't have been long in giving them both a sound whipping—one that they would have remembered for many a long day."

THEY REMINDED MARGERY OF WHITE RABBITS.

"Did you try to explain to them?" the Blair father asked.

"Explain to them? I should have liked to explain with the aid of a good stout ruler! They'd have understood that."

Margery, her breakfast untouched, had been staring at her aunt with hot, angry eyes. She spoke now in a tone of measured fury not pleasant to hear in a small girl:

"Aunt Allie—I—hate—you!"

Startled by the vehemence of the attack and insulted anew, Aunt Allie appealed to her brother-in-law with a tight lip and a cold eye which challenged him on his peril, as a father and a disciplinarian, to allow this fresh outbreak of savagery to pass unreproved. But, as she might have known, his first words were directed against herself.

"Your untimely arraignment," he said, speaking rapidly and in the adult vocabulary, "has provoked the retort. On the part of the culprit it is an evidence not of incorrigibility but of candor and fearlessness."

Then he looked at his youngest daughter sternly. "Margery, you must not speak that way to your aunt. Apologize at once."

"But it's true, Father. I do hate her—she's so mean."

"Apologize at once! Do you hear me?"

"But, Daddy, it's true. You don't want me to tell a lie?"

Then the Blair father became oracular, as a man sometimes must in the bosom of his family:

"Listen, Margery: Little girls and other people as well cannot always be responsible for their feelings, but they are and they must be responsible for their actions. Perhaps you cannot help thinking things which you should not think, but you can help saying them. Do you understand me? So now, once for all, whatever you think about your aunt you must treat her with respect always, because she is your aunt. And she's a kind aunt, too," he continued, hoping to add sentiment to reason. "Don't you remember how good she was to you when you were sick?"

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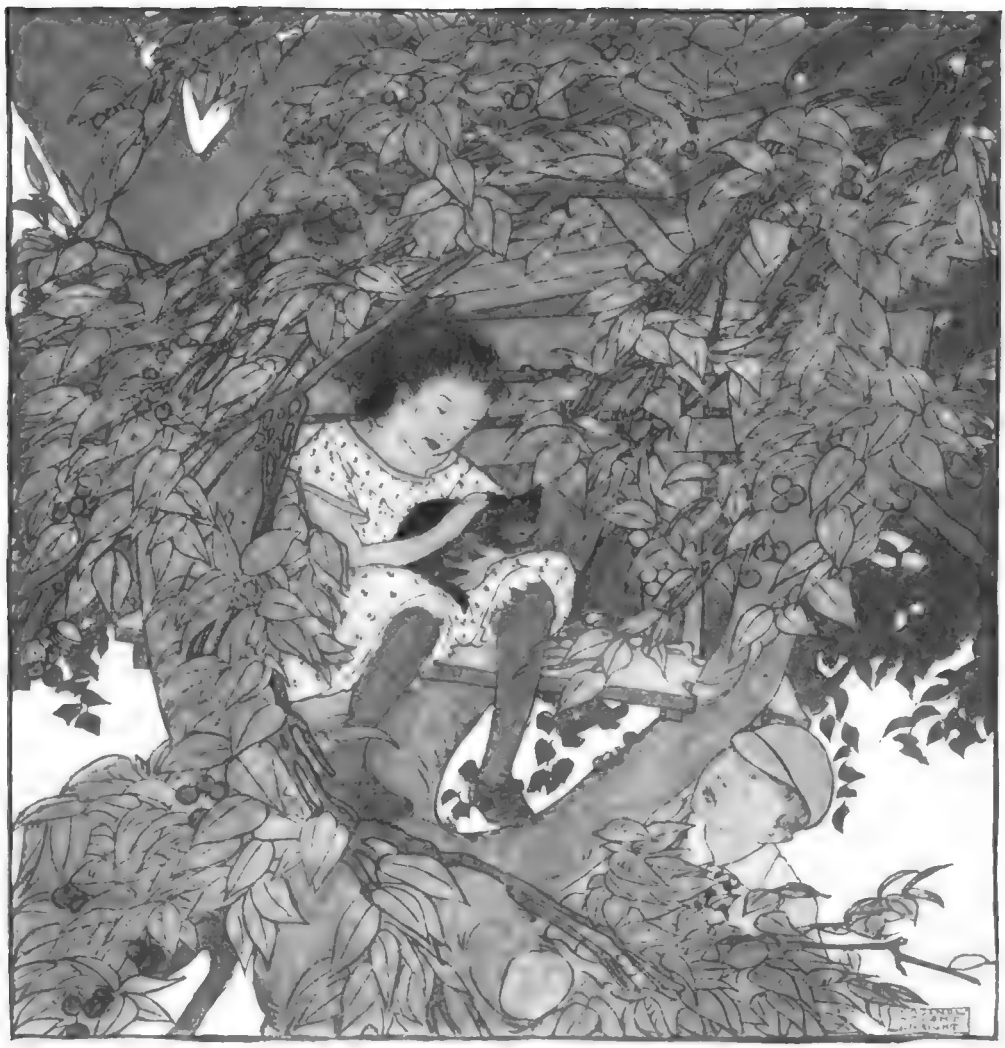

WILLIE JONES CLIMBED THE CHERRY TREE.

"Yes, Daddy; but she's horrible to me when I'm well."

"And don't you remember how good she is to Mother when Mother's sick?"

"Yes, Daddy, but——"

"No more *buts*, Margery. Tell Aunt Allie you're sorry for what you said, and that you won't say such a thing again."

The apology, as satisfactory as apologies usually are, brought the discussion to a close, and breakfast ended in silence. The Blair father left for town, and Henry and the twins, ready for school, bade their aunt good-by with that air of sanctimonious propriety which the neutrals in any conflict naturally assume. If they regarded Margery with just a shade of distant coldness it was because they realized that, for all practical purposes, hers was the losing side. Would it not be folly for unprejudiced neutrals to show sympathy for the losing side?

There were still a few days of school for Henry and the twins, but Margery's grade had been dismissed for the long vacation two days before. So Margery was left alone with her aunt. She stole out of the house as soon as she could and, with her kitten in her arms, climbed the old cherry tree in the back yard and settled herself comfortably in the little hut which she and Willie Jones had

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built in a high crotch. There Aunt Allie spied her—the very embodiment of a dear, gentle little girl who could not possibly get into mischief for several hours at least. Aunt Allie looked at the clear sky, sniffed the fresh morning air, and wondered if she herself, unnoticed, might not slip off to the woods. Aunt Allie loved the outdoors, and this morning there was nothing to keep her in but the responsibility of Margery. Effie was sweeping up-stairs and would be busy all the forenoon, and the older children would not be home before twelve. Aunt Allie took one more glance at Margery, who, crooning softly to her kitten, looked safer than ever, and then, accepting the invitation of sky and air, went quietly out the front gate and away.

Timing its arrival nicely with Aunt Allie's departure, Willie Jones's head popped over the back fence and gave out a shrill, "Hoo-hoo!" which was answered in kind from the cherry tree.

"Where's your Aunt Allie, Margery?"

"Why?"

"I got a note for her. My mother's gone to town, and I'm going to stay to your house for lunch."

"Aunt Allie's in the house," Margery said.

But, as there was plenty of time to deliver the note, Willie Jones did not at once move toward the house. Instead, thrusting the envelope into his pocket, he climbed the cherry tree.

"Huh!" he began, at sight of Margery's kitten. "I thought she said Pinkie was going to be sick after that fit! Much she knows about it! Just listen to him!"

If volume of purring be any indication of health in a young cat, then Pinkie's constitution had not yet been seriously impaired. He was rumbling like a small engine, with a churning, muffled roar that sent faint, ticklish vibrations through Margery's body.

"Just listen to him!" repeated Willie Jones. "What'd your Aunt Allie say if she could hear him now? Aw, rats! She needn't think she can fool us, 'cause she can't! Say, Margery, you know Butch?"

Of course Margery knew Butch. Butch was the fat grocery boy who drove the wagon and who, if you didn't call him names, would sometimes give you a ride.

"Well, I was tellin' Butch about Pinkie's fit yesterday, and he says 'tain't nothin' at all. Kittens always have fits. And he says the easiest way is to give 'em a hunk o' raw meat. I don't want to waste any more white rats, so I thought if you wanted to play circus this morning before Henry and the rest o' them come home——"

But the suggestion did not please Margery. "No," she said, firmly. "I'm afraid it will hurt Pinkie."

"Hurt nothin'! Don't you suppose Butch knows? They've got lots o' cats down there at the grocery."

"Besides, Willie, you know how mad Aunt Allie would be."

"Aunt Allie nothin'! How's she goin' to know? She wouldn't ha' known yesterday if we hadn't told her. Aunt Allie makes me tired, she does, the way she butts in."

Now Margery enjoyed a circus as much as any one, and she was tempted to consent.

"Are you sure Butch said it would be all right?"

"Course I'm sure. Didn't I ask him if fits hurt 'em, and didn't he say, 'Naw. Don't all cats have 'em just like kids have measles?'"

"But measles hurt," Margery objected, remembering her own experience.

"Yes, but you got to have 'em, don't you see? Why, I heard my mother say to Gran'ma once, 'I wisht Willie'd hurry and ketch the measles so's to be over with 'em.' So if Pinkie's got to have fits anyhow, we might just as well have the fun of seeing them."

There was something in that, and at last Margery went so far as to say that if she were only sure that Aunt Allie would not find out——

"Go in the house and see what's she doing," Willie suggested. "I'll hold Pinkie."

Margery went and soon returned with the news that Aunt Allie was not there.

"Then probably she's gone to town," was Willie's hopeful surmise. "Let's hurry and have our fun before she gets back."

In the ice-chest they found a large piece of lean beef from which it was a pleasure to hack off two nice juicy hunks.

"You mustn't feed 'em to Pinkie, Butch says," admonished Willie, when they were once more under the cherry tree ready to open the circus. "You must get him real excited and then let him swallow 'em whole."

So the white-rat tactics of the day before were followed. Again and again the hunks were lowered temptingly close to Pinkie's pink nose and as often snatched away, until Pinkie was quivering with aroused ferocity, working his whiskers and swishing his tail

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like a young tiger, sending forth growls and roars that were delightful to hear and also a little fearsome. At the proper moment he was allowed to capture the hunks, which he swallowed in a manner that could not have failed to win the approval even of Butch. So ended the first act.

In the short intermission that followed, Pinkie, in the dejection usual after great exhilaration, essayed a languid toilet, and Margery took a peep through the house to make sure that Aunt Allie had not yet returned.

The second act opened with a brilliant high jump and a blood-curdling *yowl*, which gave unmistakable notice that the fit was on. It was quicker in coming than the white-rat fit and more exciting while it lasted. Backward and forward leaps, double somersaults, looping-the-loops, hardly describe the wonderful gyrations with which Pinkie entertained them. Up the cherry tree he went like a flash, down he fell with a thud, and then whirled round and round and over and over until Margery cried out in fright and alarm: "Oh, Pinkie, Pinkie, be careful! You'll hurt yourself!"

But Pinkie was not to hurt himself much longer. There was one last convulsion that tossed the little creature high up in the air, and then the performance was over.

When Margery reached the small, quivering body she found the eyes open and staring and the pretty kitten mouth twisted into a snarl.

"He's hurt! I'm sure he's hurt! Poor Pinkie, poor Pinkie! I don't care what Butch says, I won't let him have a fit again!"

She picked him up tenderly and, as she did so, the little head rolled limply back. The body was still now except for an occasional twitch, and Margery, with a new terror, seeing that the eyes continued their sightless stare and the mouth its breathless snarl, felt suddenly weak and sick.

"Willie!" she gasped. "I believe—I believe he's—he's dead!"

She knew death as most children know it—on hearsay, as a common enough occurrence, but one which does not touch them personally. She had seen a few dead animals and had known that they were dead. But this was different. How could it be possible that this limp, irresponsive mass was her own little Pinkie, who but a few moments before had been full of life and vigor? In a few moments more he would waken and frisk again, she declared to herself. But despite her vehement insistence, a dull something told her that he never would.

"And it was the fit that killed him! I know it was! Oh, dear—oh, dear—oh, dear!" she sobbed, in a transport of grief.

Willie Jones, poking a cautious finger here and there into Pinkie's soft fur, could offer no word of hope. But he did what he could to comfort.

WILLIE JONES COULD OFFER NO WORD OF HOPE.

"Aw, now, Margery, you needn't feel so bad. Butch says, he says—" Willie racked his brains to think of something appropriate for Butch to say. "Butch says, he says—why, he says when fits kill kittens, why, he says they'd die anyhow! It means they ain't strong to begin with, you know."

"Are you sure Butch says that?" Margery quavered.

"Of course I'm sure," Willie declared, stoutly. "Butch says if they're weak and sick they're going to die anyhow, and they might as well go in a fit as any other way. You just can't save 'em."

"But Pinkie didn't act weak or sick."

"That's just it! He didn't act that way, but he must ha' been or he wouldn't ha' died, don't you see? That proves it!"

"Do you really think so?"

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"Sure. But see here, Margery, hadn't we better bury him before Aunt Allie gets back?"

Willie was right. They had better bury him before Aunt Allie got back. Margery roused herself from her grief to make ready for the funeral.

The preparations were simple. They made a pretty casket by lining a shoe box with pink tissue paper. ("Pink always was Pinkie's color," Margery sniffled.) Then, while they were selecting a site for the grave, Margery thought of a new detail.

"Before we bury him, I think we ought to put some crape on the door, don't you? They always do for real people."

Willie agreed enthusiastically. Pinkie was a nice kitten, as nice as any one. He deserved crape. Willie was doubtful on only one score: What if Aunt Allie——

"Well, we'll just have to watch, and, when we see her coming, snatch it off."

That settled, they deposited the casket, temporarily, in the stable and went into the house to hunt some crape. Now, because the zest of life was fast returning, it would be unfair to say that Margery had already forgotten her grief. It is true she set about the search for crape with spirit and energy, and the search, merely as such, brought back the sparkle to her eye and the laugh to her lip. But this is only as it should be. Her grief over Pinkie was genuine, yet, after all, Pinkies are not the whole of the game of life, and there is no way to find this out so quickly as by busying oneself with another part of the game—hunting crape, for instance. Call such busyness work, and, lo, a philosophy of life in a nutshell; for, depend upon it, work is as surely a small girl's salvation as it is a man's.

"Oh, I know!" Margery cried, with sudden inspiration. "Aunt Allie's long motor veil would make dandy crape!"

They found it in Aunt Allie's room. On a work table in the same place there was a straw hat which Aunt Allie was trimming for a garden party. It was to have lavender strings, one of which, Margery saw at once, would be just the thing with which to tie the crape. So they borrowed it also.

They draped the veil and the lavender net over the front door-bell, soiling both as little as possible, and then stood off to see the effect. It was simply lovely.

"That's what I call dead swell," Willie Jones said, heartily. "But hadn't we better put some flowers on, too?"

Flowers, Margery realized immediately, would be a crowning touch. So they picked a bunch of geraniums, red and pink, and stuck as many as they could around the knob of the door-bell.

"And now let's sit down under the syringa bush near the gate and see what happens," Willie suggested. "And if anybody says anything to you, you've got to cry like the dickens. Don't forget."

The first passer-by was a fat woman with a heavy market basket. Just in front of the gate she put down her basket for a moment's rest.

"Boo-hoo at her," Willie Jones whispered with a nudge.

"Boo-hoo!" roared Margery, just as the fat woman caught sight of the crape on the door.

"Sakes alive!" said the fat woman. "Who's dead now?"

"Pinkie!" sobbed Margery.

"Pinkie!" the fat woman repeated, looking more astonished than ever. "Who's Pinkie?"

Margery, boo-hooing away, paid no heed to this poser, so Willie Jones had to meet it as best he could.

"Pinkie," said Willie Jones. "Why, don't you know who Pinkie was? I thought everybody knowed Pinkie! Why Pinkie—Pinkie was—I mean—yes—you see—Pinkie," he declared, finally, "why, Pinkie was her little sister!"

"You poor little thing!" the fat woman said, with ready sympathy. "And you loved your little sister, didn't you? Now ain't that just too touchin'? But, say, little boy, she hadn't ought to be out in front to-day. 'Tain't proper. You keep her playin' in the back yard. That's a good boy. And here," she said, picking out of her basket two nice bananas and handing them over the fence, "here's something that'll comfort her."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Willie Jones, politely.

Then he led Margery toward the back yard, where they remained until the fat woman had passed on.

"I wish," remarked Willie, complacently, as, once more settled under the syringa bush, they finished their bananas, "I wish some one else would come home from market That was great."

"But what'll you say if it's somebody that knows us?"

Willie wagged his head confidently. "Don't you worry. I'll fix that all right."

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WILLIE AND MARGERY HAD THE PLEASURE OF FURNISHING A STARTLING SENSATION.

The next person was Butch, who came by driving the grocery wagon.

"Oh, gee!" he exclaimed, checking his horse at sight of the crape. "Who's dead a'ready?"

As he received no immediate answer, he tried again. "Is it Mis' Blair?"

Margery shook her head and nudged Willie to speak. As she had foreseen, Pinkie could not again be used, and Willie realized that he would have to sacrifice one of the family. His hesitation was not over the deed itself, merely over the selection of a victim.

"What's the matter with you kids? Can't you talk? Who's dead a'ready?"

"Margery's Aunt Allie," Willie replied with the greatest dignity.

"Oh, Willie!" Margery gasped.

"Boo-hoo," Willie whispered.

"Boo-hoo!" Margery wailed, obediently. "Aunt Allie! Poor Aunt Allie!"

"Why, you don't say so!" Butch exclaimed in candid surprise. "I thought I seen her this morning."

"'Spect you did. She died very sudden."

"You don't say so!" Butch exclaimed again. "What'd she die of?"

"Fits," said Willie Jones primly.

"Fits!" repeated Butch. "You don't say so!"

"Say, Butch."

"Well?"

"Give us a ride?"

"Sure."

So Willie and Margery climbed into the grocery wagon and accompanied Butch on a short round of deliveries. Butch asked further details until he was able to tell a connected story in the various kitchens where he stopped.

The servants, and sometimes the members of the family, came out to question Willie and Margery, who had the pleasure that morning of furnishing a quiet neighborhood a startling sensation. Margery experienced a growing apprehension, and would have checked the free flowering of Willie's fancy. But he was irrepressible, and she had, perforce, to give tearful assent to each new adaptation and to boo-hoo at frequent intervals.

"Why, I never *heard* of such a thing!" Gladys Bailey's mother declared, as, in kimono and bedroom slippers, she hurried out to the street. "A fit?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Willie Jones, firmly.

"What did it come from? Did the doctor say?"

"From eating raw meat, the doctor says."

"Eating raw meat! Why, I never *heard* of such a thing! Did your aunt eat raw meat, Margery?"

"Boo-hoo!" wailed Margery.

"Of course she did," Willie Jones answered. "She used to eat it right down in

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hunks without chewin' it. Butch used to bring her raw meat every day, didn't you, Butch?"

Butch, who, by this time, was beginning to think that he himself had witnessed the fit, gave ready assent. "Sure I did, Mis' Bailey. Why, just this morning on my first trip I took her a big piece of lean beef. 'Be sure it's lean,' she says to me. 'I'm particular about havin' it lean.'"

"Why, I never *heard* of such a thing!" the Bailey mother again informed them. "And did you see the fit, Willie?"

"Yes, ma'am. It was awful. She just dug her fingers and her toes into the cherry tree and scooted——"

"Her toes? Why, I never *heard* of such a thing! Was she barefoot?"

"No—yes—no—I mean not exactly barefoot. She wasn't barefoot—at first, I mean. But she jumped around so, you know, her shoes and stockin's come off."

"Came off! Why, I never *heard* of such a thing! I suppose I ought to go right over and see if I can be of any help."

Willie Jones earnestly assured her that this was unnecessary. "Everything's been done, ain't it, Margery? All the neighbors rushed in and fixed up everything. She's all ready to be buried this afternoon."

"Buried this afternoon! Why, I never *heard* of such a thing! Are you sure?"

"Of course I am. Ain't the coffin all ready? It's a white one with pink lining, ain't it, Butch?"

Butch swore it was white with pink lining and that he had seen it with his own eyes as, no doubt, he supposed he had. The Bailey mother again declared she had never heard of such a thing and would have questioned on had not Butch driven off, suddenly remembering that, fits or no fits, people had to have lunch on time.

It was the same elsewhere. On all sides their story was received with similar *ohs* and *ahs* of credulous astonishment. That power of holding an audience which a veteran labors years to acquire, Willie Jones seemed to possess by instinct. He did not appear anxious to talk, but, when questioned, answered quietly, directly, and with the open candor of a child too young to realize the horrors he has witnessed. Mrs. Newton almost went into hysterics at the vividness of his description.

"And when we got to her, her body was all twisted up and her hair was all mussed and her lips was pulled back real tight so's you could see all her teeth, like this."

"Good gracious!" screamed Mrs. Newton. "How awful!"

"Yes, ma'am," Willie Jones assented. "And when they lifted her up, her head rolled back this way and her eyes——"

"Good gracious! How awful!" Mrs. Newton again screamed.

Willie soon found that his strength lay in a simple relation of facts. So long as he clung to facts he was all right. It was only with fancy touches like the shoes and stockings that he had trouble. And with a little judgment it was easy enough to make the proper selection of facts. The wonder was what an astonishing effect was produced by the mere substitution of one leading character for another. Here, ladies and gentlemen, are the facts of the case as plain and unexciting as an old black hat; and here, at one magic word, are rabbits and roses and goldfish hopping about in charming profusion. It was a delightful performance, delightful and at the same time so convincing that Margery herself began to be in some doubt as to just who had actually had the fit.

But after Butch had made his last delivery and, on his way back, had deposited them in front of Willie Jones's house, all such delusions, however pleasing and desirable, vanished away, and reality, wearing a stern and threatening front, tapped them sharply on the shoulder. Margery looked apprehensively at her companion.

"O-oh! But I bet she gives *us* fits now!"

"Aw, rats!. What can she do to us?"

Willie's words were brave, but not to be taken exactly on their face value, for he added immediately:

"But mebbe we had better cut out lunch. Let's sneak into the house and get something to eat and then skip out to the woods."

They climbed the Blair fence, reconnoitered the kitchen, and, when they were sure that no one was yet about, slipped in. By searching the pantry diligently they found some crackers and milk. The crackers were few, but the milk was plentiful. After that they ate some sliced cucumbers which Effie had soaking in salt water. They had just finished the cucumbers when Effie, coming down-stairs to get lunch, broke in upon them. She lost her temper, of course, and a violent argument ensued. It waxed so loud that none of them knew that some one was coming until Aunt Allie stood before them.

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"Oh, Miss Allie, what do you think? Them children have gone and eat up all——"

Effie paused, realizing by this time that Aunt Allie herself had something to tell. She was holding some ferns and wild flowers in one hand and in the other a tangled, knotted mass of white and lavender. At first she only looked at her niece and that young woman's companion quietly, calmly—one might say too quietly, too calmly. It is such a calm that precedes a tornado. Her victims, caught in the pantry like rats in a trap, made one weak, hopeless attempt to dash by Effie and, failing in that, slunk back a step and awaited the approach of judgment with sullen, indifferent faces.

"Ho!" Aunt Allie cried, at last, with a great explosion of breath, tossing upon the kitchen table the veil and the wild flowers. "How dare you little villains touch my belongings!"

Heavens! Was that all? The culprits exchanged a glance of astonishment and relief.

"I can't turn my back that you aren't in some new mischief! I've stood much, but I won't stand this! Listen to me, Miss Margery: *To-night if your father does not give you the spanking you deserve, I will.*"

To-night? What spandy-dandy luck! Why, to-night was hours and hours and *hours* away! Lots of things might happen before then!

"In the meantime, bed is the safest place for you. Effie, put Margery to bed. I'll attend to Master Jones. Come, sir, we'll see what your mother says about it."

"My mother ain't home," Master Jones protested very politely. "She's gone to town. I was to eat lunch here. My mother wrote you a note about it, and if you leave go one of my arms a minute I'll give it to you."

Carefully clutching him elsewhere, Aunt Allie gave him the freedom of one arm. Willie pulled forth the note, and Aunt Allie, opening it with one hand, read aloud:

"My dear Miss Gibbs:

"May I impose upon you to the extent of asking you to keep Willie to lunch? I am suddenly called to town and will not be back until afternoon.

"I trust he will give you no trouble. If he does, punish him in any way you see fit. . . ."

"'Punish him,'" repeated Aunt Allie, "'in any way you see fit.' Do you hear that, my young gentleman? Well, I'll give you exactly what Margery's getting, and I shall ask your mother to give you what she's going to get later. Effie, put Margery in her mother's room. I'll put Master Jones in her room."

"Gee! But ain't we gettin' off easy?"

This was the unmistakable meaning of Willie's look to his confederate. But that criminal knew too well the temper of the law not to hide her complacency in howls and struggles which promptly deceived her captors into the delusion that here was an instance where the punishment fitted the crime to a nicety. Willie Jones, by his ill-judged though more honest composure, as promptly labeled himself a hardened little reprobate.

Aunt Allie locked him in Margery's room with the significant warning that, if he kicked the doors, she would not wait for his mother's return. From the expression of her mouth, he rather thought that she hoped he would kick the doors. Margery, amid most doleful outcries, was quickly undressed and put to bed. It was not deemed necessary to lock her in, so she was able to slip out to the hall and, hanging over the banisters, to hear something of the excitement which shortly ensued down-stairs.

The twins brought home the first news of the morning's sensation. They came running into the house, calling, "Aunt Allie! Aunt Allie!" and the moment they caught sight of that lady: "Oh, Aunt Allie! What *do* you think? We met Butch at the corner, and he says—" Their voices dropped somewhat, and Margery, knowing without being told some of the things that Butch would say, pattered back to her mother's room and tapped lightly on the connecting door of Willie's temporary prison.

"Sst! Willie!" she hissed through the keyhole. "The twins know all about it! They just saw Butch. Oh! but I bet Aunt Allie's mad!"

"Let her be mad. I don't care. She dassn't do nothin' to me."

"But, Willie, don't you understand? She won't come up no matter how much she wants to, 'cause she has punished us once. She thinks she's punishin' us now! Oh, but we're lucky! If the twins had come in before she put us to bed, then—" And Margery's broken off *then* expressed such dire possibilities that she herself shuddered.

A violent ring at the door-bell hurried her out to the banisters again.

"It's Gladys Bailey's mother," she squeaked through the keyhole a few seconds later. "And she's so surprised! She says

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she never *heard* of such a thing! Oh, I wish they hadn't shut the library door so quick."

The Bailey mother was merely the first of a number of callers that noon hour who kept Margery on a constant scamper between banister and keyhole. It was as though Aunt Allie were holding a reception, a rather boisterous one, too, for every one seemed to be talking and shouting at once. Each new arrival added fresh excitement until Margery was almost scandalized that the neighborhood ladies should make such a racket. It didn't seem altogether ladylike. The muffled roar and the occasional exclamations that ascended through walls and floors were bad enough, but every time the library door opened it was just awful. No matter what you say, they *were* all talking at once, and not in that low voice, either, which you are taught to believe is the mark of every true lady. They were simply shriekin' and hollerin'—that's what they were:

"And he told it with a face just as straight——"

"And there she sat crying and crying, and when I said——"

"And every detail of the funeral, too! Good gracious! How——"

"And they bamfoozled that lout of a grocery boy until he swore——"

"I could simply see your writhings, the way they described them. Your lips drawn——"

And then fat little Mrs. Berry began to laugh, and she laughed and laughed as though unable to stop. But no one joined her. By this time they were all ready to go and were leaving together like the members of a euchre club.

"Oh, dear—oh, dear—oh, *dear!*" shrieked little Mrs. Berry, leaning against the front door for support. "I never knew of anything so funny!"

"Funny!" snorted one of her friends in amazement.

"To think," Mrs. Berry continued, when she caught another breath, "of two small children throwing a whole neighborhood into such an uproar! I was baking cakes myself and I got so excited that I let them burn to a crisp! Oh, dear—oh, dear—oh, *dear!*"

"I'm glad you think it so amusing," Aunt Allie remarked, icily, voicing, it was evident, the prevailing sentiment.

"Amusing, Miss Gibbs? Why, I think it screamingly funny! I don't know when I've laughed so hard. What *do* you suppose put it into their heads?"

"The devil, Mrs. Berry! The devil!"

What! If Margery had not heard it with her own ears she would never have believed it possible. To say that she was surprised at her aunt's language would be putting it mildly. She was shocked! If her father knew about it, Margery wondered, as she slipped back into bed, would he still consider Aunt Allie a proper person to take care of them?

THAT CRIMINAL KNEW WELL THE TEMPER OF THE LAW.

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Soon after the departure of the neighborhood ladies, when the older children had gone back to school and the house was quiet again, Margery began to feel faint pangs of what she supposed at first was hunger. They grew worse and worse until she felt that death from starvation would soon be staring her in the face. It got to be terrible. Finally, when she tried to sit up, she fell back with the worst pain in her stomach she had ever had. She would have cried out for relief or at least for sympathy had there been any one within ear-shot other than Aunt Allie. But as the sight of a person's death throes would afford Aunt Allie only so much pleasure and amusement, Margery kept her lips tightly closed and endured in silence. But every one is not so heroically constituted. Suddenly she heard a groan long drawn and full of suffering as dreadful, apparently, as her own. Then another, and another. Was Willie Jones dyin', too?

"Willie!" she called, weakly. But he did not hear.

She slipped painfully out of bed and half crawled, half rolled across the floor.

"Willie!" she said again, close to the keyhole.

This time he answered with a groan.

"What's the matter, Willie?"

"I guess—ugh! ugh!—I guess I'm—dyin'."

"Where at, Willie?"

"Stummick," groaned Willie.

So he had it, too. It? What was it? In the instant of acute vision brought on by a new paroxysm of pain, Margery seemed to divine the truth. Some of the symptoms were lacking, to be sure, but only such suffering as this could account for those others—the lips drawn tightly back, the eyes glazed and terror-stricken. Yes, she knew now what was the matter. And she saw herself and Willie Jones as they would soon be, and the spectacle was so pitiable that she wept. Any one would weep—even Aunt Allie. Yes, if her conscience were not utterly dead, Aunt Allie would presently have cause enough to be miserable. And that, when the time came, her remorse and self-reproaches should be greater, Margery decided to forgive her. Cost what suffering it might, she would forgive her.

Slowly and painfully she worked her way out to the stairs. Every movement was torture, but, gritting her teeth, she pushed on. Half-way down the stairs she could go no farther. The pains had grown excruciating, and a cry, agonized and tremulous, formed itself into, "Aunt Allie! Aunt Allie!"

There was no mistaking the urgency of the call, and Aunt Allie came answering at once.

"What is it, Margery?" As she caught sight of her niece, with more concern she added: "Is anything the matter?"

By this time Margery was rolled into a tight ball, and she could not unroll if she would. She was moaning and whimpering, too, and only with great effort able to speak at all.

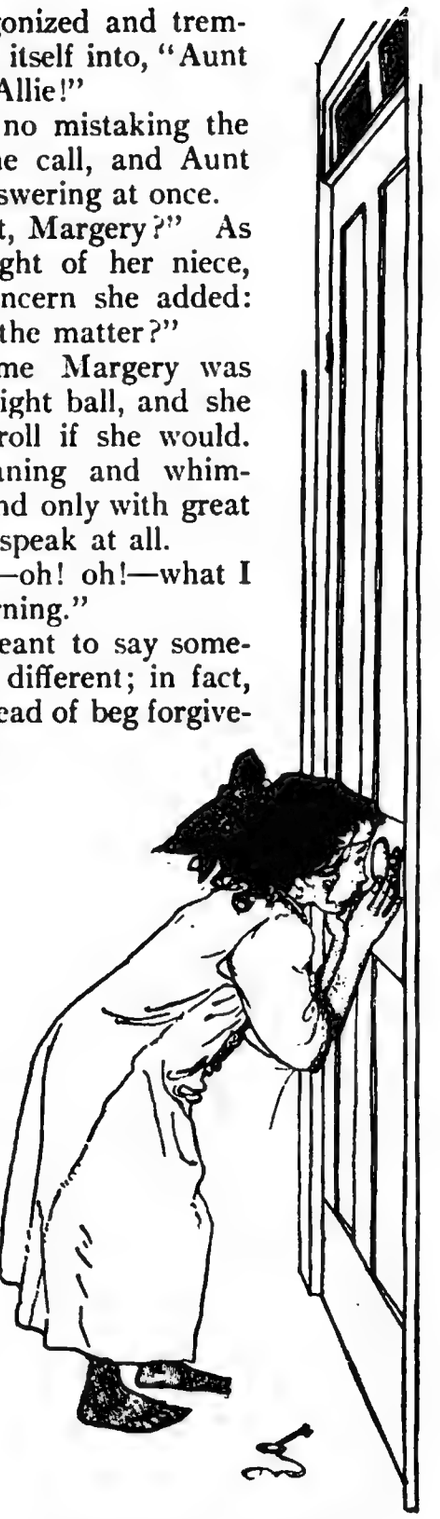
"I'm sorry—oh! oh!—what I did—this morning."

She had meant to say something entirely different; in fact, to forgive instead of beg forgiveness. But this was no time for fine distinctions.

"I'm sorry—oh! oh! —I'm dyin'."

"My child, what is it? Tell auntie."

"I've got a—a fit—I guess. Willie Jones, too. Oh! Oh! I guess we—oh! oh! —caught it from Pinkie —this morning—when he—died Oh! Oh! Fits is—awful! I didn't know they—hurt—so."



"SST! WILLIE!" SHE HISSED THROUGH THE KEYHOLE.

A light was breaking on Aunt Allie. "Was it Pinkie?" she began.

She was interrupted by a titter from Effie, who had come up behind her. "Fits!" tittered Effie. "I guess it's cucumbers and milk!" And that recalled Aunt Allie to the present.

"You poor child!" she said, lifting Margery gently in her arms. "Is it your stom-

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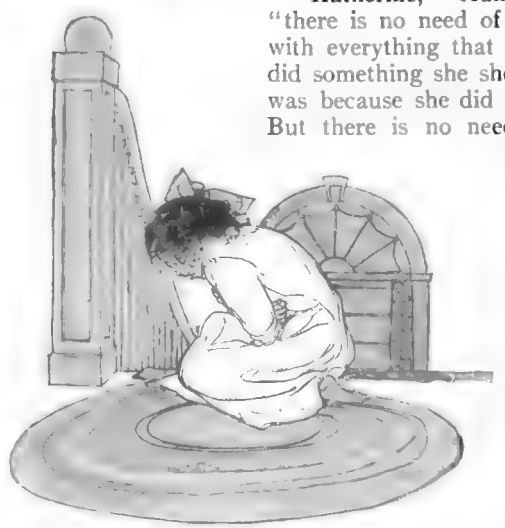
ach, dear? There, just a minute and auntie'll have you in bed. Effie, get some boiling water. Quick!"

Now, Aunt Allie never showed to such advantage as when there was sickness in the family. She was capable and clear-headed and, at such times, altogether gentle. It was surprising how soon she had Margery comfortable in one bed—that is, as comfortable as Margery could be before the peppermint was ready—and Willie Jones in another. And short as the time was until Effie brought up the hot water, it was long enough to think out several things. To begin with, Aunt Allie suddenly lost all feeling of anger and animosity. Suffering had somehow changed a brace of young monsters into two poor children whose instant relief was, at that moment, her greatest concern in life. Yes, they were only children, after all, mere mites of children as they lay there all crumpled up, their helplessness crying out to every feeling of motherhood in her.

Understand, though, Aunt Allie was not like her brother-in-law; she saw no fun nor amusement in things which were neither funny nor amusing, but, on the contrary, most reprehensible. But, though devoid of appreciation of naughtiness, Aunt Allie had too much common sense to miss the significance of the present opportunity. Hitherto she had failed signally to win the affection or even the respect of her sister's youngest child. Perhaps she had been too severe, too dictatorial. No matter about that now. She was to have another chance. In the softened mood which would come with convalescence, Margery would be exquisitely responsive to the right words. And Aunt Allie had tried so many wrong words—not wrong in themselves, to be sure, but wrong when applied to this particular bit of humanity—that now she knew, as though by a process of elimination, what the right ones were.



"I'VE GOT A FIT, I GUESS. FITS IS AWFUL!"

Then Effie came with the hot water, and, before you could say Jack Robinson, Aunt Allie had the peppermint and sugar mixed, and, my! didn't it feel good going down!

The twins were a few moments late for dinner. They had spent the afternoon at Gladys Bailey's. As they sat down they glanced from Margery to their father significantly.

"Gladys Bailey's mother says," began Katherine, "that she never *heard* of such a thing." As her father did not seem to understand, she added, "What Margery and Willie Jones did to Aunt Allie, you know."

The Blair father gave a mental groan. He had thought when he first came in that he detected a new feeling between Margery and her aunt. Margery was so affectionate and gentle and Aunt Allie so serene that he had wondered whether, by some good fortune, the breach between them had been healed. At Katherine's words the disagreeable scene of breakfast returned, and he feared the worst. But a surprise was in store for him and for Katherine as well.

"Katherine," Aunt Allie said, firmly, "there is no need of bothering your father with everything that happens. If Margery did something she should not have done, it was because she did not quite understand. But there is no need of talking about it any more, because she understands now. Don't you, dear?"

Margery looked at her aunt with shining eyes. She had hoped Aunt Allie in her sweet new kindness would go so far as not to tell her father, but she had not dared ask so great a favor. And here, unasked, Aunt Allie was granting it. All afternoon while they—the three of them, Aunt Allie, she, and Willie Jones—had been discussing wild flowers and birds, yes, and cats, too, Margery had been asking herself whether she did not, after all, love her aunt. Now there was no question about it.

"And I won't tell him, either, Aunt Allie!" she cried, impulsively, and, in a lower voice, intended only for her aunt's ear, "What you said to Mrs. Berry!"

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Forward, Citizens, to the Firing Line!

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Author of "The Greatest Trust in the World," "Soldiers of the Common Good," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We are told that all our exposure of municipal graft and political corruption represents only destructive criticism, and that we are not helping people to right the wrongs we have brought to light. In part answer to this protest comes forward Charles E. Russell, one of the ablest and wisest of the crusaders against greed and privilege, with some things that we and you might set about doing for the Common Good. Russell admits that he is actually doing nothing himself, and he declares that we, his publishers, and you, his readers, are also doing nothing. Then he tells in plain, practical terms just how we American citizens should begin to alter the system that is responsible for the evils under which we suffer. The thousands of correspondents who have written us inquiring, "What can I do?" will do well to read this big, broad-minded article. It is the turn of us citizens on the firing line.

IN a certain Western town, wherein I was once a sojourner, we had an acute attack of the frenzy for municipal reform that periodically descends upon every American community.

With the aid of a public utility company composed of our very best citizens, we had been installing electric lights. Another company had appeared in the field to compete with the first company. The subsequent events you would readily surmise without being told. Of course, the aldermen were bought like beef carcasses in the market, and, at last, just as openly and frankly. For a time the community patiently endured, as for a time it always endures. But when the buyers began to distribute the purchase price on the floor of the council chamber, the "cynical tolerance" of the American citizen broke down and the public protested.

There was a very honest district attorney, so honest that I wondered then, and have often wondered since, how he ever came into the political game. He was an able lawyer, but personally a plain, unamiable, Captain Nares sort of man, that had no respect for eminent citizens if they happened, also, to be eminent crooks, and very little time for handshaking or miscellaneous converse. As soon as the storm broke, he started in to prosecute the bribe-taking aldermen. Good. The community vociferously applauded. The bribe-takers were mostly saloon-keepers and low persons, and ought to be punished. Then the district attorney got some ample confessions from his indicted aldermen, and on the strength of these he started in also to prosecute the eminent gentlemen that had given the bribes.

At this the community split into unequal factions. One faction desired the district attorney to proceed vigorously with all his prosecutions, no matter who might be affected; and the other desired him, for the fair name of the city and for other good and sufficient reasons, to drop the whole matter. I may observe in passing that in both factions the excitement manifested was wholly superfluous. The cases presently went to the Supreme Court, which threw all of them out.

But, of course (or perhaps, rather, I should say very strangely), the fate of the cases was not foreseen, and the two factions held that to try to influence the district attorney, one way or the other, was very important. It happened that while an elegant deputation representing the eminent citizens was whispering in the district attorney's ear some reasons why he should let up, a crowd of the lower orders stamped into his office to urge him to go ahead; and the two factions came into collision at the district attorney's desk, where they stood and glared at each other.

He leaned back in his chair, put his feet upon the desk, and expectorated—for, I regret to say, he chewed tobacco. Then he said:

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"You fellows make me tired. A lot of you want me to send these grafters up, and a lot of you don't. Let me tell you something. I don't care what any of you want. I'm hired here to do a certain job. I'm going to do it. That settles that, and up they go if I can send them. But you that want to have them punished have just as little sense as those that don't. If you knew enough to walk through an open door you would know that it will do no good in the world to punish these men. It isn't their fault."

"Well, I'd like to know whose fault it is, then," gasped the spokesman of the punishment group.

"Yours," said the district attorney, and cut off another piece of plug.

"Well, of all things!" said the spokesman, and sputtered. "I like that. How is it ours?"

"THE CRIMINALS ARE THE COMMUNITY"

"Because," said the district attorney, deliberately, "you maintain a system that makes this sort of thing absolutely certain and inevitable. You can put one man in jail or one hundred thousand, and you can keep them there one day, or until they rot—and it won't make the least particle of difference. So long as you go on driving men to bribery, there will be bribery. The real criminals are the community. If you want to punish anybody, go and punish yourselves."

That was twenty-three years ago. Probably very few of us that listened to the district attorney that afternoon understood what he meant, but in common with the rest of the country we must since have had it driven into our heads. Certainly, a little review of our municipal history for the past twenty-five years is not calculated to send optimism soaring upon new flights. The account, summed up, is not alluring, but at least it has uniformity and brevity: also instruction, if we care for that. Suppose we take a look at it.

Practically every city in the country has traveled the same dull round. First, there has been a period of quiescence, in which the public utility corporations have obtained from the municipality a series of unfair and usually illegal privileges. Every citizen has known about these privileges, and has known, too, that they were obtained by corruption. At last the bribe-givers and the bribe-takers have become too bold or too monstrous in their dealings. Then there has been an explosion of public wrath, with a succession of humiliating exposures, the flight or confession of malefactors, some prosecutions (usually futile), a municipal house-cleaning, and after a time a gradual resumption of the old conditions. Careful inspection of these annals shows that such events are periodic; that they recur at practically regular intervals, like the progressive symptoms of an intermittent disease; and that they are practically universal.

Meantime, we began with the worst municipal government in the world, and we have it still.

Meantime, also, we have seen trial of a large variety of remedial prescriptions. Usually the outburst of public indignation has resulted in a new set of public officers, or a change in the party in power. Good citizens have vigorously demanded a strict enforcement of the law, and have praised and rewarded those public officers that have tried to further the prosecution of the offenders. Newspapers and magazines have stood stoutly for public morality; the clergy have joined in the admirable crusade; civic bodies have lectured us on our shortcomings. Meetings have been held and speeches delivered and resolutions passed. We have had much to hope for from various cures, from "an aroused public conscience," from "social ostracism" applied to the wrongdoers, from the ballot-box, and from this good man and that. All of which prescriptions proving of no avail, the basic conditions of corruption remain the same in all our large cities.

TIRED OF THE MUCKRAKER

We know these things perfectly well. It appears that we grow a little weary of having them brought to our attention. The muckraker becomes unpopular. There is a demand that he be suppressed. I am assured from many sides that we have reached the end of the "literature of the exposé" and the "literature of pessimism." For example, I quote a typical passage from one of many letters on this subject:

"The people of this country know well enough that many things are wrong. It does no good to keep on telling them about evil conditions. They know all they want to know about such things. Where all the would-be reformers make their mistake is that they never offer anything but destructive criticism. What's the use of merely trying

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to tear things down? What is needed now is some plan to build things up. Why does no one suggest something that can be done to make conditions better?"

There is good reason to think that this and similar expressions in other correspondence represent a general attitude. Suppose, then, we contemplate for a time the constructive side of these matters. Suppose we put together a very few of the things that might be done to remedy existing evils, and see how they will look when they are joined for review.

OUR NATIONAL INCAPACITY

At the outset, let us exclude, first, those remedies that have any appearance of partisan significance or of any kind of doctrine or of propaganda, not saying whether they are good or ill, but merely relegating them to the region of campaign discussion; and let us exclude, secondly, the remedies that people in other countries have tried and found to be efficient.

The second exclusion is the more difficult because the natural impulse is to turn to the recorded experience of other men, and almost every other civilized nation has confronted, and in some measure solved, the problems that beset us. But I know that it is useless to refer in any way to the means by which this has been accomplished, because most of us agree that we, in this country, are not capable of using such means. We should do away with practically all of the corruption in our municipal and state affairs if we should abolish the public utility corporation; but, of course, we will not do that. We cannot. Other peoples can take their own affairs into their own hands and direct and manage them; but we cannot. Germans can, and Frenchmen, and the Swiss, and Austrians and Italians and Hungarians and Swedes and Norwegians and Englishmen and Danes and Bulgarians and Japanese and Chinese and New Zealanders and South Africans and any old nation except ours. We cannot do it.

We are of some inferior mentality so that we cannot do the simplest thing for ourselves, but must hire some one to do it for us, and let him rob us and run over us and maltreat us while he is doing it. After more than a century of free institutions and public schools, and some generations of the wisest instruction, the net result seems to be an average mind so far inferior to the average mind elsewhere in the world that in public affairs it is childishly helpless and must put itself into the hands of a corporation guardian organized expressly for pocket-picking and second-story work.

How this general incapacity comes about, and why, I do not know; but it must truly exist, for I am daily assured of it by the wisest persons and those that could not possibly be in error about it. They tell us that it is all very well to show how efficiently foreigners manage their own affairs and provide their own public utilities, but of course nothing of the kind can ever be done in America, the land of universal education and intelligence. And such, I find, is the common judgment, and it must therefore be right. We can never win emancipation in the way the foreigner has won it. We can imitate other things from foreign lands—clothes, for instance, and spelling and pronunciation and forms of speech and ideas about social distinctions, and so on; but we cannot possibly imitate the foreigners' way of self-government. We cannot even learn anything from it.

I regard this as a finality, and we will, therefore, if you please, wholly disregard the suggestion that we can get along without a public utility corporation to pick our pockets and break our ribs. We are like the peaceful inhabitants around Doone Valley; we have become so used to the marauding of our robber Doones that we should cry out in dismay at the prospect of passing a day without delivering our tribute. But incapable as we thus proclaim ourselves to be, certain things remain that we can do, things that would lessen somewhat the scarlet shame in which we stand before the whole world. For instance:

THINGS THAT CAN BE DONE

1. *We can establish a standard of public service.*

Of all things that make an impression upon the American student of European conditions, the first is the high development in Europe of the sense of civic duty, a sense of which we seem to have little or nothing.

I mean it is like this: All about Europe are men, good men, intelligent men, glad and proud to serve the Common Good, and to serve it for no other compensation than the consciousness of service done; whereas in our country the sole basis of work for the community is the salary attached thereto.

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The most conspicuous example of disinterested communal service is the London County Council, in many respects the world's model as an administrative body.

When an American comes to compare the London County Council with a band of "gray wolf" aldermen at home, he usually feels an impulse to bow himself to the earth in unutterable shame.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL—AN EXAMPLE

And this is so, whether he consider the efficiency of the London County Council, or its honesty, or its capacity, or its achievements. He knows that at home we have no such body of men. Not that we could not have such a body if we found the way to get it; surely, surely not because of any lack of material. Great Britain has no monopoly in efficient, honest, and capable men. We have as many of them as any other country has.

Only, in our country such men do not get into public life, and elsewhere they do.

I call your attention to a few simple facts about the London County Council:

The amount of actual work it performs much exceeds the amount of work performed by any other municipal body in the world.

Each member performs in any given year at least ten times as much work for the community as is done by any American alderman.

Its work is done without scandal, without grafting, without a boss, without a machine, and solely for the benefit of the community. Some of the work of its committees, involving long, tedious, and minute investigations and hearings, has been prodigious. London County Council reports on municipal problems are usually the standards in such literature. For thoroughness and accuracy they are unrivaled.

Yet, observe that the members perform all this exhausting toil without compensation. There are no salaries in the London County Council. The work is gratuitous.

So is it gratuitous in all the other similar public bodies in Great Britain and on the continent. The members of municipal councils, boards, and commissions serve for nothing, and are glad to serve for nothing, because they are thus contributing to the Common Good, which they believe to be the highest duty and function of man.

At once you spy a grave fault in this system. You say that it restricts public service to the rich, whereas it should be shared by all alike. You say that a poor man cannot afford to give his time gratuitously to the public service. He must make his living. If he were to devote his time to the public cause he would starve. Therefore in this system public service is open only to the rich, and a governing body composed wholly of rich men would be a great misfortune to any community. Hence the system is condemned on its face.

But the odd fact is that in practice it does not work any such restriction. That is the thing to think about: it does not work any such restriction. Rich men and poor men sit side by side in the London County Council. There are about as many poor men as rich men there, and I am bound to say that scarcely anybody stops to consider whether they are rich or poor. Rich men and poor men sit together in every other municipal body in Great Britain. There are more poor men in the London County Council than in any American city council or board of aldermen that I ever knew anything about. Proportionately, there are many more poor men engaged in municipal administration in Great Britain, where such work is gratuitous, than there are in the United States, where it is paid for.

True enough, in the case of the London County Council, as in Parliament, some poor men that use for the public service the time that is demanded in earning their living receive some compensation from their labor unions. But as a rule, elsewhere, such men receive nothing and desire to receive nothing. And what is true of England is true, generally, of the continent. As a rule, men there serve the Common Good gratuitously in deliberative and administrative bodies, and are glad thus to serve it.

WHY WE DON'T SERVE THE COMMON GOOD

To sum up, we pay men and get poor service, and the British do not pay and get good service.

But this is not at all the mystery it seems on its surface to be. For instance:

You do nothing for the Common Good. I do nothing for the Common Good. None of us does anything for the Common Good.

You are willing to serve the Common Good. I am willing to serve the Common Good. All are willing to serve the Common Good.

Well, what is the matter, then?

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Why, the matter is that, partly because of our own fault and chiefly because of an inherited custom, we have no chance. Instead of ourselves doing the work we ought to do for the Common Good, we hire some one else to do it for us, and, being done for money, the work is ill done and expensively done and inadequately done. And, because it is done for money, it is placed at once on the basis of sordid gain, and the door is opened for all corruption, and particularly for the bribes of the public utility corporation. Hence, behold the worst municipal government in the world.

On still other ground it is a bad practice, for see how much ability it causes to be lost from the public service.

You cannot pay to a first-class executive or organizing mind a large enough salary to secure its services for the public. But you can always secure its services for the public without any salary. For instance, you could not pay John D. Rockefeller enough of a salary to hire him as a public servant. But at almost any time he would have given freely his assistance to any public cause.

MR. ROCKEFELLER AND PUBLIC SERVICE

Suppose that when the project for the new Catskills aqueduct for New York City was first broached, the mayor had said to Mr. Rockefeller:

"Mr. Rockefeller, this community needs the advantage of your ability in organizing and directing a great enterprise of the utmost importance to the general welfare. In behalf of the community, therefore, and for the Common Good, I am going to ask you to take without compensation the head of the commission that will direct this work."

What would Mr. Rockefeller have said?

Of course, he is now beyond the age at which men ought to be expected to take upon them any exacting labor; but, supposing him to have been ten years younger, he would have accepted the place, and nothing in his whole career would have given him pleasure and satisfaction equal to the joy of that work.

And what would that have meant to the community? It would have meant the maximum of efficiency and the minimum of cost, without grabs, graft, or scandals.

No man will refuse to work for the community if he be asked to give his work (within reasonable limits) as a contribution to the Common Good. The most disastrous of our blunders is to assume that men will not work for the public unless they are paid. Taking thus a low view of human nature in our relations to the public service, we need not be astonished that we get low-grade results. We proclaim in effect that the strongest motive in man is greed, and, while by means of a salary we are trying to affix that motive to the public service, we wholly overlook the logical consequences of our proclamation.

A STRONGER MOTIVE THAN GREED

As a matter of fact, the desire in a man to serve his times, to feel that his life is not without fruitage, may easily be a much stronger motive than greed. It is not merely a sentiment, and it is more than an instinct. In most men it is a kind of passion. To be sure, it is, for lack of employment, more or less rudimentary; but it will be found to be of full capacity wherever it has opportunity.

Instead of the truth being that men will do more for their own selfish interests than they will for the community, my observation has been that most men will do more for the community than they will do for their own selfish interests—if they have the chance. Half of the members of the London County Council could not be induced by any opportunity for personal gain, nor for the sake of any profit, to work half as hard as they work without compensation for the Common Good.

Of this general principle we are not without practical illustrations in our own country.

Savings banks in the state of New York are not operated as profit-making investments, but as benevolent enterprises for the sole advantage of the depositors. There are no stockholders, no dividends except to the depositors; none of the officers, except the cashier, receives any salary; and the law is so carefully framed that the officers cannot in any way control or divert the funds for their own profit. I think it probable that no executive of any extant savings bank in the state of New York has ever made a dollar for himself out of the operations of the bank. Yet all of these executives cheerfully give a very large part of their time, some of them give all of their time, to the conduct of enterprises from which they can derive no return in money. Indeed, I believe that one savings bank president, the late John Harsen Rhoades, materially shortened his life by his labors in behalf of an institution that, so far as his selfish advantage was concerned, meant nothing to him.

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If you were to talk with any one of these presidents you would be rather astonished at the enthusiasm with which he speaks of the work of his bank. He believes that it is a useful thing, that it is of great value to the community, that it helps to spread habits of thrift and insures against penury in old age. Nothing else in his career equals, in his eyes, his wholly uncompensated labors for the savings bank; and the sole reason why these seem important or gratifying to him is that they are directed toward the Common Good.

No such satisfaction could pertain to any labor for hire, no matter how great the hire might be.

FREE SERVICE ON BOARDS OF EDUCATION

To take at random another illustration: observe that the boards of education in most American cities serve without salaries, and are usually of all public bodies most free from scandal and charges of graft. Yet membership in these bodies (as conspicuously in the New York board) entails a great deal of labor. Few persons have ever declined this service, notwithstanding the lack of compensation. In fact, it would not be possible with salaries to secure anything like the high order of ability that generally distinguishes these boards.

Ability can easily decline to serve for an inadequate salary; it seldom declines to serve for the Common Good.

Moreover, service is always a salutary thing. It blesses him that gives and the community that takes.

If old custom and tradition are hard upon us and we are still inclined to regard all this as visionary and impracticable, we need only to turn to the undeniable records of the universal experience that refutes us and vindicates the real human nature. Wherever the idea has been tested it has proved efficient.

When I was in the South Seas two years ago I long had for a traveling companion an excellent physician of the Scotch persuasion, who was taking a globe-trotting vacation. He is an able citizen, uniting when at home the functions of a busy medical practitioner with those of a member of the town council. The combination struck me as unusual, and I was moved to learn more about it. I found that my doctor had been six years an alderman, and was shortly to stand for reelection, about the outcome of which he was much concerned. But he served, of course, without salary or other compensation.

The natural supposition (to an American) would be of some form of graft or perquisite concealed in the office. It appeared that there was nothing of the kind, and, indeed, I hardly needed assurance on that point, for it happened that I well knew the thriving Scotch town and how ably and cleanly it was governed. I made some calculations, based on what the excellent doctor told about council and committee meetings, inquiries, reports, and inspections that were required of him, and found that his official duties took up about one third of his time. I said:

"How do you manage that? I shouldn't think you would be able to do it."

He said:

"One can manage anything that one wants to manage."

With infinite pride and gusto he was wont to recite the improvements the council had introduced, the improved municipal street railroad service, electric light, gas, water, markets, and what not. I said:

"Why do you bother with such things? I don't see where they help you in any way. You don't make anything out of them, and while you are puttering about the street railroads your practice must suffer. Why don't you look out for yourself?"

THE DUTY TO BEQUEATH

"Well," he said, "we inherited something. It seems to me we ought to bequeath something. I used to be mad about a big practice. I got one fee of £1,000. It meant much to me; I was, and am, a poor man. But I'll tell you—I never got any satisfaction from any source that compared with the satisfaction of thinking that our town is better than it was when I came to it, and that I had a hand in making it better."

I have never met a man on whom that idea would not grip if it only had a chance. The trouble is that with us it never has a chance.

As to the immense superiority of the public service abroad, I do not think it a feasible explanation to say that there is some essential difference between the moral fiber of men here and that of men in Europe. We have just as good patriots as any other nation has, just as good ideas, and just as good men.

But with us the good men do not take part

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in the public service and the bad men do. That is the difference and the only difference.

Then we went pretty far astray, did we not, when we established the idea that for everything a man does for the Common Good he must be paid? That idea does not work well in practice. It has a fatal defect in its terms. It totally eliminates the idea of duty. You cannot pay a man for doing his duty, because instantly thereupon it becomes no longer his duty, but merely a thing he has sold. You cannot compensate any man for discharging his sacred obligation to the republic. The moment you do that, you destroy all the sense of sacred obligation and all the inspiration and idealism that pertain thereto.

HOW HIRED PUBLIC SERVANTS WORK

Moreover, you inflict upon the community a certain reflex of immoral motive that is most pernicious. After the idea that for everything he does in the common cause a man must be paid, obviously the next logical suggestion is that the object of public service is aggrandizement. Wherefrom we get the warrant for the selfish and sordid course habitually pursued by nine tenths of our public officers.

Thus the post of alderman, we will say for example, is with us a salaried position. But the salary is invariably levied upon for campaign purposes. Being thus deprived of the compensation we have ordained for him as his absolute right, the man that fills this post is naturally the readier to listen to the corporation agent that undertakes to make up the deficiency.

That is the way it works in practice, this idea of hiring men to serve the commonwealth. Since the thing is wholly upon a money basis and not at all upon the basis of honor and duty, good men will not take the alderman's place for the salary attached, and bad men take it to make still more out of it.

All this is absolutely unnecessary.

Let us suppose we live in a typical American city of say 100,000 inhabitants. It has been through the great American epidemic of moral and municipal reform, and is just as badly off now as it ever was. It has a gang of aldermen chosen in the same old way and upon the same old basis. Some of its employees must devote all their laboring time to the city's business, and should be fully compensated therefor. But why under the sun should the aldermen and the other casual employees be paid? Once or twice a month they meet for an evening to discuss the welfare of the community they are bound to serve. How is that kind of service to be paid for? They ought to be glad of a chance to be of so much use to their times, and would be glad if they had any chance.

In this typical city of 100,000 people there are probably 18,000 men that desire to have the public affairs honestly and efficiently administered. Every one of them, except the aged and infirm, is able to give some of his time in thus administering public affairs, and practically every one is capable of bearing a part in such an administration. Of these 18,000 good citizens that desire good government there are most assuredly twenty-five that are willing to establish for the rest of the community a standard of disinterested public service.

Then is it at all extravagant or unreasonable to suggest that the good citizens shall take up the work of public administration and do it without compensation? If they are not willing to do that much for good government, they cannot care very much about having government good, and their true place is with the corporation lawyers that simultaneously denounce corruption and handle the bribe funds. If they are willing, let them say so and take up any public work they can find to do, as aldermen, treasurers, commissioners, members of councils, boards, or in any other place where there is something to be done for the public cause; and let them do it as a man in a British city would do it. Let them do it themselves and cease to hire other men to do it for them. And if the foolish law insist that salaries shall be paid for such work, they can turn the salaries into a fund to support municipal lodging-houses or to abolish the bread line.

MISTAKEN PHILANTHROPIES

Let us have some one blessed thing done in this country on some other basis than that of dollars.

But at present we seem always to get hold of all these matters by the wrong end. We have some thousands of rich men that are willing to endow universities and found libraries and establish hero funds and subscribe to dubious philanthropies, but we do not seem to have any that are willing to serve the community by doing anything the community wants to have done. And this is the

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more lamentable because some of our rich men have shown in the amassing of their private fortunes a considerable endowment of the very qualities that society most has need of.

CIVIC DUTY

Take organization, for instance. The principal lack in our municipal affairs is, after all, not so much a lack of honesty as of organization. In all our great cities, but particularly in New York, there is no discernible plan about any known thing, but we get on by sheer main strength and stupidity. Suppose we could utilize the talent for organization that Mr. Rockefeller possesses, or Mr. Carnegie. Nobody has ever stolen much from Mr. Rockefeller; he organized a system to prevent stealing. Nobody has wasted much of his time, and no part of the work he wanted to have done has been spoiled for want of coherency and design. He has never allowed anything to go to waste about his shop, and his enterprises have never been encumbered with useless material and useless men.

But he has had no monopoly of this order of talent; thousands of other men have been at least as liberally gifted. Under our present organization of society it is impossible for us to make anything like a full use of such ability, but at least we can get some of it, if only we can get the idea started that disinterested service for the Common Good is an honor and a privilege.

Why not? That is the view other people take of it. Why should not civic service in time of peace be just as much a duty to the republic as military service in time of war? And why should not the men that have taken most out of the community be under a corresponding obligation to return most? As a rule, the men that have competences have acquired or retained their fortunes through the public's assistance or endurance or good-will. It is but fair that they should make some return to the public good. If such a man can't do anything else, he can take an interest in public affairs and give his advice. There is not a mayor in the United States that would not be glad of the practical cooperation of an organizing mind like E. H. Harriman's or Judge Gary's. The idea of a rich man's going to work for the city in the capacity of alderman or city comptroller or city treasurer seems strange and comical to us, because we are wholly accustomed to seeing our rich men devoting all their energies to augmenting their fortunes, and our public offices filled upon the one basis of greed and selfish advantage; but there seems to be no reason why they should not be filled, to some extent at least, by men that, having won competences from the public, are now willing to make return by using their faculties in the public service.

Of course we cannot compel them to take such an interest in the community if they have no inclinings in that direction; but unless they are willing to bear their share in actual public service, they ought to keep very still about corruption and misgovernment. And if they will not do their part, at least the rest of us can do ours. We shall never get good government by addressing polite assemblages in Carnegie Hall and the Auditorium. The only way we can get it is by all good men's accepting their full share of the work to be done and doing it on the one basis of service to their times and the community.

Therefore, the next time a governor or mayor or president has a commission to appoint, let us unite in a petition that the commission serve without salaries; and then let the governor or mayor or president go to any good citizen and say:

"Citizen, the republic, your mother, has need of you in this position."

And the citizen, I don't care who or what he is, will say:

"Ready!"

THE PEOPLE'S SHARE

2. *We can abolish the political boss.*

The obvious and simple way to do this is to give the people some real instead of only a nominal control over their affairs, by allowing them to nominate for office whomsoever they may please to nominate; to vote him into office if they wish, and out of office whenever they desire; to have such laws enacted as they may desire to have enacted, and those laws repealed that they may desire to have repealed; and to put these powers into their hands for use at any time.

The present arrangement merely offers every opportunity and reward for, every immunity to, corruption. We have political bosses that select all the candidates for whom we are allowed to vote and direct all the local legislation by which we are governed. The power that the boss uses corruptly he obtains corruptly. Therefore, by the use of corruption

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on all sides of him, he is, in fact, the real ruler of our local affairs, and the instrument of most of our municipal dishonesty. But if the people were allowed to choose their own candidates and to control legislation and legislators, there would be no room for a boss. He could not deliver any legislation to the corporations, and he could not secure the nomination of any corporation agents. And the only step required to abolish his form of pest is to provide direct nominations, and thus shift the control of and responsibility for legislation straight upon the people, where it belongs.

And lest any one should think this a difficult or novel proposal, I refer to the recent example of certain Western cities, such as Des Moines and Los Angeles, where this entire program may be seen in full and, according to reports, highly successful operation.

THE FOUNTAIN HEAD OF MISGOVERNMENT

3. *We can clear our minds of the singular superstition that so long obsessed us concerning the public utility franchise.*

We used to believe that unless we granted to rich and undeserving persons charters to plunder us for long terms of years or forever, electric lights would not burn, street-car wheels would not revolve, coal would refuse to give out gas, and water to turn into steam. Further investigations in science have demonstrated that none of these beliefs is well founded. We can have at least as many, and at least as good, public utilities without franchises as we can have with franchises. Of course, so long as we endure the bosses that the corporations support, we shall have aldermen much disposed to create franchises and bestow them upon the corporations that support the boss. But that does not alter the fact that the franchises are wholly unnecessary, and, further, does not mean that we must submit to them. The histories of Chicago and Philadelphia show that there are ways to impress this upon even the most corrupt aldermen that ever sat in a council chamber.

And if we could once get rid of the franchise superstition, what an advance that would be! We should then see no more of such hopeless and mazy muddles as the corporations have made of the New York traction situation, nor the continual nullification of the people's efforts to obtain gas at a reasonable price.

Moreover, the abolition of the corporation franchise would go a long way toward solving the problems of municipal corruption. If there were no franchises to be grabbed, there would be just so many fewer occasions for corporations to bribe aldermen, and so many fewer reasons for the corporations to finance the machines. About ninety-five per cent. of the cases of aldermanic and legislative bribery that have been investigated in the past twenty-five years have been found to have their sole source in a public utility company. I have not found any investigator of these crimes that still believes bribery can be materially lessened so long as the great source of bribery remains. My district attorney was perfectly right. It is the system, not the individual, that is at fault, and nothing is so pathetically hopeless as the various movements for better government that go fumbling around the edges of the question while the fountain head of misgovernment runs on. Certainly not the least good can be accomplished by sending the bribed officers to jail. Even if the courts would allow them to stay in jail, no good would be accomplished. One set of bribe-takers is succeeded by another. That is all, and ever will be all until we get ready to deal with causes and not results.

Moreover, for every case of bribery revealed there are at least one hundred cases that are never exposed. And since the number of actual cases undoubtedly increases under the present system, the effort to stop bribery and still retain the system is merely a huge joke.

ABOLISH THE MUCK

Therefore, the next time we have a franchise to grant to a public utility corporation, let us not grant it. Because, brethren, as a matter of cold fact, we can get that utility on an annual license just as easily as we can on a franchise for 999 years; and when we get it on an annual license we are its masters, and when we get it on a long-term franchise we are its slaves.

Here are three simple things we can do whenever we make up our minds to do them. There are many other things that might be done, some of them of much greater importance. But such other things are more or less involved in some phase of partisan political activity. These three things most men of all shades of political belief will agree can be and ought to be accomplished now.

The best way to abolish the muckraker is to abolish the muck.

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LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

STUFFY

By Walter Prichard Eaton

AS I passed down the road by Aunt Ruth Abbott's house I heard shrill voices within, raised in pleading and protest. "No, don't you urge me no more," I heard Aunt Ruth exclaim. "I got to get this front room swept before tea, and that's all there is about it!"

Two women came out on the stoop. Aunt Ruth held a broom in her hand, and over her thin hair was tied a piece of white muslin. The younger woman wore a hat and silk mitts. Both began to talk to me at once. "Lucy wants me to go over to Susan Carter's an' see her new baby, and she knows Warren's comin' here to visit a spell and I've got to get my house cleaned and can't go, and——"

"Her house's clean enough for a weddin' or a funeral now, an' Warren ain't comin' till Monday anyway, and——"

"But I can't clean on a Sunday, Lucy Burditt!"

"You got Friday and Saturday, ain't you? I say you're jest downright stuffy!"

"I——"

"Oh, admit it, Aunt Ruth," I cried, and dodged the spry lunge of her broom.

"Well, there's worse things than bein' stuffy," said the old lady.

"I don't know what they be," said Miss Lucy.

"Bein' sassy, p'r'aps," retorted Aunt Ruth.

We laughed again, and I sat down on the step, prepared to enjoy myself.

"Callin' me stuffy," the old lady went on, "shows you ain't never known anybody who really was stuffy. You oughter known my second cousin Solon Holt and his sister Mary, and then you could talk."

"He lived up on the old Holt place on Big Sugar Hill, didn't he?" Miss Lucy asked. "I disremember what he was like, though."

"Well, I remember what he was like!" said Aunt Ruth. "He was that stuffy he got married rather'n go up one flight o' stairs and bring some money down to his sister."

"Good heavens," cried I, "you win!"

Aunt Ruth stood her broom up against the morning-glory trellis and sat down on the door-sill. "It happened 'long about the time Solon was thirty and Mary was maybe a couple o' years older—leastways, she'd never admit it was any more.

"Deacon Holt dropped off sudden with heart failure one day, and o' course the farm went to the two of 'em. Solon an' Mary'd had to toe the mark, you can bet, while the deacon was alive, and when he died folks said the place would go to weeds 'cause Solon was dreadful easy-goin' an' lazy, and only fear of his father had kep' him in the furrow. But folks reckoned without Mary. Solon was merely out o' the fryin'-pan into the fire. He lost one tyrant in the house to find another, and he kep' right on runnin' the farm an' complainin' how hard he had to work. It was the best thing for the farm that he had Mary, but folks began to allow it was a bit tough on Solon, 'specially as Mary did most of the financeerin' and when Solon wanted any money to spend he usually had to go to her; and she wa'n't the kind that gave up easy, either."

"It was Solon's money as much as hers, wa'n't it?" asked Miss Lucy.

"Not when she had it in her pocketbook," Aunt Ruth grinned. "After a while Dave Buckstone, that used to run the old sawmill on Pelham Brook, set his eye on a timber patch up in one corner of the farm. It wa'n't much use to Solon an' Mary, or Mary thought it wa'n't, so they agreed to sell it for three hundred dollars. One day 'long about the first o' June Solon went down to the mill

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with the deeds and got the money. He took it home, and seein' Mary wa'n't in the house an' he had some work to do down in the field, he took it up-stairs and locked it in his trunk. That was where the trouble started.

"When Solon come in for supper Mary was waitin' for him. 'Where's that money?' she said. 'Up'n my trunk,' said Solon. 'Go up 'n' get it,' said Mary. His answer must ha' been one of the surprises of her life, because nobody had ever suspected easy-goin' Solon o' bein' stuffy. But he had the family instinct all right, an' it riz now. 'I won't,' he said. 'Go get your half yourself if you want it.' 'Solon Holt,' said Mary—and I can see jest how her jaw snapped when she said it—'you go get me my money or I'll know the reason why!' 'I'll tell yer the reason now,' Solon came back; 'it's because I don't choose to. The money's safe in my trunk and the key's in my top bureau drawer. If you want your half you can go get it, but don't you dare touch my half, or *I'll* know the reason why!' And mild Solon, transformed so Mary hardly knew him, spoke up loud for his supper.

"Well, the dove o' peace didn't coo under the eaves of that house for a spell, I can tell you. Mary come down here an' told me all about it. She nearly biled over when she talked. She said she wouldn't touch the money because if anythin' happened to Solon's share he could accuse her of all sorts o' things, and I told her that was no way to talk about her own brother. But my man spoke right out in meetin' and said he guessed she really knew the reason she didn't touch the money was because that would be givin' in to Solon, an' that would hurt her more'n losing a hundred 'n' fifty dollars; and then she got huffy at us an' went back home. But she wouldn't go get her money out o' the trunk, an' Solon wouldn't give it to her.

SOLON WENT DOWN TO THE MILL WITH THE DEEDS.

"So you can see it wa'n't exactly what you'd call a happy household. But by 'n' by they both got sick o' talkin' an' scrappin', and settled down to sayin' nothin' at all, which was harder for Mary than it was for Solon. When she wanted anythin' down to the village she wrote it on a piece o' paper and put it under his plate, and he conducted his end of the conversations in the same way. Meanwhile the three hundred dollars wa'n't drawin' no interest, which cut Mary up consid'rable.

"One afternoon 'long in August, while Solon was off somewhere, as he was pretty often now when he wa'n't absolutely needed on the farm, there come up a spankin' thunder shower. You know how they come up over Big Sugar Hill, sudden-like, with first a dyin' of the breeze, an' then a cloud creepin' over the ridge till it puts the sun out, and two minutes later there's a flash an' a peal and then the rain comes. Well, Mary seen the storm comin', and bein' alone in the house an' skeered o' thunder anyhow, she was frightened 'most to death. She started down the road to Ezra Flint's place half on the run, but she hadn't got beyond that big maple by the sugarin'-house at the brook when she suddenly thought o' them three hundred dollars in the trunk. There come a terrific flash jest then, that struck a maple up on the top o' the hill behind the house, layin' a white scar down the trunk as a limb slivered off.

"Mary must 'a' been shiverin' like the treetops in the wind, for I never seen anybody as skeered o' thunder and lightnin' as she was; but she went back to the house jest the same. She climbed up the stairs, cryin', as another bolt sizzled down into the pasture outside, makin' the roots of her hair tingle; hunted out the key, took all the money—Solon's share's well as hers, for there was somethin' grim and jest about Mary like there was about the deacon—and ran out of the house with it. She hid it in a dry niche in the stone wall and ran through the rain to the Flints' with the whitest face, they said, they'd ever seen, so's they thought she'd been struck.

"Well, the storm didn't last long, an' Mary had the money back in the trunk an' the key back in its place in the drawer before Solon got home to supper. She never let on to him about it, but Ezra told him next day, down to the store, and everybody laughed 'ceptin' him. He said, 'I wish to thunder the gol dasted money'd got burned to a cinder!'

"'Twa'n't long after that Solon got a

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brilliant idea. How he ever done it I don't know. It'll always remain one of the mysteries. He didn't say nothin' to Mary about it, o' course—that was part o' the idea—nor to anybody else. But he began to be away from home evenin's, which would ha' roused Mary's suspicions, if she'd 'a' thought Solon capable o' such a thing. As it was, she s'posed he was down to the store playin' checkers, which was a favorite sport o' his. One day he hitched up the buggy earlier'n usual, an' put on his best Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes. Mary must ha' been dyin' to ask him why, but o' course she wouldn't, and he drove away whistlin' very cheerful and gay. 'Long about nine o'clock, Mary seen the buggy comin' up the hill in the moonlight, an' there was two people in it, one of 'em a woman. She went out on the stoop in amazement. Solon handed down a pretty gal who smiled and blushed. 'My wife,' said Solon, an' that was the first word he'd spoke to Mary in two months. Mary looked at him a terrible moment while the gal stood bewildered between 'em, and then she bu'st out, 'Solon Holt, you're a fool!' and turned on her heel an' went into the house.

THE DOVE O' PEACE DIDN'T COO.

"It wa'n't long before Mary learned that Solon's wife, who come from over in Pelham, had a will of her own, too. One of the first things she done was to go up to Solon's room an' get that three hundred dollars. She counted out half an' gave it to Mary an' put the rest in a safe place. 'Now you neither of you had to give in,' she said. 'I hope you can live in peace again.' But Mary couldn't live in peace in a house where there was two bosses, which was the really brilliant part of Solon's idea. He never had another idea to match it in his life. It was his masterpiece. One day I seen him drivin' Mary by in a wagon with a trunk on behind, and I hailed 'em. Solon was smilin' soft-like, to himself. Mary was goin' down to Springfield to keep house for her uncle, she said. She was tired of livin' in a little village like this, where there ain't no excitement. I bid her good-by, thinkin' most folks would consider she'd had about enough excitement for one summer, an' heard Solon whistlin' as he drove on to the depot. That was the last I ever heard tell of Solon's bein' stuffy. But he'd showed that he could be if occasion required, which is what I s'pose Parson Scott means when he talks about reserve force of character."

Aunt Ruth picked up her broom. I glanced at the lengthened shadows of the lilac bushes across the yard and saw that the hens had deserted the dusty patches beneath them. There was no need to look at my watch, but I pulled it obviously from my pocket. "Aunt Ruth," I said, "I thought you were going to sweep the front room before supper? You'll have to hustle; it's a quarter to six now."

"Land o' Goshen!" cried the old lady, jumping up.

"Ump!" said Miss Lucy, "now what do you think o' that? Here neither of us got over to Susan's, and you might jest as well have gone as not!" And she flounced out of the yard.

I winked at Aunt Ruth, who winked solemnly back.

"Honest," said I, "don't you like Susan, Carter?"

"Young man," she retorted sternly, "didn't you hear me say I had to sweep the front room?" And she put the broom away in a corner.

THE "SCHOLARD"

By F. H. Lancaster

SPRING weather in the South is weary weather. Languor laps the land. To eat, to sleep, makes men tired, very tired. To work . . . *Eh bien!* All along Bayou Bienville in April men felt but one way: that it would be so good just to lie down and die. Sam Santerre alone expounded patient philosophy:

"I reckon, me, better keep moving."

And to the other men this advice appeared

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as futile as did everything else that M. Santerre fathered.

"I wish to know, me," M. Moise protested to the sheep magnate, "what we can do but keep mov'. Crops got to be plant'."

"And lambs and dog," said the magnate. He roused a little. "Sam told me dogs got most of his lambs."

M. Moise yawned. The dogs always did get most of Sam Santerre's lambs. "Sam works hard," he said listlessly.

"But look *how* he work," expostulated the magnate. "Look how he set up coal-kiln—straight as stick can stand! I was down dere one day and, *mon Dieu*, it made me mad. I said, 'Sam, what for you don't lean him a leetle?'"

M. Moise shook his head and drew out some squares of corn-shuck.

"Maybe better try smoke," he proffered.

Each man according to his manner scattered tobacco in the curve of the shuck, and the prospect of a delicious smoke softened them both.

"Sam do work hard," M. Moise repeated kindly.

The magnate leaned sideways and scratched a match on the floor. "Sam's scholard," he said in a tone that left no room for hope.

Even now Sam was "keeping moving." First he brought a big, clean quilt and spread it carefully in the sanded dooryard; then an empty barrel, which he up-ended on the quilt—his great, gaunt figure stooping painstakingly over each task. Having arranged the quilt and barrel, M. Santerre brought a large basket of beaten rice, and climbing upon the barrel with it, began to pour it downward to the quilt; pouring slowly that the wind might winnow out the husks. It was at this juncture that Madame Sam came to the door to see what he was doing wrong, and saw that he was pouring the rice to the right and that therefore the wind struck the descending stream edgeways and did not winnow it well at all.

WHEN A BOY QUITS HIS WORK AT FOUR IN THE AFTERNOON.

"*À la gauche*," she directed pleasantly, and went back to her coffee-making. She had been the scholar's wife for many a year and had long ago ceased to wonder why he did things wrong. *Eh bien!* It had not been easy to feed that family of twelve; but now their oldest son, Bertrand, was coming manfully to the front—"My boy Bat," as the scholar called him in gentle pride.

And yet, as M. Santerre stood there pouring the rice through the wind, it was the thought of Bat that bothered him. He knew that Madame Sam was not making coffee for nothing; that there was company around there in the shade of the house; and who that company was he knew also. Bat was around there too, and when a boy quits his work at four in the afternoon and puts on his best clothes just because a girl has come to see his mother, it can mean but one thing. M. Santerre, scholar though he was, recognized the meaning and shook his head sadly in the flying chaff.

"Moise, maybe; but not his madame! No!"

Madame Moise's prejudice against the scholar and all his tribe was well known. She said that he was shiftless.

"And dere ain't better boy on bayou dan my boy Bat! I wish to know what Florence t'ink 'bout das." In his sudden desire to see around the corner, M. Santerre leaned so far forward that the barrel tipped and tumbled him and his basket of beaten rice into the heap of cleaned rice on the quilt. The job would have to be begun all over again, but the scholar had seen. It was a pretty sight, too: Bat leaning forward in his chair, rolling a cigarette and teasing Florence about the handkerchief she was making, and Florence lifting the corners of her mouth and dropping her lashes, with the color of April in her cheeks. But yes; a pretty sight!

"I reckon, me, 'twon't be Florence say no. But Florence's mamma is Madame Moise. And me, I can't do not'ing. I always go make mess." He had never before realized that so keenly.

Lowering the basket to ponder the perplex-

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ities of it all, he became aware that Bat was walking home with Florence—teasing to be trusted with that precious handkerchief. But no! Ma'm'selle Florence thanked him graciously, and they walked slowly. M. Santerre watched them out of sight, then returned to his winnowing. The basket was getting light; his arm-breaking task would soon be finished. *Mais, voici!* Before the job was done there was Bertrand coming home. He had not been invited in! M. Santerre had never stamped a foot for himself, but for his boy—His foot went through the barrel-head and he and what was left in the basket came down together in the big pile of cleaned rice. Somebody would have to do the winnowing over again to-morrow.

"I RECKON, BAT, I AIN'T MUCH GOOD."

"Bat," the scholar began wistfully as they sat together on the steps after supper, "Bat, I reckon, me, I better give you a piece of land for build house."

"*Pourquoi*, papa?" Bertrand inquired without enthusiasm.

The scholar's finer feeling drove him to seek shelter in abstractions:

"You've got to have house before you can have madame. I don't want you to wait till you old man like I was before you make marry." He had been nearly thirty.

"Dere ain't no hurry," Bertrand returned briefly. He must have something harder to get than a house before he could be married, and he knew it with bitter certainty. He knew, too, that nothing he could do or say would move Madame Moise. Not until his father found favor in the truculent madame's sight—and what could his father do? The best Bertrand could do was to keep silent. The scholar sat silent also, cracking his fingers thoughtfully in the moonlight. What could he do to find favor in the eyes of Madame Moise?

"*Pardieu*," he exclaimed, "when I set up das next kiln I'm going lean him a leetle! Lean him a leetle, sho!"

He did, too. He leaned the sticks until they fairly fell over each other; until even the kindly M. Moise had to turn his eyes away from the sorry job and rack his brain for something else to talk about.

"I hear, me," he said hastily, "das we going have school on bayou dis year."

"Yes? Das fine! Fine t'ing for children, sho."

"*Eh bien*," M. Moise commented evasively. If that wretched mess before him was the result of schooling, he saw little cause to be enthusiastic over the proposed innovation. Bertrand put in a quick question:

"If we have school, Monsieur Moise, you going send all your children?"

Monsieur broke into a good-natured chuckle. "Ha, Bat! Now what for you going ask me t'ing like das?"

Bertrand got red and swore at the steers. "Oh, I ain't going, me," he declared confusedly.

"Yes, sir; you going," his father spoke up promptly.

M. Moise shook his head. "It's going push you to make crop if you send your best man to school," he suggested practically.

"Das what I know," the scholar assented. "But I reckon, me, I can make out."

M. Moise looked at the gaunt figure leaning on the axe, and offered his hand in parting.

"I reckon, Sam, better come round to my house next Saturday. 'Most all de men going be dere to see sup'intendent when he come to fix up 'bout school."

"*Merci*," M. Santerre stammered in astonishment.

M. Moise was astonished himself at what he had done. As a rule M. Santerre was counted out, for he couldn't chop nor dance nor fiddle, nor bank a coal-kiln.

With lovers' hopefulness Florence and Bertrand awaited the meeting. Surely in a discussion of school matters a scholar must take a distinguished part. M. Santerre, knowing what was in their hearts, tore down the wretched kiln and set it up straight. His white head was growing whiter, his bowed back more bowed. Distinguished? In the scholar's gentle soul lay no desire to excel his neighbors. His aching desire was to be as like them as possible—and so win their respect for his boy's sake. Clean, gaunt, stoop-shouldered, and unobtrusive, he went up the steps to M. Moise's front gallery.

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M. Moise arose. "I'm glad, me, you come, Sam," he said, "glad, sho. When we have school den we going to have scholard."

M. Santerre winced; the richer men smiled indulgently; the poorer ones stared straight ahead.

When the superintendent had come, shaken hands all round, drunk coffee and praised it, pointed out how the schoolhouse must be built and when and where, he proceeded to the most delicate move in the matter: the appointing of the board of trustees.

"As you are aware, gentlemen," he said quickly, "the laws of this state require that at least one member of the board of trustees shall be able to read and write." He turned to the magnate, but the great man was not looking at him; his eyes leaped to the next man, but the next man was watching the magnate. In the uncomfortable silence the superintendent's eye raced from man to man until it came to M. Moise. Then indeed was the strain broken by a good-natured:

"No, sir; I ain't no scholard, me. Sam dere."

"You read and write, Mr. Santerre?"

Cruel, when he was trying so hard to be like the others. But the scholar accepted the cruelty with the patient honesty of his kind.

"Yes, sir," he admitted gently, "I'm some scholard, me. I been t'rough fourth reader."

"All right! Then I appoint you and Monsieur Reneau and Monsieur Moise trustees for one year."

The scholar slipped down the steps and went unhappily home, and Madame Moise scarcely awaited the departure of the superintendent before she cried in scorn:

"Ha! I reckon, me, he can read and write."

From the window that looked on the gallery Florence replied sweetly:

"Yes; I reckon he can, me; Monsieur Santerre's scholard."

"Ha," cried madame in unwise heat, "maybe you reckon somet'ing else, eh?"

"Yes," said Florence, "maybe."

Now there are times when it is best to let a 'Cajan girl alone. When her eyes get bright, when her lips get white, her parents hold it wisest not to discuss a moot point. Madame Moise saw the signal dangerous but she could not retreat. The eyes of the magnate were upon her. She bluffed in shrill disdain:

"Ha! And what else you reckon, maybe?"

Florence's reply came very sweetly:

"I reckon if Monsieur Santerre can read and write, I'm going give Bat das handkerchief he's been beg' me for."

If Florence had not been furious she would never have said that! M. Moise covered his mouth with his hand. It was the magnate who met madame's startled glance of appeal.

"I reckon, me, you pretty safe," he said consolingly. "I don't reckon Sam can write so fine like he t'ink he can."

Madame laughed out from her heart.

"No," she agreed gaily, "I don't reckon he can write 't all." She turned to the furious Florence. "*Eh bien, m'amie,* when your Monsieur Santerre sign report den you can give your Bat das fine handkerchief."

For Bat that first month of school was a time of mixed heaven and torment. For Florence it was a time of torment entirely. If the scholar should not be able to sign the report! If Bat should learn of the unmaidenly behavior her rage had betrayed her into! She blew hot and cold with Bertrand until he would stand no more. The day before the first month ended he overtook her on the road home from school and forced her to face him.

"IT IS ALL RIGHT, MR. SANTERRE," THE TEACHER SAID PROMPTLY.

"I wish to know, me, what I've been doing," he said grimly.

Florence's fight was all spent. "You ain't been doing not'ing," she replied in sober truth.

"Den what for you do like das?"

"Not'ing."

Bat stooped and looked into her eyes—and saw tears.

"It's your mamma? I go t'row her in bayou!"

"*Non, non!*"

"Den what it is?"

"Das what I can't tell you, Bat."

"You ain't got tongue, no?" He threw

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their books into a pile, covered his girl's quivering face against his shoulder, and said with quiet determination: "Now you going tell me."

M. Santerre was sitting bowed and weary on the top steps late that afternoon when Bat came swinging round the corner.

"I reckon, Bat, I ain't much good," he submitted dejectedly.

"You tired, papa. You been doing all work so I could go to school. Das ain't fair."

"It ain't das. I want you go to school. I want you learn to calculate. Das fine t'ing for man to know how to calculate. I ain't never know' how to do das."

"But you can write, papa," Bertrand declared, while his heart stood still.

"Yes, sir; I can write, but das ain't like—"

Bat interrupted breathlessly: "And you going sign report to-morrow, papa?"

"No, sir, I don't reckon, me, I'm going do das. I don't reckon I go to schoolhouse to-morrow."

"*Mais*, papa! Das sup'intendent say—" his voice went out.

"Das sup'intendent say das *two* trustees must be dere, and Monsieur Reneau tell me he going be dere and Monsieur Moise, so I needn't lose day from work, he reckon."

Bertrand jumped up. "Das Monsieur Reneau he don't want you to be dere and sign report when he can't," he said hotly. "He's done told Madame Moise you can't sign report and she done told Florence——"

"Ha?" said the scholar. "Florence, she—" He stopped.

Bertrand sat down. "Yes, sir," he said softly, "Florence— You going sign report, papa?—for me."

The old man gripped his boy's knee until his fingers found the bone. "Yes, sir," he said, "yes, sir; I'm going sign *re*port for you. I'm going sign him fine, sho!"

The tense, eager crowd that poured into the schoolhouse that Friday afternoon scared the young teacher. Why were everybody's eyes so bright? Why did the grown people crack their fingers? Why did the children twist their toes? She decided to do her part and escape before they began to murder one another. With the bravest smile she could muster she presented her report to the board.

M. Moise smiled reassuringly. "I don't need to look at *re*port, Miss May. If you say *re*port is all right, I know, me, it *is* all right. You just write for me, if you please."

"And for me, *aussi*," muttered the magnate. He was looking at the scholar. The teacher's eyes followed him and the deep peace of that old man's presence was like balm to her flustered nerves.

"Will you witness the signatures, Mr. Santerre?"

The scholar bowed, rose, and came to her elbow: "Yes, ma'am; certainly, sho. I will witness"—he dodged the difficulty with the skill of the scholastics—"like you say."

The teacher bent her head, scribbled hurriedly, and handed over the report: "And will you just sign here?"

"And I will just sign here. Yes, ma'am, certainly, sho." He took the paper from her with a courtly gesture and carried it to where Bat waited, trembling, with a pen. The crowd caught its breath and held it. Every scratch of that laboring pen was heard. Could he sign it—this ineffectual old man who had ever been the butt of the bayou?

M. Santerre raised his head and looked at his boy, then he laid aside the pen, wiped his hand, took up the report and carried it to the teacher, his gaunt figure bending tenderly over that signature, his gnarled forefinger honestly pointing out the one blemish: "Das let-*ter*," he said in gentle pride, "das let-*ter* went over de line!"

"It is all right, Mr. Santerre," the teacher said promptly—very promptly, "it is all right, and I am a thousand times obliged to you."

Voila! Then there was a letting out of breaths and a loosening of fingers; then M. Moise smiled at the magnate and the magnate looked hard at the blackboard; then Madame Moise turned her back on Florence and Florence let Bat steal the handkerchief in her belt—a pretty handkerchief worked all round the edges, with pink and purple spots in the corners—; then a voice courteous and kindly, yet thrilling, could be heard saying: "And just whenever you want *re*port signed, Miss May, you send me word by my boy Bat and I come sign *re*port for you. Yes, ma'am, certainly, sho!"

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

A REPUBLICAN orator concluded his speech with the announcement that he would be glad to answer any arguments put forward by the other side.

An old Irish-American citizen accepted the challenge.

"Eight years ago," he said, "they told us to vote for Bryan, an' thot we'd be prosperous. Oi did vote for Bryan, an' Oi've niver been so prosperous in all me loife, an' now, begorry, Oi'm goin' to vote for him again!"

A young lady whose beauty is equal to her bluntness in conversation was visiting a house where other guests were assembled, among them the eldest son of a rich manufacturer. The talk turned on matrimonial squabbles. Said the eligible *parti:* "I hold that the correct thing for the husband is to begin as he intends to go on. Say that the question was one of smoking. Almost immediately I would show my intentions by lighting a cigar and settling the question forever."

"And I would knock the thing out of your mouth!" cried the imperious beauty.

"Do you know," rejoined the young man, "I don't think you would be there!"

On a journey through the South not long ago, Wu Ting Fang was impressed by the preponderance of negro labor in one of the cities he visited. Wherever the entertainment committee led him, whether to factory, store, or suburban plantation, all the hard work seemed to be borne by the black men.

Minister Wu made no comment at the time, but in the evening when he was a spectator at a ball given in his honor, after watching the waltzing and two-stepping for half an hour, he remarked to his host:

"Why don't you make the negroes do that for you, too?"

A Southerner, hearing a great commotion in his chicken-house one dark night, took his revolver and went to investigate.

"Who's there?" he sternly demanded, opening the door.

No answer.

"Who's there? Answer, or I'll shoot!"

A trembling voice from the farthest corner:

"'Deed, sah, dey ain't nobody hyah 'ceptin' us chickens."

An English farmer recently went into a restaurant in Liverpool and called for some bread and cheese.

"What kind would you like, sir?" inquired the waiter. "Cheshire, Yorkshire, or Gorgonzola?"

"Fancy name, that last," said the farmer; "I'll try a bit of that."

He thought it so tasty that he bought a pound, took it home for his wife late at night, and left it for her on the sideboard in the kitchen. Next morning he came in from his before-breakfast round and asked her if she had found the parcel.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I saw it there all right, and very good mottled soap it is, no doubt, when you know how to use it. But I couldn't make it lather very well when I washed the children, and after I'd done they smelled so strong

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that I've turned 'em out for a breath of fresh air, just to sweeten 'em a bit before they go to school."

A judge in North Carolina was sentencing a big, loose-jointed negro who had been convicted of murdering another negro.

"George Earley," his honor said, "you have been found by a jury of twelve men tried and true to be guilty of murder in the first degree, for having killed, in cold blood, Moses Stackhouse, and it is the sentence of this court that on the tenth day of August the sheriff of Polk County take you to a place near the county jail and there hang you by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead! And may God have mercy on your soul. Have you anything to say for yourself?"

The negro shifted from one foot to the other and twisted and untwisted the old felt hat he held in his hands. All eyes in the court-room were upon him. Finally, rolling his eyes up at the judge, he said:

"Look y'here, jedge, you-all don't mean this comin' August, does you?"

After a scorching day's work old Ben Smith lighted his corncob pipe and sat down on the little wharf to rest. Near him lay an alligator, the visible result of his labors. A tourist from the North approached and loftily remarked: "Ah, I see you have an alligator."

No answer.

"It is amphibious, is it not?"

The tone nettled the old man.

"Amphibious, h—l!" he growled. "He'd bite yer arm off before ye could say Jack Robinson!"

The other day a man walked into a barber's shop, deposited upon a table a number of articles which he took from a satchel, and arranged them with artistic care.

"This is pomade," said the visitor.

"I am well supplied," said the barber.

"This is bear's grease."

"I am full up with bear's grease."

"Here is some fine bay rum."

"Don't doubt it, but I make my own bay rum and put on foreign labels. Nobody knows the difference."

"Here is some patent cosmetic for the mustache."

"I know it is for the mustache, also for the whiskers, and all that, but I'm thoroughly stocked and reeking with cosmetic at present."

"Here are an electric brush, a duplex elliptic hair dye, lavender water, and a patent face powder."

"I don't want any of them."

"I know you don't."

"Then why do you ask me to buy them?"

"I did not ask you to buy them. Did I say anything to you about buying them?"

"Come to think of it, you didn't."

"I did not come here to sell anything. I only wish to let you know that I possess all the toilet articles that a gentleman has any business with. Now give me an easy shave without asking me to buy anything."

"Hurry up, Tommy!" called mother from down-stairs. "We're late now. Have you got your shoes on?"

"Yes, mamma—all but one."

One afternoon a young woman stepped up to the telegraph counter in a local department store, and in a trembling voice asked for a supply of blanks. She wrote a message on one blank, which she immediately tore in halves; then a second message was written out that was treated in the same way; finally a third was finished; and this she handed to the operator with a feverish request that it be "rushed." When the message had gone on the wire and the sender had departed, the operator read the other two for her own amusement. The first ran: "All at an end. Have no wish to see you again." "Do not write or try to see me any more," was the tenor of the second message. The third was to this effect: "Come at once. Take next train if possible. Answer."

Spurred on by newspaper taunts, possibly, a plain-clothes man of the Atlanta police set out one day to detect violations of the Georgia prohibition law. On Decatur Street he met an old negro whose appearance he considered "suspicious."

"Say, uncle," he whispered with a wink, "do you know where I can get some whisky?"

"I spec' maybe I kin git yer some ef yer gin me de money," replied the suspected one.

"Well, here is a two-dollar bill," said the plain-clothes man. "I'll wait in the alley here. Now hurry back."

"Yessah, boss, ef ye'll jes' hol' dis box er shoes fer me," and the policeman had the box under his arm before he knew it, while the darky shambled off down the street, turning the first corner.

Thinking he was on a warm trail and would soon have an important prisoner and witness "with the goods on," the sleuth waited in patience. An hour went by. He was getting tired. Two hours. Still no sign of the messenger.

Weary and discouraged, he returned to the police station. Suddenly he remembered the shoes under his arm, and decided to have a look. The box contained, carefully wrapped, a full quart bottle of corn whisky.

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Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

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31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

We killed a bear. Do you remember the story we ran several months ago by Russell, about the convict labor system in Georgia? A convict who had experienced some of the horrors of that system and seen others, wrote us about them. We sent Russell down, and the story followed. Well, Georgia didn't waste any time finding fault with us for calling attention to the spot on her pretty gown. Georgia cleaned the spot off quicker'n scat—that's Georgia—and, looking up smiling, said, "What was that last remark of yours?" We didn't really kill the bear—Georgia did it, the men and women of Georgia, the Fred Seelyes, and others like him. All we did was to criticize. It was destructive criticism at that, but honest and fair, so the result is constructive. We are proud to have had a little share in the good work. Here is a letter, written before the legislature acted, that shows how a Georgian feels about it:

EAST POINT, GA., July 28, 1908.

A great many people no doubt imagine a large majority of articles such as Mr. Russell's "A Burglar in the Making" are printed merely to fill up space. Be that as it may, that particular article was, I believe, the spark that set off the powder that is now exploding in the legislative halls of the state of Georgia. Facts have been brought out in the investigations that make Mr. Russell's article read like a chapter from some love story. One ex-convict testified that he received 103 lashes because he fell down seven pounds of coal in his week's task. Another fact brought out was that a nineteen-year-old boy died of lockjaw during the Christmas holidays and that the camp doctor had refused to see him because "he [the doctor] was having Christmas and did not have time to visit convicts."

There is a bill before the legislature to abolish this "hellishness" after 1911. Why they cannot do it sooner is hard to say. If any one doubts the facts presented by Mr. Russell, let him send for the Atlanta daily papers for the past two weeks. Then he will wonder why Mr. Russell did not make it stronger. V. V. M.

Russell has a story in this number of the Magazine, on page 701, which it wouldn't hurt anybody to read, a constructive story. He names three things which he believes we can and ought to do. You may not agree with him. Write and tell us why. Russell doesn't know everything, but he isn't exactly a fool, either, and he does love his brother man and he is proud of America, in spite of the harsh things he says. No one would be before him in making personal sacrifices for his country's good. Read what he thinks we ought to do.

WOMAN—HER PLACE

William Hard, who is doing such splendid work for the Magazine, first made a close alliance with us as the editor of the Chicago section of *Ridgway's Weekly* (we are able to speak of the Weekly now without shivering). To his intimates—and he has slathers of them—he is Billy Hard. At our first interview, wishing to get acquainted quickly, we asked Billy a lot of personal questions, among them: "Are you an American?" He replied with: "My father was American, my mother was English and Dutch, I was born in New York state, educated in India, and my home is in Chicago. Do I qualify?" He did. Hard is a soldier of the Common Good, competent

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and willing to corporal an awkward squad, colonel a regiment, or general a division. Several months ago we commissioned him to make a thorough investigation of the whole subject of women working in offices, shops, and factories, and the effect on the health, the home, on industry, on women and men. It is an interesting and a vital subject.

The first instalment of the series you will find on page 579 of this number, under the caption "The Woman's Invasion." The serial has been very expensive in every way, and we should regret it if any of our readers overlooked it. Hard has brought to its preparation a real interest in the subject; he has great ability as an investigator, and rare skill in presenting humanly subjects that concern humanity.

The story is not a woman's magazine story; it is an EVERYBODY'S story, because when women go out of the home to work the results affect all industry, all life, and the generations unborn. The treatment is simple, in no sense sensational, and the story breathes fairness and honesty in every line.

"SHADOW WORLD" COMPETITORS

The results of our "Shadow World" contest were surprising. When the offer of prizes was made, the most we hoped for was to stimulate some scientific investigations that might assist and supplement Mr. Garland's work. Instead, we received one of the most remarkable series of papers ever sent to an editorial office. Every day they came, thirty to fifty at a time, from every state and territory in the Union, and several each from Canada, England, Germany, and France. And one and all they bore the stamp of sincerity and truth. Many gave touching evidence of belief in communication with departed loved ones; priests and ministers trusted us with sacred confidences, and of all the papers, fully ninety per cent. was deeply religious in tone. And right here it may not be out of place to say that when hundreds of miscellaneous, unprofessional writers can turn out the good, clear, well constructed English shown in these compositions, there can be no question as to the success of our educational system. But to return to our subject: Where we had believed that studies in psychic phenomena were confined largely to a restricted cult or class, we found a widespread and diversified interest. From all classes and conditions of people came extraordinary instances of thought transference, levitation, clairvoyance, and materialization.

Also, there was an almost unvarying demand for secrecy. Indeed, many of the most interesting cases were by their very nature impossible of proof. In addition, the great majority were experiences that had come unsought to the mediums or circles, and were not along the lines laid down for our articles. This made the selection of prize winners extremely difficult. A jury of five finally, after many days and nights of conscientious labor, eliminated all but twenty-four of the manuscripts. When these finally had been reduced to the lowest number on which a unanimous verdict could be reached, it was found that there remained one more than there were prizes, so an additional prize was given for this. Several stories of the "haunted house" type were also held, and the editors are now in communication with the writers of these, to secure permission to embody their accounts in a future number of the Magazine. Stranger than fiction, they were thrilling reading to us, and should make a valuable addition to proved psychic phenomena.

As usual, when we have asked cooperation from our readers, we have received it in generous abundance. Our hearts have gone out to many whose simple faith led them to open to us their most secret hopes and beliefs, and our gratitude is sincere to all for the patience and courtesy with which they have met the inevitable delays and disappointments.

The successful candidates produced affidavits from themselves and others who had witnessed the phenomena described, and in addition we made, through outside sources, careful investigations concerning the standing and reliability of the witnesses.

The refusal of all but one of the successful competitors to have their names published was a disappointment, but we understand and respect their reticence, and abide by their decision.

Mr. Garland came to New York to edit, and aid in the selection of, the prize winners. If you will read his comments in this number you may gain some faint idea of the mystery, of the strange unknown, that seems to lie just at the border line of our understanding. And you must come to feel that, whether spiritual or physical, there is something in our make-up more marvelous than the materialists care to concede.

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